

THE HIGH PRIVILEGE OF THE VOTER.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

WHEN American citizenship shall have reached its highest development, the duty of voting will no longer be a careless, perfunctory, ill-studied and hastily performed act.

There will be a preparatory ceremony, in which the citizen will stand before his fellow men and, with uplifted hand, solemnly affirm that in exercising the high duties devolving upon him as a voter, he—

Has studied with diligence the issues presented for decision;

Has made careful inquiry concerning the integrity and administrative abilities of the candidates in nomination;

Will cast his vote without prejudice, without personal bias, without influence by money or promise of any personal advantage, direct or indirect;

Will, in casting his vote, have regard solely and entirely to the benefit of the country at large if the vote be national, or if local, with reference to the good of the community.

Eventually the voter will come to recognize that a failure to fulfil this duty earnestly, thoroughly and with highest integrity, should expose him to the contempt of his fellow citizens, and should disfranchise him from the exercise of the high privilege of voting—and he will understand that corrupt voting brings in its train wars, panics, loss of income, and suffering in a thousand ways.

If, after solemnly making this affirmation in the presence of his fellow citizens, the voter proceeds to the secrecy of the voting-booth, who doubts that he will not, in nine cases out of ten, act differently from the careless, thoughtless, ill-judging, selfish or corrupt man who to-day retards by his vote the destiny of our Republic?

Within the past twenty years, corruption at the polls has increased with a rapidity that appals those who have read the history of the republics of Rome and Greece. Something must be done to rescue the average citizen from his indifference to and ignorance of the power contained in his vote. Men must be educated systematically through village societies, and above all, the public schools must take up the training of the child to the importance of the function which he will some day exercise as a citizen.

Penalties for bribery at the polls are already severe. But in every town there must be a society whose business it is to pursue the briber and the bribed until the doors of the penitentiary close upon them. And the only legal excuse for absence from the polls should be a certificate of ill health or certified absence from the county.

Hitherto we have neither educated our schoolchildren in the duties they will some time exercise as voters, nor surrounded the voters themselves with such safeguards as will elevate them to a comprehension of the high responsibility entrusted to them.

And if it continues to go unchecked, bribery at the polls will overthrow the Republic.



"HE DESIRED . . . A MORE RESPONSIBLE POSITION . . . BECAUSE HE SAW HER
ON HIS HORIZON."

(See "The Apotheosis of Woodward," page 461.)

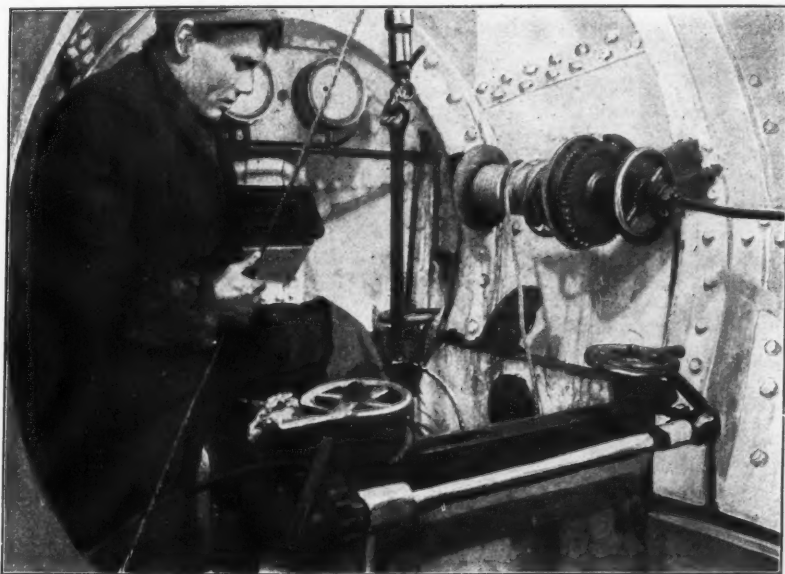
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From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

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IN THE DIVING-CHAMBER OF THE "PROTECTOR."

SIMON LAKE AND HIS WONDERFUL SUBMARINE.

By SIDNEY MORNINGTON.

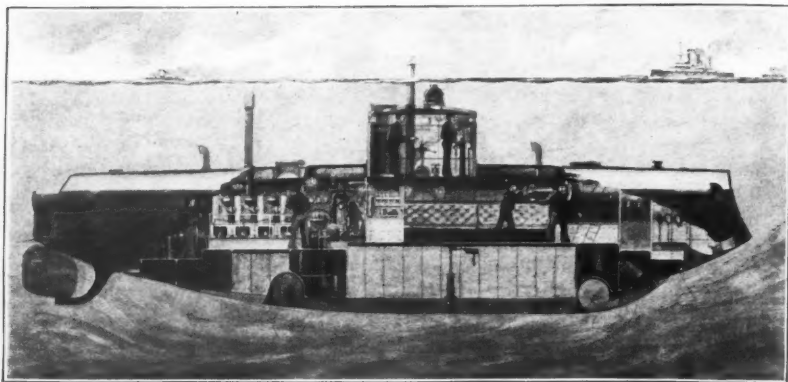
ELEVEN years ago, the Navy Department called upon our native engineers and inventors for designs for submarine torpedo-boats. In response to that call, plans were submitted in competition from three sources. These designs, all of which differed radically, were known as the Baker boat, the Holland boat and the Lake boat—taking their names, respectively, after their several authors.

The basis of the competition was a departmental circular defining the prerequisites of an ideal boat: the craft that promised the maximum fulfilment of those particulars was to win the contract for the single vessel for which Congress had pro-

vided. A careful analysis of the three types by the technical bureaus of the department resulted in favor of the Lake boat, not only because it promised most under the departmental schedule of desired qualities, but because it embodied some peculiarly unique additional advantages. The next boat in the scale of merit was that submitted by Mr. John P. Holland. It must be remembered, however, that at that time nothing in the way of performance had been established on the part of any of the designs.

By the terms of the enabling act, Congress intended the sum to be expended for experimental purposes; but the legal

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 INBOARD PROFILE OF THE "PROTECTOR," SHOWING LOCATIONS AND COMPARATIVE DIMENSIONS OF THE DIFFERENT COMPARTMENTS.

end of the Navy Department, not unreasonably,* exacted that the builder of the accepted design should give a bond in guaranty of fulfilment of promise. Mr. Lake, knowing how many untried problems were involved in his plan, and having no one behind him, quite naturally declined to bind himself—resting his case, instead, upon the experimental intent of Congress. Mr. Holland, however, supported by an organized company, did not hesitate to commit himself. In every sense Mr. Holland typified the faith of the enthusiastic inventor. The "Plunger," for so his boat was named, turned out to be a failure—because of subsequent departmental interference with the design, so it is asserted. It serves no purpose to discuss this now.

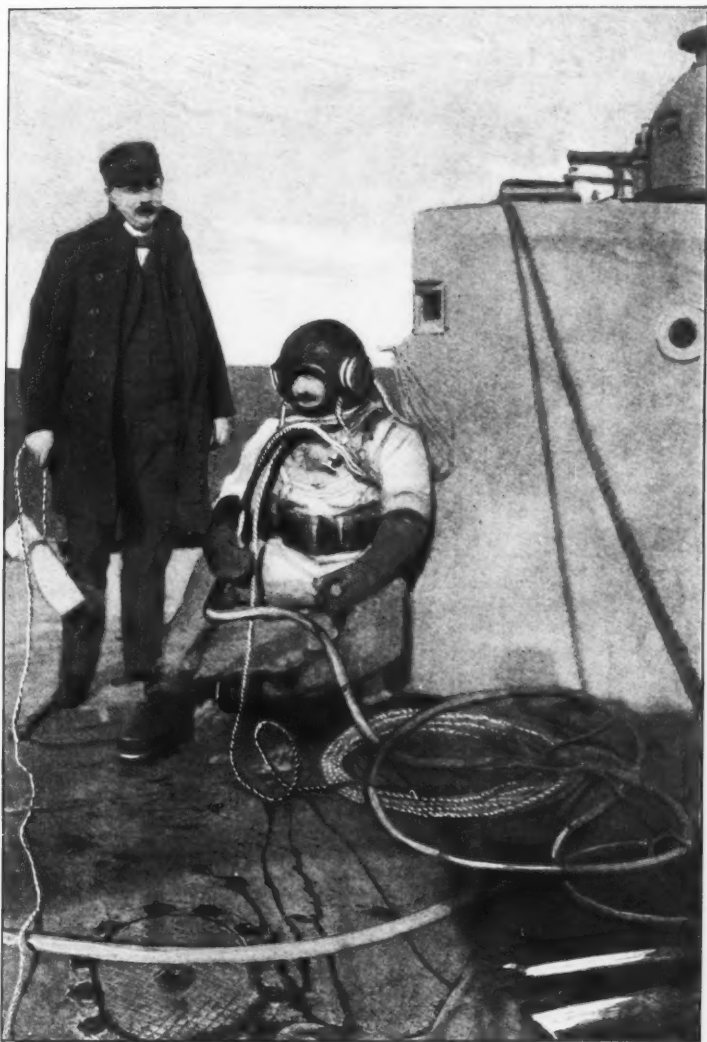
Simon Lake, when he appeared before the Navy Department in 1893, was a young man of but twenty-five years; was, as has been said, unbacked, and had

nothing to command attention beyond the exceptional originality of his design.

The contract for building the "Plunger" was not signed until March 13, 1895, two years later. By the terms of that covenant, she was to be completed a year later. Her keel, however, was not laid until June 23, 1896, and on August 7th of the year following the craft was launched. The purpose of these dates is to show what Simon Lake had been accomplishing in the mean time.

In no sense daunted by the Navy Department's attitude, Lake, with the energy characteristic of the best of youth, determined to prove the soundness of his design and to win from the commercial world the substantial recognition denied him officially. Accordingly, in 1894-95, he built at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, a very modest vessel, but one embodying some of the prime features peculiar to the design submitted to the Navy Department in

*EDITORIAL NOTE:—The course of the United States Navy Department, in the matter of submarines, will stand for all time a mystery to the civilian. Fifteen years ago, "The Cosmopolitan" stated upon the best authority that the principles involved in the submarine had been fully demonstrated, and that it required but proper experimental work to perfect the machine. Instead of applying the principles which are used in the world of business in the development of a mechanical idea, the Navy Department apparently has thrown every obstacle in the way of advance. A single private establishment in America has expended more than a half million dollars in the development of its own special line of automobiles. It is probable that within the past four years there has been expended as much as three millions of dollars in the working out of American automobiles; yet here is a machine upon which the safety of an entire navy might depend, and upon which the government should have rapidly expended millions in working out the idea to a practical success. But specifications were drawn by the department, based upon foolish and difficult conditions, calculated to discourage every effort. The only thing that can be said to the credit of our Navy Department is that Russia and Japan have been equally stupid. Within the past three months, a fleet of submarines on the spot in Port Arthur would have been worth a hundred millions of dollars to Russia.



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THE INVENTOR ON BOARD THE "PROTECTOR." DIVER GETTING READY FOR A DESCENT.

1893. This boat, if such she may be called, he named "Argonaut Jr." As her picture shows, the vessel was not unlike an exaggerated coffin on wheels. She was built of yellow-pine timber in two layers, coated with coal-tar, and lined with felt to make her water-tight. She was fourteen feet long, had a maximum

beam of four and a half feet and was five feet high. The craft was intended to navigate only upon the water-bed. She was driven by hand-power. A crank-shaft, ending outwardly with sprocket-wheels, was geared by a chain-belt to the axle of the two after driving-wheels.

The interior of the boat forward was



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THE "PROTECTOR" JUST AFTER RISING TO THE
SURFACE THROUGH THE ICE-FIELD OFF
NEWPORT. THERE ARE TONS OF
ICE ON THE DECK.

formed into an air-tight compartment—in truth a caisson or diving-bell—with an outlet upon the bottom through a water-tight door in the floor. For air-storage, the boat carried a soda-water tank, and a plumber's hand-pump served as an air-compressor. To submerge, water ballast in sufficient quantity was taken in to destroy the buoyancy of the boat and to cause her to sink gradually to the bottom. One of the crew of two would then go into the diving-compartment forward, close the air-tight door, and turn on the compressed air until a balance was secured between the air inside and the pressure of the water at the particular depth outside. Balance secured, it was possible to open the bottom door without fear of an inrush of water. In a diving-dress, it was possible to pass out upon the water-bed after lifting the boat overhead as one takes off a shirt. The other member of the crew, by pre-

arranged signals, propelled the boat in the desired direction.

Despite the utter crudeness of "Argonaut Jr.," Lake was able to demonstrate the entire practicability of his system, and to secure capital enough to begin the building, side by side with the "Plunger," of "Argonaut I." at the Columbian Iron Works, at Baltimore, Maryland. Compared with "Argonaut Jr.," this vessel was decidedly ambitious. She was built of steel, was thirty-six feet long, was circular in cross-section, and had a maximum beam of nine feet. Like "Argonaut Jr.," she was intended, when totally submerged, to run on the bottom. The motive-power was a thirty-horse-power gas-engine, which could be geared either to the big driving-wheels for running on the water-bed, or to the shaft turning the propeller that gave her motion on the surface. This boat had a dynamo for electric lighting, an air-

compressor, a search-light, and regular water-ballast pumps. Her diving-compartment, which was large enough to hold six or eight people, was, of course, a very elaborate affair compared with the primitive arrangement of the first boat. On the surface and submerged, this craft cruised more than two thousand miles in 1898 in the waters of the Chesapeake and along



MR. LAKE'S FIRST ATTEMPT, THE "ARGONAUT JR.," 1895.
THE INVENTOR STANDS AT RIGHT.

the Atlantic coast, under close observation.

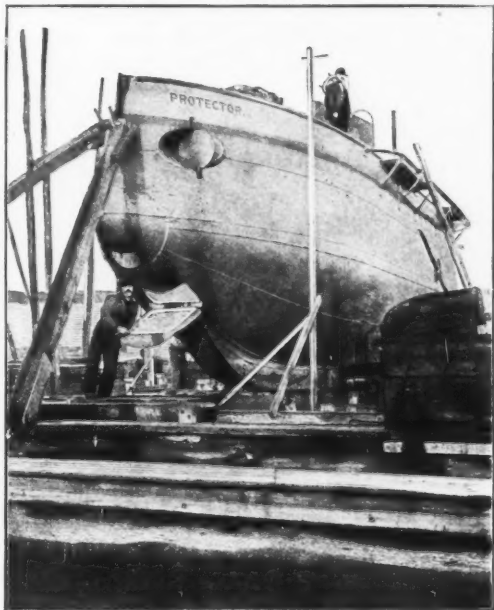
"Argonaut I." accomplished all that Mr. Lake hoped, but also proved that the cigar-shaped hull so generally affected in submarines was, while theoretically strong, not the form best suited for seagoing on the surface. During the latter part of 1889, and the early months of 1900, "Argonaut I." underwent reconstruction and, when finished, became "Argonaut II." This craft was put to practical commercial uses in submarine salvage work. In her new form—she exists to-day—she is fifty-six feet long and still retains her original maximum beam of nine feet. Built around the upper half of her spindle-shaped hull, however, is a ship-formed superstructure. This proved the secret of her developed seaworthiness; and within this light, buoyant body are carried her gasoline tanks and air-flasks.

The motive-power of "Argonaut II." was double that of the older form of the vessel: she was driven by a single screw. The driving-wheels, having lost their positive motion, became merely riding- or bearing-wheels, and, instead of being arranged in span, were set tandem in line with the keel. The propeller became the only source of motion even when running on the bottom—the vessel resting thereon upon her wheels with a variable weight of negative buoyancy to meet the requirements of the nature of the bottom and the absence or presence of currents. The prime control of the boat is effected from a large con-

ning-tower, and she can be anchored from the cover of that position by two anchor weights—one forward and one aft—which permit the craft to be held at any desired depth between the bottom and the surface. This vessel carried, when in active operation, a crew of eight men, recovered cargoes of coal from the difficult tideway of Hell Gate, and proved herself a commercial success and a practical craft within the field of employment.

In 1901, convinced that he had established in the main the feasibility of his

type, Mr. Lake approached the Navy Department again with a proposition to build a submarine for naval purposes. His designs met with instant approval on the part of the board of construction of that department. But, unfortunately, in those days the submarine was a political question, and the battle had to be fought at the other end of the avenue and against a strongly in-



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THE "PROTECTOR" IN DRY-DOCK: DOOR OF THE DIVING-CHAMBER OPEN.

trenched corporate influence. The officers of the department welcomed Mr. Lake and his design as a possible leaven of wholesomeness in a matter that had then become notoriously bad; but their hands were tied when it came to substantial encouragement. The testimony taken by the committees on naval affairs at that session is instructive—but this is not intended to be a recital of the things for which the American people need blush.

The present craft, the "Protector," is the logical evolution of her predecessors,

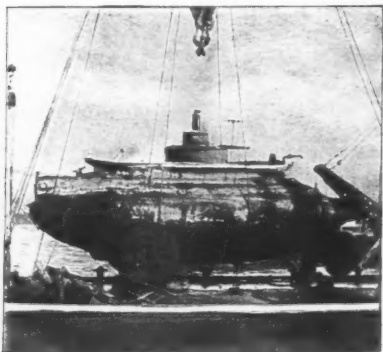


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THE "PROTECTOR" UNDER WAY, NOT SUBMERGED.

from which she has borrowed the diving-compartment and its outlet to the sea, the ship-shaped superstructure which makes for seaworthiness, the utilization of the water-bed as a guiding medium when running on her wheels, the use of anchor weights to hold the boat, when at rest, at any desired depth of submergence, the use of a large conning-tower for the better centralization of control, and, finally, such an installation of gas-engines as to permit of their use, with safety, when only a very small part of the boat still remains above water.

When Mr. Lake finally submitted the plans of the "Protector" to the Navy



THE "ARGONAUT I." AFTER RECONSTRUCTION CALLED "ARGONAUT II."

Department, the only features yet untried and not common to the earlier boats were the control of submergence, when under way, by the use of hydroplanes, an installation of storage batteries for totally submerged work; the use of his wonderful observing instrument, the omniscope, by which it is possible to cover the entire horizon when the rest of the boat is entirely below the surface; and, lastly, the strictly military phase, the handling and the firing of torpedoes.

At the suggestion of the officials of the department, Mr. Lake purposely so modified the original dimensions of this new boat—sacrificing refinement of lines and incurring the risk of a loss of speed—that a stricter comparison of dimensions should exist between the "Protector" and the boats then building for the navy. In the prime features of length and maximum beam the rival boats are nearly identical.

The "Protector" was built upon a tract of public land belonging to the city of Bridgeport. Upon this place Mr. Lake created a shipyard, small, but wonderfully efficient, and by sheer force of untiring energy and seemingly inexhaustible resourcefulness, turned out a grade of work of which any yard might be proud. Despite endless handicaps, the boat was built, launched and making her surface runs inside of eighteen months from the time

her keel was laid; and so careful and cunning was the handling of material that, when the work was done, the scrap-pile would not have filled two carts. Difficulties never halted—they seemed rather to spur Mr. Lake on; and to this genius and the inspiring example of good temper was and still is due the tireless loyalty of the men that have made his achievement possible.

The "Protector," to-day, represents an outlay by private enterprise of something over three hundred thousand dollars, and is the expensive effort incident to the

In July, 1903, the "Protector" made, unescorted, a trip of a hundred and ten miles from Bridgeport to Newport—making her headquarters at the United States Torpedo Station. While there she made a number of successful submerged runs. The 1st of August she returned to Bridgeport—making the home run without interruption in fourteen hours—a very exceptional achievement for gasoline engines and a submarine boat. After more or less active work in anticipation of government trials, the boat left her home waters on November 14th, again bound for Newport



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LIVING-QUARTERS OF THE "PROTECTOR."

development of a craft meeting for the first time the requirements outlined by that departmental circular of 1893—the last official notification to the public of what the navy deemed desirable in the shape of an efficient submarine. The vessel, unlike "Argonaut II.," has no field of commercial usefulness.

Congress finally appropriated a half million dollars. The secretary of the navy was given this to buy or build, after exhaustive competitive test, that type of submarine best fitted to meet the needs of the navy.

—this time, however, having in tow a large sloop laden with supplies. By the time Point Judith was reached the wind was blowing right in the vessel's teeth at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour, and the waves were piling up with the full sweep of the Atlantic behind them. The boat held on to the sloop until the Point was rounded, when the tow-line parted. Just after this, the starboard engine became disabled, but, with only one screw working, the "Protector" made Newport without assistance.

Last January, while the thermometer was



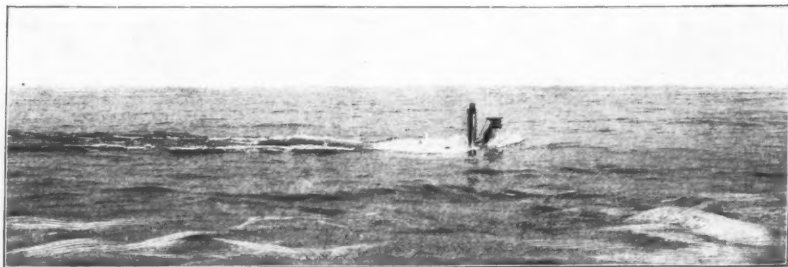
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THE "PROTECTOR" LYING ALONGSIDE THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "ALABAMA."

below zero and the bay full of ice, an army board from the school of submarine defense at Willets Point reached Newport to inspect the vessel. Despite the harsh weather conditions, the craft was taken out. She was put through her paces, was run under the ice, and, finally, as a proof of her usefulness in cable-cutting and countermining work, the boat was run on the bottom and a local telephone cable picked up through the open bottom door of the diving-compartment. The nature of the bottom was rock-strewn and the cable was buried in the mud, conditions that are naturally the most trying and the most unusual where military cables would be landed. A hot dinner was cooked aboard, during the three hours' submergence, on the boat's electrical cooking apparatus. During all this while, the air in the boat was only that from the atmosphere at the time of sealing up to go under water, yet there was not the slightest sense of stuffiness at the end of the submergence.

The board was reasonably satisfied, but Mr. Lake finally concluded that there was as small chance that the Army would take her for coast-defense purposes as that the Navy Department would purchase her. Consequently, in June last he took her abroad to seek a purchaser among the foreign nations.

The submarine is no longer a mechanical toy capable of operating only under ideal weather conditions—she is a recognized unit of naval warfare, and sooner or later the government is morally bound to recognize the hundreds of thousands spent in private venture for the betterment of the national defenses. To a large measure, it lies with the public to insist upon justice, for it is still fresh in the minds of most of us how the genius of Maxim and of Hotchkiss received acknowledgment here only after those men had been driven abroad to honor and to remuneration.



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THE "PROTECTOR" RUNNING WITH ONLY OMNISCOPE AND TOP OF ARMORED SIGHTING-HOOD ABOVE WATER.



"ANDREW HAD RETURNED FROM ONE OF HIS HUNTING EXPEDITIONS . . . WHEN MARTY PASSED BY WITH FRED WILLIAMS."

"STAR-DUST."

BY ELIZABETH H. BOWLE.

IT was for sheer deviltry that Andrew Ambrose made love to brown Marty.

Brown as a nut she was—hair, eyes, skin—and her life was brown to match; for the farm, when it paid, wrung too much sweat out of its toilers, draining life's sweetness, especially when there was little in the home-life to redeem. The father was tyrannical of will and surly, the mother feeble of health and always timid and subduel, and Marty herself a scorned girl.

For that mistake the husband, lacking justice and humor, had always blamed the wife; but the unforgivable sin was that the scorned girl did not fear him. She worked, worked like a boy or a man, just for her mother's sake, not to leave her, but she kept her taskmaster at bay. If anything, he feared her, and for this he hated her. "There is no devil but fear."

But Marty would much rather have had love. For no noble nature wishes to be feared.

And then into Marty's brown life came Andrew Ambrose. And this is how it came about.

Andrew had returned from one of his hunting expeditions, to the success of which two bear-skins testified, and was standing outside the grocery-store with three other young men, when Marty passed by with Fred Williams, Rose Martin's "boy," and when she was out of hearing one said, with a laugh:

"It's full time Marty had a beau of her own."

Said another: "She's too homely." And added, sadly reminiscent of a certain exacting beauty: "But perhaps homely girls don't expect so much. I guess they might even be grateful some."

"Not much, Marty!" said the first one. "She's blamed proud, and as shy as a bird. You'd have to stone or trap her, or shoot her in the wing, to catch her at all."

Andrew smiled at this, showing his strong white teeth, and when he smiled that way there was a little devil in each dark eye, and the end of a woman's little finger would have fitted into the cleft in his chin. Hadn't a woman held him by the chin and tried it? The words took his fancy and the hunter's blood in him stirred.

"What do you bet I'll have her in my hand within two months and that when I open it she'll perch on it?"

And he threw his hand upward slightly, a gesture significant of the throwing off of a bird into the air, and then he put it in his pocket. Presumably the bird was perchless.

"Haw-haw-haw!" That was the sole reply he received, and the laugh held more derision of such a winning than scorn of its manner and motive. It was exquisitely funny to think of handsome Andrew, at whom all the girls made eyes, courting homely Marty—a Marty, too, whose gowning was so poor and unbecoming. It was almost Beauty and the Beast reversed.

But that very evening Andrew rode out to the farm. Marty was milking and she talked to him while she milked. She knew him. He had shot over their land sometimes and brought them jack-rabbits, and once, to her regret, a brown quail. But, her milking done, she left him to her father, never even coming to the house-door to see if he were still there nor to watch him ride away, an unconcern or an abstraction that made Andrew smile again. But he went again the next evening, and the next, and the next, then subtly missed two, but the poor result of that subtlety made him laugh at himself.

But it was that same evening, when Marty had gone to bed, but was sleepless, that her mother crept softly into her room and sat on the bedside.

"Marty, child," she said, in a tremulous whisper, "you've got a beau."

Then knowledge seemed to come to Marty almost like a blow.

"But I thought he wanted to buy the

farm. What can he want with me?" she asked.

"The farm nothing, child! Weren't his eyes on you all the evening?"—Yes, yes, Marty knew that. She could feel those compelling eyes on her now.—"Don't you think I know when a man's courting? Weren't there three courted me, and God only knows why I took your poor father! But, listen, Marty, you must put on my new skirt—I daren't ask for another for you yet!—and sit in the parlor evenings."

For a moment the aspect of that unspeakable parlor made Marty laugh softly. If "many waters cannot quench love," surely," she thought, "some parlors can." "I'll never dress up for a man," she said, quietly, then.

But when her mother emitted inarticulate murmurs, expressive of wo and disappointment, she added, consolingly: "And you know, mother, I look best in my working-dress when I have on a big apron. My best dress is cheap and ugly, but my aprons are cheap and pretty."

The fact was, she had an eye for color and for line, and she fashioned for herself big overall aprons of bright and soft-hued calicoes. Sometimes red, sometimes soft pinks and gray-blues, and sunbonnets to match. She, plowing a dun field on a gray day in one of these costumes, would have ravished an artist's eye. He might even have gone farther and loved her straight furrow. And there, too, in a pocket made for the purpose, was tucked her little "Walden," bracing as the work of which she was now unashamed. It had enlightened her, and fed her fancies. One of her dreams had been to chum with a Thoreau and be simple and sylvan and sincere.

"But even if he is courting me," she said, after a mutual silence, "I needn't take him if I don't want to, need I?"

"My sakes, Marty, you'd never say 'no' to Andrew Ambrose? You'd be plumb crazy!"

"He's splendid to look at, and I like him around for a while, and he seems very, very kind, but that isn't all, is it? I'd have to love him and I might not find him lovable. Besides, how can he love me?"

"Why, child, you're a woman, ain't you?"



Drawn by Power O' Malley.

"HER MILKING DONE, SHE LEFT HIM TO HER FATHER."

And when he can come courting you, don't it show at once he's lovable? He ain't after money and beauty, he looks deeper. Marty, at the pace he's going there'll be a wedding before the year's out!"

But in her excitement she had unduly raised her voice, and immediately the familiar yell from the next room recalled her there on deprecating tiptoe.

"Will Andrew ever yell at me like that? Never twice! I'd kill myself rather!" said Marty to herself.

But in the days that followed, if she thought at all, she had to own that Andrew was very lovable. Who could have withstood, even knowingly, a pursuit so quiet, so relentless, so skilled, and withal so gentle? And yet to Andrew the chase was a hard one, harder than he expected; he had to admit it was hard enough to be exciting and pleasurable, and that the quarry was worth the trouble if only because she gave trouble. Yet her decoys and defenses were those of sincerity and candor, not of prudery and coquetry. Without meaning to be so, she was proud, elusive, fearless; and the knowledge of her shortcomings in the way of good looks and education gave her just the requisite softening touch of timidity. Occasionally in the breathing-places of the chase she would look at him almost with petition. Love was such a torment of joy, such a fulness of life to her, that at times she almost prayed to be delivered from it. And in those days, the mother, looking on tenderly and silently, fancied that even the outside Marty changed. Her brown skin took a rose tint, her hair seemed burnished, her eyes to have golden lights. Her rich nature, that no hardships had impoverished, only held in check, once placed full in the sun, became almost exotic but for its native austerity of truth. No wonder Andrew found himself looking forward with a beating pulse to the moment of capture.

And there came a day when he said:

"Marty, you've got to give in."

And her reply was, "I want to be free."

"It's the last thing you'll always want if you're a true woman," he said.

"I want to be a true woman, from head to foot."

Andrew laughed aloud.

"Choose, then," he said.

And the choice answered his expectation.

The hunter's blood was hot within him, but never the lover's. To know she was in his power was enough. But how could Marty discriminate between triumph and love? And would she be glad or not to learn?

It was soon after that, that Fred Williams came one morning to the farm. He had worked there once in baying and harvest times and had known and liked Marty well enough to be her friend. It was he who had given her the "Walden."

He had just a few words to say to her. "Where no one can see us," he said, and she left her potato-patch and went over to the barn, where they sat on an old reaper. Yes, just a few words, but they were hard to say. He blundered through them, his eyes on the ground. And as they were said, Marty set her teeth and drew in her breath. But following them came a silence so complete that Fred was, at last, bound to look at her. Her face frightened him. Something in her had surely had its death-blow. Happiness dies hard; and the desire for it dies never.

"Marty," he said, quickly, "he did not—you have not——?"

She understood him and answered:

"No, Fred, not that. I can see now that he never would have wanted me. Is it very, very wrong of me to wish he had? Am I unwomanly to say so and to feel so? Is it unwomanly to long for a child—his child——?"

"No, no, never more a woman—but you must brace up, Marty. A face like that will give you away at once."

"I am thinking of father, how he will laugh; he has laughed all the time—and of poor mother."

"But, Marty, this gives you your chance to come out even, or I would have throttled the fellow right there! Not a soul will know but you and me—and you can chuck him over—you can laugh at him—you can pretend to him and every one that you knew all the time and were fooling him. You can make him the laughing-stock of the town. You must do it as quick as you can, Marty."

"Yes, next time he comes, Fred."

"You're game; I knew you would be!"



Drawn by Power O'Malley.

"THOSE TOLL-WORN HANDS . . . HUNG IN FRONT OF HER, LOOSELY CLASPED, AND ANDREW TOOK THEM IN HIS AND BENT HIS FOREHEAD UPON THEM."

And he took her hand and pressed it warmly, kindly, then rose to his feet to go. "Marty, I hated to come! And for God's sake, don't take it too hard—he isn't worth it——"

"You've been a real friend to me, Fred," she answered. "No woman could have done it so well for me."

That was true. Marty was always one of those women whose friends are men; her strength required their masculine strength, and to them she gave restful understanding of their weakness.

That day was Saturday, and in the evening Andrew did not come. As a matter of fact, he was taking another girl for a moonlight buggy ride, a girl he had known for two days only, but around whose waist he passed his arm unproved. How many arms had encircled it, he idly wondered. But then she was bewitchingly pretty—so much so that it was an hour or two into Sunday before he unhitched in his own yard. But in the evening he went to see Marty. Her father and mother had gone to a camp-meeting and she was alone and sitting in the kitchen, the door open to the autumn sights and sounds. The kitchen itself had always a homelike air, was clean as hands could make it, and prints of good pictures pinned on the walls redeemed its poverty. Those pictures had helped Marty many a time. She had that thirst for the beautiful and for its expression that makes for joy and for sorrow.

The thought in his mind as he rode out had been how best to bring the thing to a finish. The devil in him desired confession just for the sake of seeing how Marty would take it, but always he had killed his prey quickly and mercifully, and so now; and he decided that to pick a quarrel was the better, and fling out of the house—never to return. But how to quarrel with this quiet girl in this peaceful little room? Instead, he leaned forward from his chair to kiss her, but she drew back, and there at once was the opening he wished. Why, he asked, was he not to kiss her?

Marty's eyes rested upon him a moment in silence.

"Don't you think it's time we gave it all up?" she asked then.

"Gave what up? What do you mean?"

"Making love to each other," she said, quietly, but her gaze now was on the stove. For one thing, she hated to see his face change, as change it did, but he answered steadily enough:

"I don't know what you mean, Marty."

"Yes, you do. You made a bet or something that you would catch me, like you hunt and catch a bird. But two can play at that game, can't they? Can you blame me if I wanted to get the better of you when you were trying to get the better of me?"

He was silent for several moments; then he said, quite calmly:

"I don't blame you at all. I rather admire you. Sometimes it happens that a hunter is caught in his own trap, and he would be a damned fool to kick."

"Yes, we see then what stuff he's made of. You are made of good stuff, Andrew. You have fine qualities, but I want you to be finer."

"Thank you." He laughed lightly, and said, as lightly:

"So you did not love me, Marty. So much the better."

Marty was silent for a moment, then she said, quietly:

"Yes, I loved you. And I must love you for a time yet, anyway, because I can't tear you out of my heart, Andrew, in a day or an hour, perhaps never. But what does it matter? It matters only to me. Is there anything to be ashamed of in that? I can't think so. I should only be ashamed if I tried now to save my pride with a paltry lie. My pride!—I will never belie myself and my love—the love that has been so perfectly beautiful——" her voice broke and she turned away her face from him. But in spite of herself, she was swept away for a time by a very tempest of grief. Had she been alone, she would have paced the floor as a wild animal paces its cage, perhaps beaten her head against its walls, one pain to ease the other. And throughout it all, Andrew sat absolutely silent and still. After all, he had not only slain, but slaying had turned the knife in the wound, and he sickened of himself. In those minutes, Marty's wish was granted. He was finer, irrevocably so.

Then she regained self-control, dried her



*Drawn by
Power O'Malley.*

"THEN HE WENT OUT, SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM."

eyes, and stood up before him composed and strong.

"I want you to go now. I don't want you ever to come again."

Her hands—those toil-worn hands that she had tried so hard not to be ashamed of—hung in front of her, loosely clasped, and Andrew took them in his and bent his forehead upon them. It was an act of abasement that filled Marty's heart with amaze, but as she looked down on his dark head, her whole soul was lost in the one immense desire for one more kiss. How frightfully cruel to be a woman and to have to be silent! And he had taught her to be a woman and now to be silent! A woman, an unloved one—hardly even a loved one—cannot ask or beg or take unashamed as a man may, or if she does, perhaps all her life she regrets. Sometimes, deliberately, she asks, accepting the pang; and ever after says within herself, "It was worth it."

Then Andrew raised his head and looked up in her face.

"Marty, child, I knew you loved me—I am glad you did not lie. It would have

hurt me to hear you lie. Love me all you want to. I'm not worth it, but just for that reason I need it more, don't I? And pity isn't for such as you—you have come out by far the greater and nobler—so great and noble, Marty, that I am glad I have held you in my hand for a time——"

He dropped her hands and rose to his feet.

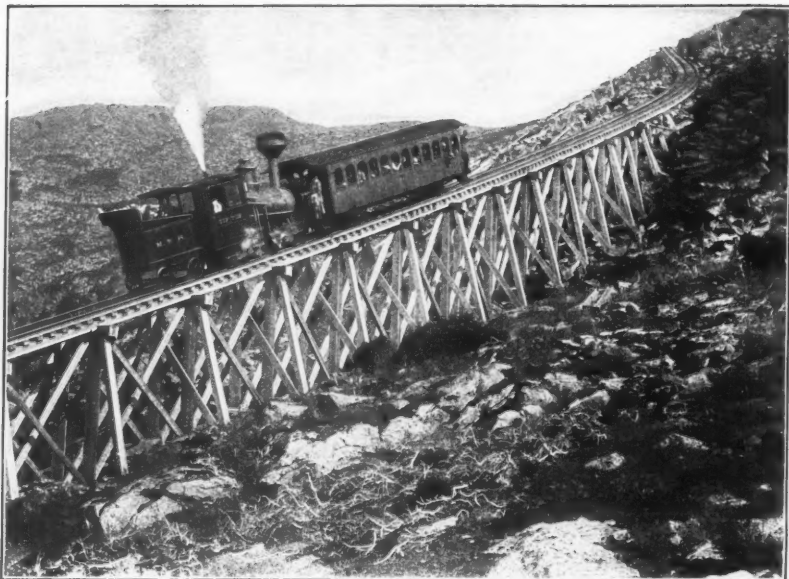
"And that's the truth—I give you truth for truth—all the rest was a black lie!"

He turned from her and turned back again, where she stood quite still, not even looking at him. She could not bear to look.

"But, by God, you shall have something to feed your heart upon! This is truth, too!"

With a quick movement he took her in his arms and pressed his lips twice upon hers. The first kiss was barbaric in its masterfulness. It obliged her to respond to it. The second one was heartbreaking, for it held farewell in its tender firmness.

Then he went out, shutting the door behind him.



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"TIP-TOP" PUSHING CROWDED CAR UP "JACOB'S LADDER" TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

RAILROADS ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

BY WARREN HARPER.

WHEN the world goes a-pleasuring summers, it is pretty apt, somewhere, some time, to find itself on a mountain-top. Popular always, at home and abroad, is the ascent of summits. In the old days, the world had to do its mountaineering by the stiffest sort of climbing on foot, dangerous and exhausting; now, it has only to sit comfortably back on a plush seat and, thanks to the marvels of modern engineering, be pushed up the highest peaks with all the ease and safety of a Fifth Avenue 'bus. The man with the rod and the plummet has won the day. Steam and electricity have humbled the heights.

The majestic Jungfrau, the monarch of the Bernese Alps, is the latest mountain to be conquered. It is now bowing its eternally snow-capped head to the skill of the engineer and the nerve of the promoter. A third of the railroad from its base to its summit is completed, and already summer

tourists are beginning to run up and down it like so many ants on an ant-hill.

For a great many years, Alpine climbers have negotiated, with more or less exertion, the thousand lesser Swiss peaks, but with the Jungfrau it has always been different. It has towered apart, beautiful to behold from afar, but treacherous to those who were too familiar with it. It was first ascended in 1811, and the feat was repeated only four times between that date and 1856. Since then, succeeding years have witnessed a few of the strongest and the bravest reach the topmost spur, but the number is not legion. A great many men, whose valor overcame their discretion, have perished to a fairly considerable total. Last summer, the Jungfrau death-roll was five. And now along comes Herr Guyer-Zeller, of Zurich, and says, "Don't kill yourself climbing; just ride up with me in a warm car."

The story about Herr Guyer-Zeller goes



A TUNNEL ON THE MOUNT PILATUS RAILWAY IN SWITZERLAND.

that, on a certain splendid August afternoon in the summer of 1889, he was enjoying a stroll down the mountain-path that leads from the Schilthorn to Mürren, and that in course of it, with the Jungfrau steadily in front of him, the inspiration came to build a railway up its colossal height. And

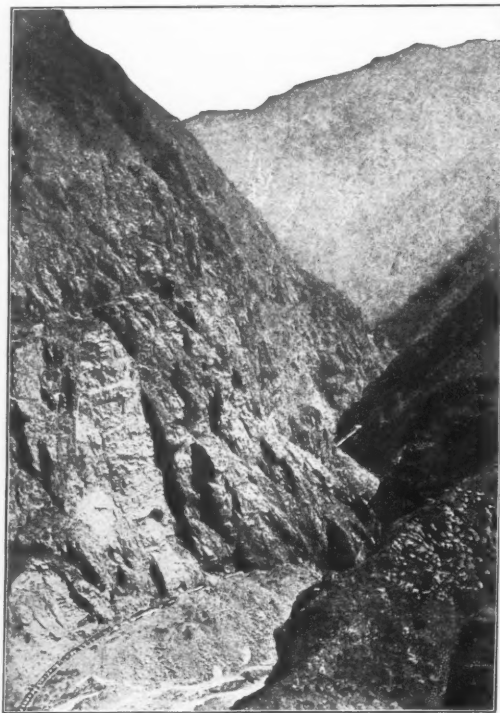
as the Herr excellently combined the traits of a scientific German with those of a hustling American, the bold idea very shortly became a concrete affair; for the next season the enterprise was started—an engineering achievement the like of which the world had never yet seen.

When you find yourself at Interlaken, on your European tour, you are within striking distance, so to speak, of this Jungfrau trip. Every morning at nine in the summer-time the train leaves Interlaken for the Wengernalp. At noon you find yourself above the clouds, on top of the Wengernalp at Scheidegg; and after lunch, at one, an electric car stands at the hotel door ready for that portion of the Jungfrau ascent which is so far in operation. An hour later, you are up inside of the Eiger mountain at Eigerwand station. From here an opening has been cut through the solid rock to the face of the mountain where, from a lofty gallery, you can look down and see, far, far below you, the superb Grindelwald valley, a typical Swiss picture with chalets, glaciers, pasturing cattle and mountain torrents. The scene is just such a one as you fancy the soaring eagle must get of the world beneath him. Eigerwand, at present, is as far as you can go, the road being but a third done. What a big undertaking the affair is, you can judge from the fact that only two yards a day in the summer season is the rate at which the line progresses. It is all tunneling, inside the mountain range, through the hardest of black granite, and there are about four miles yet to go before a point directly up and under the summit of the Jungfrau is reached. From here an elevator shaft two

hundred and fifty feet long is to be constructed, out of which one will emerge from the bowels of the mountain upon the very peak of the Jungfrau, thirteen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea.

It is likely that five or six more years will be required to finish the project. Costly tunneling for the entire length has been necessary. To get the required grade, the line has to run up through the Eiger

and Mönch Mountains before the Jungfrau itself is pierced. On the completion of the line, the round trip is to cost forty-five francs, or about nine dollars. The present run from Scheidegg to Eigerwand and return costs two dollars. To climb the Jungfrau, with guides and carriers, is a matter of two days and nearly a hundred dollars. It is also a matter of peril. The chances of your never coming back are just about as good as those that



IN THE RIMAC VALLEY, OROYA RAILWAY, PERU.

you luckily will come back.

Besides the three stations already made, others are planned at dizzy altitudes en route to the summit. In each case, a shaft will be run out to the face of the mountain at that particular spot, from which magnificently ascending views of the Alps will be possible. When next you go journeying overseas, this wonderful Jungfrau electric line will doubtless be completed, so that high up above the clouds you can make merry over your Swiss cakes and beer in



SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK, COLORADO, THE HIGHEST ALTITUDE REACHED BY RAIL IN THE WORLD.

places where sturdy Alpine climbers of the past have frozen to death.

In the history of "railways-on-end," the honor of being the first belongs to that up Mount Washington, in our own New Hampshire hills. It was the pioneer railroad of the sort, having been started in 1866. So successful was it, that the Swiss engineers immediately copied its principles, and began to run rails up the Rigi, the first of the Swiss mountains to have a railroad. The Mount Washington line is a rack-and-pinion affair of three miles, the strange-looking humpbacked engine and single car taking an hour and twenty minutes, snail-like, to accomplish the distance each way. The accepted thing is to go up by morning train, lunch at the very decent hotel on the summit, and then return to the base in the late afternoon. Many stay overnight on the mountain to see the beauties of the sunrise next morning, but nine times out of ten they are disappointed, as the world below and above is apt, on the next morning, to be hidden by cloud-banks.

Tourists from May to September flock to Mount Washington from all the surrounding New England summer resorts. Something like ten thousand persons annually,

for over thirty years, have been carried up and down without a single mishap. The same story, however, cannot be said of the "slide-boards" which are used for rapid transit by the employees of the road when they want to go down the mountain. These affairs are just big enough to sit on—about the size of an ordinary washboard. Flanges hold them on the wide cog-rail, the thick grease on this rail allays all friction, and the force of gravity does the rest. They can fly down the three miles of descent in three minutes, but it takes a steady nerve to handle one at that speed. Occasionally in the past, an adventurous tourist would borrow one of these "devil's shingles" and try a ride on it, but after nearly a dozen fatal accidents from this source, the boards were finally put under lock and key. A curious experience occurred a summer or two ago, when the telegraph operator on the summit, finding his wires out of order one night, started for the base on one of these slide-boards. When half-way down, going at full speed, he ran into a porcupine that in the dark was eating the fat off the cog-rail. Fortunately, the operator kept his seat and continued his flight, but a quill or two gave him a taste of porcupine armor.

Out in Colorado, the old cry of the Forty-niners, "Pikes Peak or bust!" is no longer heard, as an up-to-date railroad now harnesses this mountain. It is the highest mountain-road in America, the top being fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven feet above the waters of Los Angeles Bay. The line was completed in 1890, after several years of perils and hardships incident to the survey and construction work. From the summit of Pikes Peak, "weather permitting," one of the grandest views in the West is to be had. To the east are to be seen Manitou, the "Garden of the Gods," and the plains that stretch undulatingly away to the



THE ELECTRIC LINE UP MOUNT LOWE, CALIFORNIA. THE STEEPEST ROAD-GRADE IN THE WORLD.

horizon; and to the west rise the ragged rows of snow-mantled peaks that make the great Continental Divide.

To be able to say that they have been up a real volcano, furnishes a good and sufficient reason why a throng of tourists to Italy make the Vesuvius trip every year. Under its original promoters the cable road up to the crater was a financial failure, but

some years ago it was acquired by "the man from Cook's," and is now successfully conducted. From the office in Naples, carriages leave every fair morning for the drive of fifteen miles out to the base of the mountain. From here cable cars carry the passengers to the upper station, the rest of the journey being made afoot. The Italian government compels

the use of licensed guides for those who wish to approach within the danger-limits of the crater. For the most part, the trip is an entirely safe one, although some four years ago an unusually violent eruption of the volcano destroyed the upper station and a portion of the road-bed. Still, every one who visits the Vesuvius tries to make himself out a valiant adventurer, allowing his mind to become filled with dread visions of the historic outbreak of A. D. 79, when

Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried beneath a flood of hot lava and ashes.

Probably the railroads up the Rigi and Pilatus in Switzerland are the two best-known. More travelers have made these ascents than any other mountain-trips the world over. They lie on the main highway of Swiss travel, and so remarkable is the view from their summits that few tourists are foolish enough to miss them.



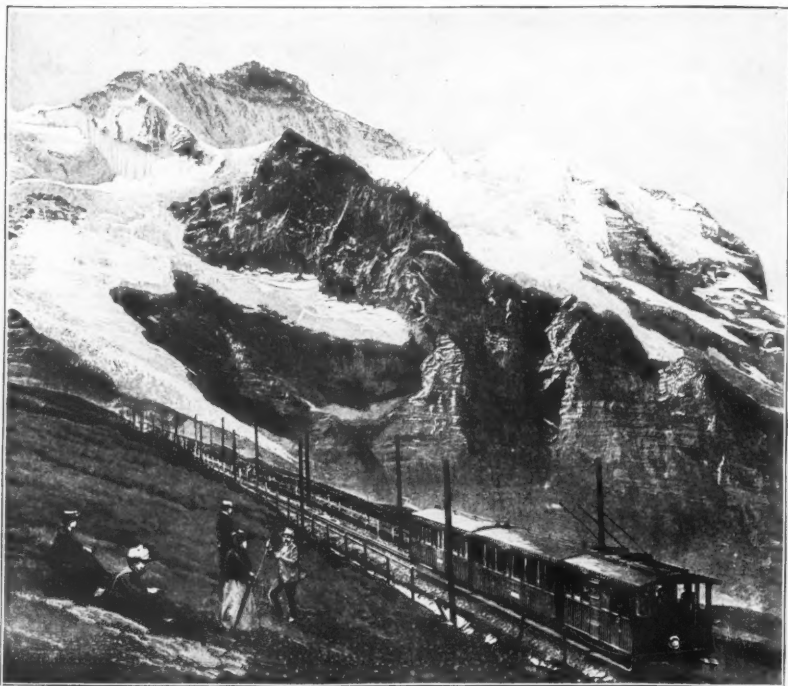
TRESTLE ON THE RIGI RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.

Both the Rigi and Pilatus rise abruptly from the Lake of Lucerne, and their distance from the main Alps is such as to furnish an ideal vantage-point from which to see the panoramic grandeur of the big Swiss peaks. All central Switzerland, with its unrivaled picturesqueness and beauty, lies spread beneath one from the top of Pilatus.

On the Pacific coast of the United States is another remarkable bit of audacious mountain engineering, where it isn't necessary to post signs, "Don't walk on the tracks," since every one who goes there has too much respect for his life to commit the folly. It is the electric line up Mount Lowe, out in the Sierra Madre Mountains of southern California. The first part of the road, the Great Cable Incline, is the steepest in the world, having a forty-eight per cent. grade. So much a matter of hanging on to the air was the work of building this line at certain places, that even the sure-footed burro could not be trusted to carry the material for the walls and buttresses, the workmen themselves being obliged to shoulder the burdens. Sharp curves, yawning chasms and overhanging ledges make the timid tourist keep his eyes shut most of the time. No Mount Lowe rattlesnake—and there are



VIEW FROM FOOT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, SHOWING THE FUNICULAR RAILWAY TO THE SUMMIT.



VIEW OF THE JUNGFRAU, SWITZERLAND, AND THE RAILWAY THAT WILL CONNECT WITH THE ELEVATOR-SHAFT TO THE SUMMIT.

such, to the occasional consternation of visitors—can twist itself out of shape half so much as does the upper, or Alpine, division of this California road.

Around the great curve of the world there are, of course, not a few other famous railways of this sort. A queer one is to be found in the Austrian Alps, going up Hochstauffen Mountain. Here a little car, about as big as a doghouse, keeps itself hitched to a single rail, and is carried up by means of a balloon. Soaring high up overhead, it draws the people heavenward in a most unique though safe manner. There is the Glion cable line in Switzerland, where a car loaded with water coming down drags up another filled with passengers. At Lauterbrunnen, one of those idyllic Swiss villages, is a stretch of steel that from the base looks as if you would have to do the Jack-and-the-Beanstalk act to get up. Out in Hong Kong there is a peak up two thousand feet

of which goes a car at such an angle that the passengers almost sit on top of one another. Just outside of Calcutta, in India, is the wonderful Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway, considered by old travelers to be one of the modern wonders of the world. There is a spot on the line known as "Agony Point," where a sharp whistle from the engine is blown as a warning for people to keep their seats. If they should all happen to crowd to one side of the car to view the scenery at this place, the whole concern would topple over and dash down several thousand feet into the wild valley below. Difficulty in breathing, or mountain-sickness, is commonly experienced on this trip. But the splendid vision that is secured from the summit is worth all the dangers, for the mighty Himalayas, the giants of the world, tower there before you in all their glittering whiteness and magnitude and awesome grandeur.

DANCING AND PANTOMIME.

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

THE oldest of all the arts has become the stepchild of art. Alternately exalted and reviled, expressive of religious ecstasy or of wanton lust, expressive also of personal pleasure or of perfected toil for the pleasure of others, thus the art of dancing has come down the centuries. Its birth and growth can be studied afresh in every new human being that is born into the world. The child claps its hands and sways its body to express its feelings before it can voice the articulate word; then the youth dances for his own pleasure; and the older man, finally, pays others to dance that he may enjoy the sight. Before song or the drama came into existence, dancing was an art; out of dancing grew song and the drama, and savage man, who has neither song nor the drama, finds both in his dance. Pantomime was the first poetry, and painting and sculpture drew inspiration and models from the dance. The dance was the first art in the history of the world, as it is in the history of each nation and of each human being—i.e., the first conscious attempt at an artistic representing of human feelings and emotions. Therefore it is a venerable art indeed that we have now come to regard as a vehicle for youthful pleasure only, or a minor art whose devotees are not considered among the upper-tendom of artistic circles.

There is much that furnishes food for thought in the history of the dance down through the centuries. It has been a gage for the natural quality of religious feeling, and of artistic feeling as well, as years went on. The nearer the religion was to nature, the greater importance was given to the dance as an element of its ritual.

The early Christians did not despise the dance, but as monkish asceticism drew away from the simple, natural teaching of Christ, the dance fell into disfavor and was frowned upon as a manifestation of the evil one. And just so it was with artistic perception and artistic appreciation. Where they were highest, in Hellenic antiquity, dancing had its place among the arts and was revered as the oldest of them all, that art upon which all the others based. Dragged down to pander to luxury and profligacy, as were all the arts during the period of Roman triumph and Roman decadence, the dance



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MISS ISADORA DUNCAN, WHOSE "THOUGHT DANCES" ARE AN ATTEMPT TO REVIVE THE DANCE AS PERFORMED IN THE GREEK DRAMA.

fell under a cloud with the rest, and seemed to disappear during the dark ages, as did the others. But the dance, being the first and most natural of all arts, did not so completely disappear as did the others. In the lower strata of society it survived in the form of folk-festivals and folk-lore, and the dances which then became a part of peasant life everywhere in Europe did not change when formal dancing and show dancing were revived by the general art-awakening of the Renaissance. Modern art and the modern ballet were born in the Renaissance, in Italy, which has mothered so much of artistic beauty, to sit now by the stagnant waters of academic tradition. Modern dancing and modern cooking had their birth in Italy, then emigrated to France along with other arts, and, in certain forms at least, have made their home there ever since.

Scholars classify the dance into three groups:

The dance under strong excitement;

The dance for personal pleasure;

The dance with a definite mimetic object.

The savage combines the three; Oriental religious and social feeling utilizes all three; but Occidental civilization rejects the first as an art-form at all, and considers only the other two. The second, the dance for personal pleasure, is hardly thought of as an art-form either, for that matter, and the hoary antiquity of our favorite form of social diversion is something last to enter the mind young enough to enjoy it thoroughly and properly. The show dance is the last group, the dance with definite mimetic object, the pantomime dance, for pantomime is the mimetic principle of the dance. When the show dance loses this principle, then it is no

longer an art, but merely a gymnastic exercise. The pantomime dance found its highest form in the grand ballet, born in Italy and come to full fruition in France. Grand ballets that filled the evening bill were danced with operas, tragic or comic, as the case might be, taxing to the full the resources of the great subsidized theaters of the chief centers of Europe. They were not merely scenic spectacles as we understand them to-day, but they had plot and coherence, and every step had some mimetic purpose. Although these same theaters still keep up a full ballet corps, with chief dancers highly paid and carefully trained, it cannot be denied that the grand ballet as an



MME. ENRICHETTA VARESI. PRIMA BALLERINA AT LA SCALA, MILAN, AND AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

art-form is on the decline. The world-known solo dancers of the past two centuries—names like the three Vestris among the men, and Mlles. Carmargo, Sallé, Fanny Ellsler and Taglioni among the women—were the stars of the grand ballet ensemble, dancing in the frame of the grand ballet, representing a mimetic story, and not merely showing off some step they had learned. The solo dancers of to-day wander about by themselves, each with her individual dance, which has more or less purpose, more or less pantomime—i.e., mimetic principle—as the personality of the dancer is more or less artistic.

Neglected and fallen into disrepute as it is, the dance as an art reproduces faithfully the vicissitudes of art evolution. This is a time of transition for art everywhere, and the dance feels it as well. It is a time of awakening social conscience in public life, but a time of individual expression in art-life, and the purest forms of the dance are shown in some individualistic attempts that have personality and artistic principle. The strict academic traditions of the grand ballet had stiffened into rigidity, and come dangerously near the unmeaning inflexibility of military drill. But France, with all her respect for the standard of form, has managed to infuse new blood even into the grand ballet, and has been the birthplace of the new style of solo dancing. There is but one way to refresh the dance, and that is to borrow from what is nearest to nature. Dancers in France studied the peasant festivals, the national dances of



MME. OTERO, A LEADING EXPONENT OF SPANISH NATIONAL DANCES.

various countries, and these national dances, the instinctive expression of national feeling, became fashionable, and became more popular than the stately *pas de ballet* or the courtly minuet. And it was right and natural that they should, for there is no art-form that so directly voices the spirit of a people as do these national dances. Graceful, quick, fiery, amorous, in the south; heavier, slower, more weighted down by the idea to be expressed, as the north is approached, the peasant dances of civilization are what the dances of savage peoples are, what the first dancing movements of the little child are—they are the instinctive, and hence the true, expression of natural feeling. They are as little influenced also by royally protected art, and therefore dancing as an art cannot remain in a state of health if it does not return to refresh itself at this natural source.



Mlle. MARIA TAGLIONI, THE INVENTOR, AND UNTIL HER RETIREMENT IN 1847 THE CHIEF EXPONENT, OF THE NON-SENSUOUS OR "IDEAL" STYLE OF BALLET-DANCING.

The French public demands artistic quality in any pleasure, and this demand has kept up the standard of dancing as of all the other arts. Modern show dancing has come to its highest fruition in France, and every modern show dancer of to-day, of whatever nationality, must have the cachet of Parisian approval before a leading position can be attained elsewhere.

The types of solo dances and solo dancers engaging public attention to-day are very numerous, and many of them show true artistic quality and a tendency to appreciate and understand that the dance is an art worthy of careful study, not only of the muscles but of the mind. Of course, those of them who have painfully learned a few dancing steps, to be given with a song learned with equal painfulness, are not included in this classification. Dancing to be an art must be practised by one who has given many years to the mechanical training, and considerable thought to the pantomimic possibilities of the work. Socrates demanded that the dance have soul, and if some little soul is expressed in the dance to-day, it is all the more sure of finding lasting favor. The devotees of the grand ballet and the academic school of dancing

deplore what they term the influence of the music-hall on their art, and they do not consider the solo dancer of the music-hall as one to be considered at all seriously. Naturally this opinion is held a degree more strongly accentuated by the solo dancers of the grand ballet themselves, and all who are in any way connected with such institutions. But the music-halls, notwithstanding their undeniable tendency to cheapen art, have done for solo dancing what the secessionist salons have done for painting, what the independent theaters have done for the drama. They have allowed certain strongly defined individual talents to work out their own salvation, and they have infused new blood into the art of show



MME. FANNY ESSLER, THE NOTED VIENNESE DANCER WHO RETIRED FROM THE STAGE IN 1851.

dancing, much more so than the big scenic spectacles of melodrama and vaudeville, with their meaningless drilling of masses of legs.

The Parisian cabarets des arts and the "literary variety," the *Überbrettel* of Germany, have done good in this way too, for they have allowed the pantomimic principle of the dance and its literary quality a greater sway than even the liberty of the music-halls, hampered by consideration for a low artistic average in the audience, could dare do. In Europe, the leading solo dancers of the music-halls are fêted by poets, painters and sculptors, who realize how much all their arts owe to the dance when it is used as a vehicle of expression by a strong personality. The grace of motion in muscles so perfectly under control that the thought expressed shines out unhindered; the poetry of changing line and gesture; the representation of an idea in the pantomimic dance, the first instinctive art of mankind—all this is recognized as worthy a place among the sister arts, and Terpsichore has been reinstated to the throne of the Muses. But any artist is human, and the dancer most of all; for modern civilization has made a sharp cut between the physical and the mental, and the dancer feels it in the social status enforced on her. Being human, therefore, these dancers come gladly for the shekels to be earned here in America, but in secret conclave with a few congenial souls they will deplore that they can feel how sadly dancing has fallen into disrepute here more than elsewhere, in the quality of the people who make much of them.

We seem to feel more keenly here than elsewhere a thought which was alive in the palmy days of Rome as well, apparently, for Sallust said once of the noble Roman lady Sempronia, "She danced better than was proper for an honest woman."

As modern dramatic art turns more and more from the pantomimic principle to simplicity of realism in lack of gesture, so there is all the more need to cherish the higher form of the dance as the last guardian of pantomime, that art which is truly, as its name implies, an "imitator of nature." Pantomime is the art that will keep us near to nature, when poetry tends to become too metaphysical. Pantomime and the

dance can descend to frivolity, but they can never become too metaphysical, so that they point the way for the gaining of a proper balance between the mental and the physical. The emotions expressed by pantomimic dancing are the emotions common to all. Racial differences, accentuated



MME. GUERRERO, THE SUCCESSOR OF CARMENCITA
AS THE BEST LIVING EXEMPLAR OF
THE SPANISH DANCER.

in the spoken word, find no place in pantomime; its language speaks to all, appeals to all. It is the universal art, and the art upon which a universal bond of brotherhood in common enjoyment can be based. Perhaps because it is the tendency always of growing mental development to decry the natural, this most natural of all arts has

come to be considered vulgar and unworthy to express any but the lowest emotions. The early stages of growing mental development are so apt to show scorn of what has been passed on the road.

There are several distinct tendencies in solo dancing of to-day, most notably the tendency toward a reproduction of national dances, and the tendency toward a renaissance of the Hellenic principle of the dance. Guerrero, the successor of Carmencita as best exemplar of the Spanish dancer, and Otéro, a good dancer for all her too pronounced personal notoriety, are the leading exponents of the former tendency; therefore, the Spanish dance is the source from which the many lesser lights draw their inspiration also. This preeminence of the Spanish dance is due, not merely to the talent of its chief exponents, but to

the inherent true and natural, therefore lasting, qualities of the dance itself. No dance could be invented by ever so great a master that could so play on the senses, and so express love excitement and love fervor, as does the fandango, whether

danced by a Spanish grisette on a Sunday outing, or shown in the music-halls by a trained dancer. The pantomimic principle of this dance is very strong; it represents plainly strongly defined ideas and emotions; it is therefore a true dance, is deservedly popular, and will live. The same can be said of the darky "cake-walk"—the only

true, that is natural and original, dance in America. It is a natural growth from the savage ancestry of the American negro, and in its pure form every step and every twist has a definite mimetic object, is the representation of a definite feeling.

The serpentine dance, invented in its modern form by Loie Fuller, and the "thought dances" performed by Isadora Duncan, are an attempt to revive the Hellenic dances that were part of the dramatic representations. It is the manner of dancing, very slight motion with the feet and legs, the

great part of the work being sustained by the upper part of the body and the arms, that is specifically Hellenic in Miss Fuller's dancing. Much of her idea is original, but its prototypes can be found in some of the dances of the East, and its pantomimic



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MME. CHARLOTTE WIENE, THE DANISH-PARISIAN FAVORITE, WHOSE PANTOMIME HAS DONE MUCH TO RESTORE THE ART TO FAVOR.

pictorial qualities are founded in hoary antiquity. Miss Duncan's ideas as represented in her Greek dances are sometimes strained, and thoughts are chosen which are too metaphysical for the dance to express, but hers is a very worthy effort to restore the dance to its place among the higher arts.

Both these forms of the dance, the pure Spanish and the serpentine, or a Greek dance, have held themselves free from the influence of the cancan, which prevails in all other solo dances outside of the grand ballet. Now, the cancan has a founding on nature, too, but a founding a little too Darwinesque for esthetic souls to relish. A comedian of the Paris music-halls invented a dance which he called *cahut*, which was nothing more nor less than the reproduction of the

caperings of an ape, and out of this *cahut* grew the cancan. The cancan takes tremendous muscular training, and is therefore a good starting-point for the dancer. The muscular dance which was very popular a little while ago, and is still popular when thoroughly well done, grew out of a mingling of the toetip dance of the ballet drill and the antics of the cancan. The leading exponent to-day of this style of dancing is Saharet, the lithe, dark-haired Australian, whom even other dancers acknowledge to be the supplest thing on the dance stage at present. Saharet's dancing exemplifies the instinctive unconscious pleasure in rapid motion that actuates the dance of the child or the savage. It has therefore the first and most primitive pantomimic principle which that dance ever had.

Charlotte Wiehe, the Danish-Parisian favorite, has left the ballet for the pantomime, and has done much to restore this



MME. CAVALIERI, OF THE GRAND OPÉRA BALLET, PARIS.

form of art to public favor. Her pantomime grows naturally out of the pantomimic dance of the trained *balletteuse*, and is therefore true pantomime, and fitted to express any of the direct natural emotions.

An association bearing the name of *Philochoros*, which has been formed under the auspices of the University of Upsala in Sweden, for the purpose of preserving and restoring national dances, has already done excellent work and is increasing the scope of its utility every year. It is a movement that could be followed with advantage everywhere, for in these peasant dances much of national history and national art perception is stored.

The movements of nations and peoples, that make the history of the world, can be traced in their national dances and in their peasant pantomimic representations as surely as in their language, and in both more surely than sometimes in the written document.

MODERN MANNERS AND THE UNMANNERLY AGE.

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

CAN one say with truth that "Manners maketh man," when there have been so many who have achieved fame and prominence without possessing any, or even trying to acquire some?

But if these have been lacking in manners, they must have had brains. The unconventionalities of a genius will be forgiven, and any lack of refinement will be overlooked, or even put down as original and interesting. Absorbed, perhaps, in solving gigantic problems, the genius may be forgiven if he forgets the conventionalities of life or the rules of etiquette as laid down by society.

Genius, however, is the exception, and the colorless people endowed with ordinary brains who make up the majority of what we call "the world," cannot and ought not to be tolerated without manners. The standard of what is best and beautiful must always remain and always be recognized, and manners are only the outward and visible signs of what is noble and gracious.

The question whether modern chivalry, making allowances for circumstances, is in this twentieth century what ancient chivalry was, can be answered only by remem-

bering that the spirit of chivalry lives forever, like that of courage and bravery, and is not dependent for its actions on customs or manner.

In this prosaic age the chivalrous figures of ancient times seem merely myths to us, so changed are the conditions of things,

and to emulate them would be an impossibility. The knight who fought for his "ladye," and carried her colors to the bitter death, had generally but caught sight of her as she sat in some high tower surrounded by her women. Perhaps no words had ever passed between them. She was to him a wonderful vision of mystery and romance, and one endowed by his fervent imagination with all the attractions of the unknown. While he carried the ribbon or glove which she had worn, he would proclaim her his "queene" and "ladye," and fight for her

reputation of beauty and virtue against all comers.

Women's position having so vastly changed, even in recent years, it is not astonishing that the relations of the sexes have also altered, and that men's demeanor toward women differs greatly from what it was. With the greater independence of



MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

women must necessarily come less need for protection, and as they no longer sit at home and spin, but meet men on nearly even terms in many walks of life, in business as well as in pastimes and pleasures, greater familiarity naturally ensues.

Modern chivalry finds its outlet in a more practical and useful, if less romantic, manner than of old, but it is there all the same.

The man who gives up his life in the attempt to rescue some wretched miner entombed in a poisonous death-trap, or who disfigures himself for life by plunging into a house on fire to save some unknown person, or the politician who for the sake of his principles gives up a lucrative post, is surely a hero of chivalry.

If the old-world courtesies are gradually dying out and men are less ceremonious than were their ancestors, if manners are less refined and ornate than they were formerly, they have surely gained much by being more simple, less artificial, and in every way easier. There are many and sufficient reasons to account for these changes. First of all is the hurry of the age. The anxiety to press into one life the work and pleasure of two or three existences of the days gone by, the fast train, the automobile, the telegraph, the telephone, annihilate space and time and bring people in daily, not to say hourly, touch and communication. And though familiarity may sometimes breed contempt, intimacy certainly fosters an easy tolerance for which we should not be ungrateful.

To examine the manners of the day, take, for instance, those of the modern country-house party. There is no doubt that the present generation treat a country-house more or less like a hotel, coming and going as they like to suit their own convenience, and seldom consulting that of their hosts.

Thirty years ago, the guests, having been duly told by which train to come, were expected to arrive by it, unless a very good excuse was forthcoming. They used to sit solemnly through an elaborate tea, exchanging empty civilities for an hour or more, until the hostess—attired generally in a gorgeous velvet or silk dress, with a lace cap if in middle age (which then began about forty)—gave the signal to rise, uttering the invariable formula, "I am sure

you must need a little rest." Her guests, once immured within their rooms, were not to reappear until the dining-hour. However little they wanted rest, however bored by their own society or disturbed by the unpacking maid, there they remained.

And sometimes it was the hostess who suffered. A story is told of a rather shy lady who was entertaining some prim princess, and who, after half an hour of uphill small talk, timidly proposed to take her to her room. "Thank you," said the princess, in icy tones, looking at her watch. "It is now half-past five. I will go to my room at seven."

Nous avons changé tout cela. Nowadays some of the modern hostesses do not take the trouble to communicate at all in respect of trains and such details. The guests find their own way and choose their own time at their own sweet will and proper responsibility. But in the event of the hostess specifying a particular train, requesting that the servants should come by another, people do not feel much obligation to come by that one, and many (chiefly those who do not entertain) never give a thought to the possible inconvenience caused if they, their servants and their luggage, arrive just in time for dinner. Others come in automobiles, which probably break down on the way, and yet others arrive so late that they must have a special dinner served for them.

Sometimes, where we are very up-to-date, the host and hostess are not at all welcome their guests. They are hunting, golfing or automobiling, and excuses when they do appear are thought hardly necessary by them or by their guests.

How far removed is all this from the days when the host felt bound to be on the door-step with open arms and many greetings of welcome! But it must be said that there are still many old-fashioned houses where they are punctilious, and where the hosts would grant to no one the right of showing their guests personally to their rooms.

The tea-table alone resists all innovations, and its etiquette is as rigid as ever, even in the most easy-going houses.

The hostess would probably resent any one sitting in her place and pouring out tea—unless particularly asked to do so—and

frequently if the hostess is absent and no stranger ventures to be so bold, thirsty people sit down patiently waiting until they can get a member of the family to do the office.

One of the few civilities still in vogue with the more polite guests is that of writing to the hostess after a week's visit, thanking her for her hospitality; but, like the custom of leaving a card the day after a formal dinner or ball, it is shirked by many. It would be a pity if these small courtesies, which lend a certain grace to ordinary life, were entirely abandoned.

Many and varied are the reasons—apart from sport—for accepting an invitation to a country-house. Some who come to write their letters or do some work, keep to their rooms and appear only for meals. And many, if bored, think nothing of leaving a couple of days earlier than is expected, making some barefaced excuse which leaves their hosts with a very shrewd suspicion they are not amused.

To give an illustration taken from life—a young man was asked to stay from Saturday to Monday at a country-house a couple of hours from London. The party was a small one, and the guests all arrived together, with the exception of the young man in question, who, at the last moment, telegraphed that he would not arrive before ten o'clock. This made a man short for dinner, and a separate dinner served at 10:30, not to speak of the carriage sent again to the station.

The young man, being a spoiled child of Fortune, asked the prettiest young lady to sit with him during his dinner, which she did, thus still more reducing the numbers in the drawing-room. The next day he did not appear either for breakfast or for luncheon, having both sent to his rooms. The host, thinking that he must be ill, went to see, and found that, being engaged in some literary work, he had brought it with him, and intended to finish it before joining the rest of the party. The host, offended but civil, left him to his own devices, and he did not appear until six or seven o'clock, departing early next morning.

Inconsiderate people have existed since the world began, but there is no doubt that self-indulgence and the love of comfort are much in the ascendant among all classes,

and there are still plenty of people who do not mind how much trouble they give.

Consider, for instance, the custom of breakfasting in one's own room, which is so much on the increase that it is becoming a serious problem to the people who entertain on a large scale. In a party of, say, thirty people, perhaps twenty-five separate breakfasts may be wanted, consisting of two hot dishes, tea and several sorts of bread, with jam and fruit.

Often very little of it is touched, but the ladies' maids cry out for their mistresses if a well-filled tray is not sent up. Think what twenty-five trays mean in the way of china, tea-pots and linen. Think of all the servants running up and down stairs—for, of course, no maid would "demean" herself by doing more than receiving the tray at the door of her lady's room—and of the extra work in the kitchen.

Besides these breakfasts, an elaborate one, comprising ten or twelve hot dishes, with all sorts of accessories, has to be kept served in the dining-room, from, say, 9:30 to 11, on the chance of some people appearing. Add to this an early breakfast or two for some departing or incoming guest, the preparations for an outdoor shooting luncheon, and it can easily be believed that the domestics of the kitchen of a large country-house have no sinecure.

Luncheon has expanded, too. Instead of the glass of wine and the biscuit taken from the sideboard during the children's midday dinner, which was the habit of forty years ago, there is an elaborate repast, at which children, relegated with their governesses to a side table, if not, indeed, banished altogether to their nurseries and schoolrooms, sometimes find no place. The sandwich and flask, which used to be sufficient for each shooter in the days gone by, have been replaced by the large tent, with a carpeted wooden floor, and the hot luncheon. This, beginning with soup, and ending with hot coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes, may tempt the sportsman to linger overmuch in the "delights of Capua," until, the daylight being nearly spent, the host, mindful of the pheasants still to be slain, groans aloud, and literally drives his guests out of the tent.

The sport, too, is made easy. The best covert is generally shot after luncheon—

half a mile at most brings them to it—where, sitting on their shooting-sticks, probably with fur-lined jackets to keep out the cold, cigars or pipes between their lips, their loaders two yards off all attention with loaded guns, and lastly, but possibly not least, the company of fair ones, they while away the tedious twenty minutes or so before the beaters can bring up the birds. These, with much noise of whirling wings, fly straight over the murderous barrels; and a good shot can easily, at one stand alone, account for eighty or more in the course of a few minutes.

As the shooter drives home in a comfortable brake to a warm bath, a velvet smoking-suit and tea, he thinks (if he gives it a thought) that his host has "done" him well. But it is to be doubted whether as a sportsman he gets as much keen enjoyment as his ancestors did, or even those of a former generation, who, disdaining such luxuries, beat up their own game, returning home at the end of the day tired and with a lighter bag, but with the satisfaction of having had their own knowledge of sport put to the test, besides that of their dogs, and reveling in being the happy possessors of a royal appetite and glorious thirst, which they felt had been well earned.

It is curious to note that shooting is not nearly so popular as it was, and the houses where men can get good golfing, with, perhaps, a little hunting thrown in, are much more appreciated.

Pursuing our comparisons of manners past and present, and the habits and customs of a modern country-house, we see that in nothing has there been a greater change than in the smoking-room. It is true that those of the fair sex who respect themselves do not invade the special paradise of the men, but then, there is no need for it, as smoking is becoming more and more habitual among women. Men seek less their own dens, knowing that they can have their cigarette in the company of the ladies.

In the early fifties it was supposed to be the height of ill-breeding and vulgarity for a man to be seen smoking a cigar in the street, and the smoking-room in a country-house was generally some miserable room considered too unattractive for any-

thing else, and as far removed from the living-rooms as possible. Now the best, the warmest and the brightest is surrendered. There is a story told of Lord —, who was an inveterate smoker, staying at Windsor in the days of the prince consort; there being no place to smoke, Lord — was discovered one day in his bedroom lying on his back and smoking up the chimney. This was repeated to the queen, and from that day a smoking-room was provided.

In Russia, where women smoke more than in any other country with the exception of Austria, a lady who would indulge in thirty or forty cigarettes a day will not smoke in a public place, such as a railway station or the street. On the other hand, in the most aristocratic Austrian circles, ladies are frequently seen smoking cigars at balls and receptions. It is to be hoped that the custom will never find its way to England and America.

It is not to be denied that smoking is much on the increase among women in England, and it is now more or less an accepted fact, and is tolerated even in the most old-fashioned houses.

Lately, certain critics have been much exercised over the 'manners and habits of what they choose to call "smart society," and they have launched fiery philippics in the magazines and papers on the subject. But to criticize from the outside must be rather difficult and somewhat inaccurate. This section of society is supposed to be made up of mothers who neglect their children and their husbands, who live in a round of gaiety, who think of nothing but their clothes, who read nothing and know nothing, whose conversation is empty and frivolous, not to say vulgar—who drink and gamble and squander their money and their existence. But men and women of that type have existed since the world began, and are not confined to one class of society or one country.

Indeed, the fashionable world is often occupied in a manner which would astonish their detractors, and also past generations. One has only to consider the amount of charitable enterprises of all kinds in which society women of the present day are interested, not to mention political and literary work, to realize how much must be

done by them. The more prominent the woman, the more she is called upon to do, and it is often a subject of admiration abroad what an Englishwoman or an American can and does accomplish.

One of the great features of both country and town life is the playing of the popular game of bridge, which has taken hold of society in a most extraordinary fashion—to the exclusion of all other games of cards. Its popularity is not confined to England alone: in America it is universally played; also in Paris bridge has taken the place of whist, and as it is a very difficult game, there is no doubt that it will hold its sway for many years to come.

A great deal of nonsense as to its gambling evils has been said, even from the pulpit, but from that point of view it is innocence itself compared to the baccarat and poker-playing of ten years ago—not to speak of the games of hazard in the early Victorian era, when thousands were lost nightly in private London houses. In the eighteenth century ladies of quality lost hundreds at loo, and it is recorded that the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, lost an enormous sum at ombre in one sitting, and cried bitterly at her bad luck.

Gambling at cards has existed ever since their invention, but since the introduction of bridge it has certainly never been for such low stakes in England; the points played in most houses range from a penny to a shilling.

From a hostess' point of view, bridge is a great boon; an easy way of disposing of and occupying a number of guests, who in the course of a week may find the time dragging.

On the other hand, like everything else in this world, there is a *revers de la médaille*, and if indulged in too much, its evils will undoubtedly bring about a reaction.

Gambling is certainly not the worst aspect of bridge. It is slowly but surely destroying all after-dinner conversation of any kind. People are getting out of the habit of exercising their wits, and find great difficulty (in bridge circles) in keeping up a general conversation on any topic of real interest.

This is a curious phase, and when carried to excess has certainly a deteriorating

effect, not only on the intellect, but on the character. Art, literature, music, one seldom hears discussed—politics sometimes—and the people who indulge in them are soon voted bores and secretly thought to be taking up valuable time from the beloved tables.

The regular bridge-player becomes very selfish, sacrificing everything which interferes with his game. His manners, too, suffer, and he will not attempt to restrain his temper, if he is cursed with one; he snarls, wrangles, and falls, metaphorically speaking, on his wretched partner who has made some mistake, until, if she be a woman, he has reduced her to the verge of tears, or if a man, to wanting pistols for two and coffee for one—and this is supposed to be a pleasant and profitable way of spending an evening!

Take the case where music of the best may have been provided by a generous host in a country-house party—sixteen perhaps out of twenty will retire to other rooms to play—shutting out, if possible, the sweet sounds. A few non-players are left to listen. Sometimes a stray man thinks the conversation of a non-playing lady preferable, but probably before he has been seated ten minutes, he will be wanted to make up a fourth and he made to play, no compunction being felt at leaving the lady in the company of two or three others of her own sex who do not play and have no choice but to retire to bed.

To appreciate a man or woman solely for their proficiency at a game of cards seems incredible, but this is so. A man may have nothing to recommend him but his excellence at bridge, and yet in some houses he will be a *persona grata*. In these circles we betide the man or woman who plays badly and who looks upon the game as a pastime and not to be taken too seriously. They will be considered by the bridge enthusiasts as pariahs, to be shunned and avoided. These enthusiasts, forgetting that cards were invented to amuse an idiot king, look upon feeble players as wanting in intelligence, not to say fools. Such excesses will naturally bring about their own remedy, and when a reaction against the present tyranny sets in, people will be asked to dine and “no

bridge" held out as a bait to them, just as the notice "no music" in a restaurant is thought by many to be an attraction.

Speaking of restaurants, a marked feature of the present day is not only their extraordinary increase but the love of public life they denote. Twenty-five years ago, the only restaurant of any quality in London was the St. James's Hotel, now the Berkeley.

People passing through town whose London houses were shut up, could in a small, dingy dining-room lit with gas get an apology for a dinner—mahogany-colored soup, well dosed with sherry, whittings with their tails in their mouths, tasteless "fowls" with abnormally large feet, vegetables very much à l'eau, and nodding purple jellies. If a cup of coffee was asked for, something made the week before was warmed up, bitter as gall and as pale as an English truffle.

A little later, the Bachelors' Club and the New Club became the fashionable places to dine at, although it was thought somewhat emancipated to go there.

It is not necessary in this article to dwell on the number and excellence of the restaurants of the present day. They must be a great boon to the foreigner and the "stranger within our gates," who, although he may not have any personal friends in London, can dine in a public place with all the comfort and luxuries of a well-appointed house and be interested and amused by seeing, perhaps, the prettiest women in the land and some of the most distinguished men.

Recently critics have inveighed against the manners and noisy conduct at restaurants of so-called ladies and gentlemen; but to be conspicuous in public places by noise and vulgarity is not the fashion among well-bred people of the present day. History has recorded some of the most aristocratic names at "roistering" at the fêtes of Ranelagh and Vauxhall; but those days are past as are those that permitted drunkenness.

Old demarcations are being swept away by the growing tendency to equalize and level everything. The gentleman and his valet dress alike; the shopgirl with a little taste copies the clothes of her employer's clients; the high-born dame will appear under theegis of Charity on the same plat-

form with the prima donna or actress, and, if need be, with the music-hall singer. To know everything and everybody, to go everywhere and to try most things—these are the ambitions of this generation. The appearance of boredom, impassiveness and listlessness, thought to be the supreme height of elegance and distinction fifty years ago, has given place to a feverish and all-devouring activity. To be here, there and everywhere; to be "up-to-date" in all things—even "previous," as the jargon of the day has it—is the desire of many.

It is eminently a practical age: people prefer facts to sentiments, usefulness to beauty, square to Louis XV. heels, and money to love.

The range of London society has become so unmanageable that a prominent hostess who has a large visiting-list is obliged, if she wishes to give a small dinner or concert, to make a great mystery of it or to give a huge reception beforehand at which the multitude are asked; and sometimes so great is the crush that they get no farther than the door. The host and hostess watch with approving eyes the struggling crowd, and when all is over retire to bed with aching hands, but with a feeling that, having done their duty, they can without offense entertain their own friends later on.

The fashion of dancing, which in all ages has been so popular, seems with the present generation to be dying out. The poetry of motion is illustrated by the kitchen lancers and the cake-walk. Boisterous romping seems to be the only expression of enjoyment.

The ordinary young man of the present day is a poor dancer, if indeed he can dance at all. Many are not taught the ordinary rudiments, and they look and feel awkward. They cannot even come into a room with any ease, their bow is a nod, and, with their hands in their pockets, they shuffle along or loll in doorways.

Foreigners complain that in English society general conversation is a thing unknown. The circle which is generally formed after dinner abroad does not exist in this country. One reads in memoirs and histories of the brilliant conversation of the wits of the days gone by, and how the ball was thrown and caught up and kept going.

These were the days of salons when people had time to think and hostesses took the trouble to bring the right guests together. The salon is a thing of the past, and so, as a rule, is general conversation.

The celebrated wits of the past would often prepare their subjects or stories beforehand, quite certain that some admirer would lead up to them. But the raconteur of to-day—should there still be one left—is thought an intolerable bore and his stories dubbed “chestnuts.”

Nowadays, conversation is entirely a matter of tête-à-têtes. At a dinner, people converse mostly with those on either side of them, and it requires a great effort on the part of the hosts to keep an open discussion of any subject. After dinner, it is worse. As soon as the men have joined the ladies, the whole company pair off, and the man who is bold enough to approach a couple often retires hastily with the feeling that he is not wanted. A great deal of it comes from the unconquerable shyness of the English nature. To keep up a sustained discussion and take part in it before a circle of attentive people needs a certain aplomb, and many who are otherwise very self-possessed become embarrassed, and are unable to express themselves.

It has ever been the fashion among cultivated people to discuss all topics—politics, music, the newest book or play, and even to touch lightly on the latest scandal. There is a tendency in the present day to discuss finance and money matters in rather too sordid a manner. To hear beautiful women quoting stocks and shares, and expressing their admiration for riches, to the exclusion sometimes of every other topic, is unpleasant, not to say ugly. It is well that women should be practical and realize the value of money, but this knowledge should be kept for those who have a right to profit by it.

In respect to slang, the modern young lady has been reproached with using it too freely, and perhaps her conversation is not adorned with many flowers of speech, and a young man primarily inclined to be sentimental soon feels prosaic if he is told not to “talk rot” even by beautiful lips. But this is an individual matter largely influenced by surroundings and bringing up, and happily outré expressions are not uni-

versal, and are certainly not admired by the majority.

As regards the conversation of the young man of the period, he does not, as a rule, indulge in scandal at his club. Differing in this from men abroad, Englishmen who respect themselves do not discuss women-folk at their clubs; and were dueling not against the law, perhaps there would be no exceptions to the rule.

One of the signs of the times is the extent to which people of high position can dip their hands in trade or business. The stock exchange and industries of all kinds are not thought derogatory. Some are interested in skating-rinks, in automobiles, some start dairies or fatten chickens; others go into the wine trade, on the stage, or write. Many and various are the paths by which they try to add to their incomes; and, apart from the necessity of doing so in some instances, when one considers the charitable claims made on society people and the extravagance of the age, it is not to be wondered at, nor can they be blamed.

The freedom of modern life permits women of all classes in England and America to go about alone and do more than they have ever done before, and it has not been proved as yet that they are any the worse for it.

A mother is still considered the best chaperon for her daughter, but many girls are allowed to be casually chaperoned, unless they have emancipated themselves entirely.

On the whole there is a gain. If we are less ceremonious to others, we are less touchy ourselves: passions seem to burn less fiercely than in olden days; tempers do not rise so quickly; trifles do not often lead to serious quarrels.

On the other hand we are less stately, but more tolerant; and if the strict rule of manners and etiquette which our ancestors obeyed has passed away, it is because we no longer need its severe restraining influence.

In conclusion, one might say that the keynote to good manners is what the French call *la politesse du cœur*. Schopenhauer says that no writing is good without consistency; applying this principle to our conduct toward our fellows, perhaps no manners are really good without a kind heart.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

THE STUDIES MOST IMPORTANT FOR THE MODERN MAN. WHO SHOULD STUDY SCIENCE.

By JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

THE complaint is made that the modern university has no disinterested body to determine what education should be. That all-important subject is decided by professors, whose personal interest would be at stake if any radical changes were to be made in the accepted curriculum. The result is very well illustrated by the recent action at Princeton.

Men who have been laboriously trained to teach Latin and Greek, would show themselves phenomenally disinterested should they suddenly exclaim:

"Yes, we will step down and out, and yield our places to new men who can teach science; giving the new studies the most important place in our university."

How could these be expected to fully recognize science when they themselves, these Greek and Latin scholars, know so little of science? Therefore, the action of the professors at Princeton, as reported in the press, withdrawing the elective privilege from the students and reestablishing Latin and Greek in a position almost as important as they occupied two hundred years ago, is not very surprising.

But it is worth while, in view of this fact, to examine:

I. What are the classes of men who must study science if they would keep their positions in the world of to-day.

II. Just what need the men in each of these classes have for science, and why.

A brief list of those who must have a good knowledge of science, if they are to hold their own amidst modern progress, would include the following:

- I. The Engineer.
- II. The Clergyman.
- III. The Lawyer.
- IV. The Manufacturer.
- V. The Merchant.
- VI. The General Business Man.
- VII. The Farmer.
- VIII. The Doctor.
- IX. The Artist.
- X. The Literary Man.

I. THE ENGINEER: It will scarcely be necessary to discuss the equipment of the engineer. There are those who might argue the advantage of his being equipped with such knowledge as that engineer had who recently headed a paper on bridge-making, "De Pontibus." When some one expressed surprise that a scientific treatise should thus be entitled, he made reply:

"Well, the fact is, I spent six years studying Latin and Greek, and I have been waiting thirty years for a chance to use that knowledge; and this seemed to be my only opportunity. When I remember what I might have done with those six years devoted to science, you will appreciate my impatience, and make excuses for 'De Pontibus.'"

II. THE CLERGYMAN: There has been much discussion of late as to why young men do not attend church. Does it occur to any one to question the ability of the preacher educated in Latin and Greek, perhaps to the exclusion of modern science, to entertain the mind of the bright young man of the business world, who reads the reviews, subscribes perhaps to two or three scientific publications, who is up in the latest discoveries, has read of the work in the ruins of Mesopotamia, who knows his geology, and has perhaps a fair knowledge of what science teaches of the universe? The Greek scholar and Latinist is living over in his pulpit the bygone centuries. He makes blunders over which the boy of eighteen in the school of technology must compassionately smile; and he puts his religion at a disadvantage by his ignorance.

The modern man believes that the great body of scientists are the world's truth-seekers. The searcher in science knows that if he but stumble in his hypotheses—that if he but let himself be betrayed into prejudices or undue leaning toward a pet theory, or anything but absolute uprightness of mind—his whole work will be stultified, and he will fail ignominiously. To get anywhere in science he must follow Truth with absolute rectitude.

Comprehending this, the world recognizes in its scientists a body of truth-seekers, whose only reward comes by clearness of thought. And the preacher who has spent long years in Latin and Greek, and knows next to nothing in science, need not wonder if he fails to hold the interest of his congregation—perhaps it would not be improper to say, in some cases, the respect of his young men.

III. THE LAWYER: Talking recently with a noted lawyer, whose annual income exceeds the fifty-thousand-dollar mark, I was impressed with these words:

"I have been obliged to sit through long hours of the night studying science. My university education was chiefly Latin and Greek. I am making amends for that blunder now by burning the midnight oil. I am called on to advise in large manufacturing operations where scientific questions come up at every turn. It is not enough to quote the law; if I would be of real service to my clients, I must have a true comprehension of their interests. I should say that I am valuable to them in about the following proportions:

"Latin and Greek, . . .	0.1 per cent.
"Knowledge of the law, . . .	40 per cent.
"Grasp of scientific facts, and of organization and of business relations,	59.9 per cent."

IV. THE MANUFACTURER: The extent to which science enters into every branch of manufacture is almost immeasurable. A gentleman who was entering upon the production of an article which is a development of recent years, said:

"To comprehend my work properly I should know 'what is in the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth.' I must be able to anticipate the discovery of new forces; otherwise, something may come up to paralyze my investment."

Mr. Carnegie made his steel company by taking advantage of the latest discoveries in science. That manufacturer is undoubtedly the most far-sighted, and, other things being equal, will be the most successful, who possesses the most up-to-date scientific knowledge.

V. THE MERCHANT: The same conditions apply to the work of the merchant. Unless he keeps in touch with what is

doing in the world of science, he may contract for articles this year which will have no value before they can be manufactured and delivered.

VI. THE BUSINESS MAN: So also the general business man, or the man engaged in transportation, in construction, et cetera. He can be highly successful only by being in advance. The more thorough his knowledge of science, the better equipped he will be to meet his competitors. To be able to write "De Pontibus" bears no relation in the point of advantage to the ability to reason out a new combination of particles of steel which will have a higher tensile strength.

VII. THE FARMER: He who goes out from his college elegantly accomplished in Greek expletives, and able while he guides the plow to hurl Latin oaths at his mule, bears no relation in efficiency to the scientist to whom every leaf and blade of grass unfolds itself in a wonderful invisible world; who knows the requirements of plant-life; the composition of soils; how to make a twelve-inch ear of corn grow with twenty-two rows of grains where formerly the field yielded ears ten inches long with only sixteen rows of grains.

VIII. THE DOCTOR: Just as medicine advances from the practise of ignorance upon credulity to a scientific study of the laws of health, so the necessity for writing Latin hieroglyphics will disappear into the realms of a distant charlatany.

IX. THE ARTIST: The editor who handles artwork is not infrequently compelled to regret the absence of scientific knowledge on the part of the artist. Mistakes that are almost foolish are constantly made through this lack.

X. Lastly, THE LITTERATEUR: It is customary to say that a man acquires a knowledge of the English language by studying Latin and Greek. This is as true as if one were to say that in order to become expert with the small-sword one should practise at turning a grindstone. It is true that both require an exercise of the muscles.

The way to study one's own tongue is by reading the great masters who have written in that language. In them only, the student finds those compact, forceful sentences, those nice shades of meaning, those

delicate differentiations, those close synonyms, that brevity which is almost a necessary accompaniment of wit, and that elegance of expression, which distinguish the best modern literary work.

Let the English student familiarize himself with the masterpieces in the English tongue, and he will perhaps save himself that stilted style, that laborious method and the affectations for which many noted Latin and Greek scholars who have left their work to the present generation are distinguished. One year spent in careful study of the best English literature is worth, to the intending author, four years of Latin and Greek.

If a man had at his disposal plenty of time to study all languages and science too, it would be different. But no real worker is so situated. The average student has not one-tenth the time re-

quired for a profound education. He must, therefore, carefully select the course proportionate to the time at his disposal, and determine, not what would be best if he had endless hours, but what is best in view of the time allotted to him before the active work of his career must be begun. It is not too much to say that the author requires a knowledge of science at every turn, that the essayist becomes feeble and the novelist silly very often, through lack of exact knowledge.

* * * *

How soon shall we see installed in our great universities boards of disinterested men of wide experience of life, knowledge of affairs, and freedom from fetish-worship, who shall have no connection with the active teaching or management of the colleges, and whose sole business it shall be to answer this question:

What knowledge is of most worth?

THE COSMOPOLITAN is the only magazine in the world which has enjoyed the good fortune of having some tens of thousands of copies of a ten-cent magazine sell for one dollar apiece, after the regular edition was known to be exhausted.

This happened at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago. The issue of THE COSMOPOLITAN treating of the Fair was considered to be the most satisfactory volume published on the Exposition, and there were several hundred thousand persons who wished to retain it as a souvenir.

The World's Fair at St. Louis will be treated in an even more complete manner in the September COSMOPOLITAN, which will contain some twenty articles touching upon the most salient features of the great Fair, with elaborate illustrations on coated, toned paper.

The world's expositions have marked the progress of civilization and the advance in the arts and in science. None of these, however, has been so distinctive in these respects as that now at St. Louis. It touches life from every possible vantage-point.

It is hoped to make the September issue of THE COSMOPOLITAN a reflex of the Exposition so complete that it will satisfy those who stay at home, and be worthy of preservation as a volume worthy of binding, to which reference may be made.

There will be copies on sale in handsome cloth binding for fifty cents.

WALL STREET'S WILD SPECULATION: 1900-1904.

BY HENRY CLEWS, LL. D.

McKinley's Re-election and the Defeat of Bryanism Set the Big Ball of Speculation Rolling on the Stock Exchange—The Tremendous Volume of Speculation by Both Large and Small Capitalists—The Rush to Incorporate New Companies and Create Industrial Trusts and Railway Combinations—The Enormous Capitalization of the United States Steel Corporation, and other Companies, in Excess of Real Values—The Rapid Growth and Popularity of New and Old Trust Companies and the Effect of Their Competition in Forcing Bank Consolidations—The Bold and Reckless Speculation in Railway Stocks of the Newly Enriched Western Capitalists—The Great Northern Pacific Panic of May 9, 1901—The Capture of Control of the Louisville & Nashville Railway by John W. Gates, and Its Redemption by J. P. Morgan & Company, Acting in the Interest of the Louisville & Nashville and Southern Railways—The Slowing Down of Wild and Reckless Speculation in Stocks after September, 1902, through the Influence of the Banks and Conservative Bankers, thus Averting Further Inflation and a Great Convulsion—The Liquidation and Depression of 1903 a Natural Reaction from the Intoxication of the Preceding Prolonged Boom—The Great Rise in Cotton, and the Collapse of the Tremendous Bull Speculation Led by Daniel J. Sully, when He Failed—The Sudden Fall in the Iron Barometer in 1903, and the General Situation in 1904.

WALL STREET changed with almost magical suddenness from depression and apprehension to confidence and buoyancy, with the defeat of Bryan and his silver heresy, and the reelection of McKinley in November, 1900. Large capitalists all over the country began to buy stocks and bonds on so heavy a scale that prices shot up rapidly, like the celebrated Gilderoy's kite, and very soon orders poured into the Stock Exchange from people of smaller means everywhere, and a tremendous bull market for stocks resulted, with too many men staking, or ready to stake, their bottom dollar on the rise.

The speculative capitalists and large operators of Wall Street, not of course excepting many of the active Standard Oil magnates, and James R. Keene, naturally availed themselves of this state of affairs to manipulate stocks on a grand scale. Having loaded up with them early at low prices, they boomed them with vigor; and we witnessed the beginning of a carnival of speculation, and an unexampled rush to form combinations of industrial and railroad interests, or trusts, and generally to capitalize the concerns taken in for many times the amount of their previous capital or real value. The stock thus created, after being admitted to dealings in Wall Street, was made active and bid up by the promoters to high figures to catch buyers, while the public, which had become crazy

to buy, took it in enormous amounts. It bought in haste to repent at leisure, for, I regret to say, most of the buyers have it still; and the aggregate loss that its shrinkage in price represents is to be counted by very many hundreds of millions of dollars.

But it was fortunate for both Wall Street and the nation that the inflation which ran riot till September, 1902, was then checked by the conservative action and warnings of the banks, and men like myself, for if it had been allowed to continue for another half year it would have ended in a disastrous convulsion, a bursting of the bubble, which would have been felt all over the United States, and in every department of business, as in and after the panics of 1857 and 1873. I was one of the first to sound the alarm, and call a halt in this dangerously wild speculation in my weekly letter dated September 13, 1902.

The intoxication of the time having gradually given place to sobriety, and a slow but heavy downward reaction in prices, we escaped the violent and widespread panic that threatened us, and that would have been inevitable had we not "slowed down" in time. As it was, the decline was long-continued and severe, and impoverished or ruined hundreds of thousands of people, including a vast number of formerly very rich men. Both big and little speculators became the victims of the downward plunge of prices; but

the country as a whole was saved from serious disturbance and depression—that is, from the effects of such a tremendous collapse and crash as menaced Wall Street during nearly the entire year 1903. This was very fortunate for all our material interests; and the conservative element in Wall Street is to be congratulated on having so successfully put on the brakes in time to prevent a collapse that would have involved and disturbed the nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The year 1901 was the most remarkable in the financial history of the United States, and Wall Street was a theater of action whose performances astonished not only the entire country but the world. Their like had never been seen before, not even during the great war between North and South. It would take volumes fully to describe and give retrospective clearness to the leading events of that extraordinary period which made the Stock Exchange continually the scene of wild excitement, daring manipulation and unexampled inflation.

To say that Wall Street astonished the natives and made conservative business men stand aghast, is no exaggeration. There were six influential factors actively at work in that year, namely: the consolidation of railroad and industrial companies at enormously inflated prices, including the disastrous Northern Pacific sky-rocket "corner"; the restless sea of reckless stock speculation that swept the American people into its vortex, with all its razzle-dazzle extravagance; the transformation of this country from a heavy lender in Europe to a heavy and urgent borrower; the partial failure of the corn crop; the decline in prices for nearly all the staples except grain and iron, and the collapse in earnings and dividends of many new industrial combinations. These included the Amalgamated Copper Company, and the panicky decline in its stock, which impoverished or ruined many thousands of investors, it being first run up to 130 and then rapidly down to 60 by the manipulators, who sold out and then sold "short," and who are said to have made more than fifty millions by the up-and-down movement. Subsequently even this low price was cut nearly in two, as the decline did not stop until 33½ was reached.

A mere recital of events as they occurred would be an eloquent serial story to those familiar with the alphabet of Wall Street; and there is no more interesting or exciting serial story than the stock-ticker tells, from day to day, to those interested in the stock market, or one that often excites more joy or sorrow, or carries with it more weal or wo, prosperity or ruin. But the ticker, like Tennyson's brook, will go on forever, during business hours, for we shall never be without a stock market and speculation.

The transactions of the New York Stock Exchange in 1901 were so tremendous in volume as to excite wonder. But they represented only the speculative spirit, the intoxication of the time. The sales in the first half of the year aggregated 175,800,600 shares of stocks and \$637,100,800 of bonds at par value, an increase of 109,906,300 shares and \$346,900,700 in bonds over the same six months in 1900.

As prices soared, the volume of speculation increased, and on January 7th the day's total sales amounted to 2,116,500 shares, and then went on increasing till they reached 3,271,000 on April 30th. Then came the Northern Pacific bombshell, the panic of May 9th, when stocks came down even faster than Captain Scott's coon, and the actual sales were still larger, but, owing to the intense excitement, demoralization and confusion that prevailed, it was impossible to keep track of them all, and the ticker registered only 3,073,300 shares.

This sudden catastrophe convulsed the stock market in a way that alarmed money-lenders, destroyed confidence and caused a general rush to sell stocks which brought them down with a crash, involving many thousands in ruinous losses. The revulsion of feeling, the change in the sentiment of the Street, was as startling as a violent earthquake, and the consequences were fraught with grave disaster. Up to the very eve of this great convulsion in the stock market, the dance of speculation had been fast and furious, among both "the big men" and the little, and its unlooked-for occurrence reminds one of Byron's lines on the Brussels ball, given on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, when the sound of cannon unexpectedly boomed above the music.

Fortunately, in the midst of the Northern

Pacific panic, the financial belligerents combined to stop it. Their competitive buying for control of the stock had caused the "corner." But the extraordinarily high prices to which it was bid up by those "short" of it were reached after the competitive buying had ceased for the want of sellers. The contestants saw the wisdom of coming to terms to restore confidence and check the havoc that was being wrought on the Stock Exchange, where prices had fallen from fifteen to fifty per cent. that day, while Northern Pacific common stock had sold up to \$1,000 a share. So J. P. Morgan & Company, the bankers of the Hill-Burlington Great Northern party, and Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the bankers of the Harriman-Union Pacific party, came to an agreement as to the Northern Pacific stock they had bought, the formal announcement of which, early next morning, caused a violent recovery of prices during the day, but meanwhile the sweep of the besom of destruction had caused several Stock Exchange failures to be announced. The recovery was followed by a relapse of almost equal violence under a fresh rush to sell, which carried stocks nearly as low as in the panic, and then by a fresh recovery, a usual feature in a crisis where credit has been severely shaken and many have been crippled.

The outcome of this agreement between the two sides was the formation of the Northern Securities Company, practically as arranged for by J. P. Morgan & Company and Kuhn, Loeb & Company, Mr. Morgan naming the directors by mutual consent. Into this repository, or holding company, the Hill and Harriman companies, that is, both sides to the controversy, put their Northern Pacific stock, as well as Great Northern stock, and the Northern Securities Company later issued its own stock to them in exchange for it.

But when, in 1904, the Northern Securities Company was held by the United States Supreme Court to be a violation of the anti-trust law, and it became necessary to distribute its assets, a new controversy arose. Its directors proposed to make an equal, or pro rata, distribution of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern stocks deposited with it, whereas Pres. E. H. Harriman for the Union Pacific, which de-

posited the lion's share of the Northern Pacific, namely \$78,000,000, wanted all its stock back again—in other words, to eat his cake and have it too. As this, if assented to, would have given the Union Pacific control of the Northern Pacific, President Hill, for the Great Northern-Burlington system, naturally objected, and we all know of the litigation that followed, and in view of the glorious uncertainty of the law, it would be rash to predict its final outcome.

On the Stock Exchange, April was the most active month of 1901, the sales aggregating 41,689,200, a daily average of 1,812,600. On April 24th, no fewer than 652,900 shares of Union Pacific were sold. These specimen bricks furnish a practical commentary on the rampant speculation then in progress.

The new incorporations of the year represented an amazing amount of capital, the total being far in excess of any previous year—even that of 1899, when many of the large trust combinations were formed. The largest and probably the most heavily watered combination launched was the United States Steel Corporation, with its \$508,478,000 of common stock, \$510,277,300 of preferred stock and \$304,000,000 of bonds. The mania for organizing new companies, and making combinations of old ones on largely inflated capital, spread to every state in the Union, and the promoters of industrial enterprises, in particular, seemed to be trying to surpass one another in piling Pelion on Ossa in excessive capitalization. Their obvious purpose in most instances was to sell the stock to the public, and the poor public took the bait and suffered accordingly, for much of the stock in a great many of the new schemes became almost entirely worthless, both as collateral and in the stock market, and the rest experienced very heavy depreciation, and, figuratively speaking, like the shaky corporations it represented, went limping along with an uncertain gait, and a ragged and down-at-the-heel appearance suggestive of reduced circumstances and of hard times.

In every state there was a flood, if not a deluge, of new companies. In New Jersey, 2,346 were formed in 1901, with a capitalization of \$4,773,702,000, against

2,181 in 1900, with a capitalization of \$1,350,208,400; and in New York, Ohio and Texas the incorporation mills were proportionately active in grinding out new companies with fictitiously large capital stocks.

Commercial and manufacturing corporations were practically unknown—that is, in any substantial form—in the United States till about 1850; and then they followed the development of the railways. In 1848, the first general corporation act, known as the Manufacturing Act, had been passed in New York State, and companies began to be organized under it; but the law limited their capital and imposed other restrictions, whereas companies may now be incorporated for a thousand years with an unlimited amount of capital. The contrast between 1850 and this era of trusts marks the great and rapid progress of the country in the interval in population, commerce, manufacturing industry, banking, railway-building and general material prosperity.

The growth of trust companies has been the natural outcome of our industrial and economic development, and the freedom allowed by our laws in monetary affairs. In England, France and other European countries the laws restrict corporation rights and privileges so rigidly that such companies would find it impossible to do business there as they do here. Hence trust companies have practically no existence except in this country. How immensely they have prospered of recent years, the banks know to their cost. In 1882, the gross deposits of all such companies in the United States were \$144,841,000. In 1892, they were \$411,659,000; but after the new industrial combination era began, in 1897, they shot up with amazing celerity, and new companies sprang up like mushrooms in all our large cities, and here and there in small towns.

Being competitors of the banks, they shared their business, and so prevented or limited their natural growth, and forced many of the bank consolidations that have since taken place. At the end of June, 1902, their deposits had mounted up to \$1,525,887,000. Here was an increase of \$1,114,228 in ten years to about half of the total individual national bank deposits of the country, for these on July 16, 1902,

were \$3,098,875,772. Moreover, in the city of New York the trust company deposits exceed, or did exceed, the individual deposits of the national banks, those of the latter on September 15, 1902, aggregating \$603,565,374, while on June 30, 1902, the deposits of the trust companies, as shown by their semiannual reports to the state superintendent of banking, were \$760,776,124. This comparison is a very suggestive revelation of where the money goes and how the trust companies prosper at the expense of the banks.

In 1902, again, a few leading factors, or influences, controlled American finance, and shaped the real financial history of the year. These were the good corn crop, following the bad one, and other satisfactory harvests; the overstraining of American bank resources, to supply the vast requirements of the new trust and flotation enterprises when the capital and currency of the country were required for its regular trade and ordinary business; the enormous increase in our foreign importations contemporaneously with a very heavy decrease in our exports; the great rise in the price of the raw materials used in our manufactures, as well as in the cost of labor; the strenuous efforts of large speculative capitalists to extend and hold permanent control of their respective railway and industrial enterprises and undertakings; the reckless and unprecedented Vesuvius-like eruption of speculation in railroad and other stocks by wealthy and newly enriched Western stock operators known as "the Chicago crowd" and "the Pittsburg crowd," respectively, aided by heavy bank loans at high rates; and finally the refusal of the public to follow them any longer as buyers. This accords with what I have said about the influence of the conservative banks and bankers, in calling a halt on the wild speculation for a rise, which raged up to the latter part of September in that year.

The exploit, in 1902, of John W. Gates, backed by his speculative associates, in buying a majority of the Louisville & Nashville Railway stock, was his last successful venture to make a big haul of millions on the Stock Exchange. After that he and they met with very heavy losses in their continued efforts to boom stocks. But Mr. Gates was paid a profit of ten millions of

dollars on his Louisville & Nashville purchases by J. P. Morgan & Company, a partner in that firm having made the bargain with him at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, after it had been discovered that Mr. Gates had really bought control of the stock.

It transpired, in evidence, that the object in giving Mr. Gates so large an amount above what he had paid for the stock he had just bought, was to get him out of the way as a mischief-maker, for with him in control of the Louisville & Nashville, there was no telling what he would do to demoralize the Southern Railway system. He was looked upon as a bull in a china-shop, to be coaxed and tempted out regardless of expense, before he began to toss the crockery with his horns.

So when he said to Mr. Morgan's partner, "As you want the stock so badly, to keep the Belmont board in control and protect the Southern Railway, I will let you have it, if you will pay me ten millions more than it cost," the proposition was promptly accepted; and the deal was closed on this basis. The Louisville & Nashville and the Southern Railway companies were supposed to have been jointly interested in the purchase, but the Gates stock was finally turned over to the Atlantic Seaboard Air Line.

Buying control of the Louisville & Nashville by Mr. Gates was a far bolder operation than President Hill's purchase of the stock of the Burlington & Quincy for the Great Northern, or than the Moore Brothers' purchase of control of the Rock Island and their subsequent great inflation of its stock and bonded debt, because Gates bought it merely as a speculation, without any desire to manage the road. He was fortunate in being able to sell it so easily to those he had frightened by his daring coup.

It is interesting to compare the leading influences, or principal factors, in Wall Street in 1903 with those of 1901 and 1902. Stock Exchange transactions in that year were very much smaller than in 1902, but not nearly as much so as the total in 1902 had fallen below that of 1901, the year of the greatest activity and excitement in this memorable speculative period. The

sales in 1903 aggregated 161,099,800 shares, against 188,497,600 in 1902 and 265,945,700 in 1901. The largest total on any one day in 1903 was 1,539,000, against 1,996,000 in 1902 and 3,202,200 in 1901. The largest in any month in 1903 was that of January, 16,002,300 against 26,568,000 in April, 1902, and the smallest in 1903 was 10,731,000, in November, against 7,884,900 in June, 1902.

The barometer of the iron trade was still rising at the opening of 1903. Good crops had been gathered, and were being sold at good prices; railway earnings were large, and railway companies were making heavy expenditures for new equipment and improvements, and every department of business and manufacturing industry seemed prosperous, with the iron trade enjoying its full share of that prosperity. So heavy, indeed, was the demand for iron and steel that the capacity of our works was unequal to it, and we were importing iron and steel largely, as we had been in 1902.

But in June, the iron industry experienced one of its time-honored lightning changes. That barometer suddenly fell. The demand subsided with surprising celerity, in all lines, and by November prices in some of these were fifty per cent. lower than in January. The boom in the iron trade, which commenced in 1899, was at an end, after lasting for four years. At the end of the year, however, the trade began to revive, and 1904 has witnessed a slow but steady improvement in it, as the reports of the United States Steel Corporation's earnings have shown. Consequently that highly inflated company, after being forced in 1903 to suspend dividends on its common stock, was encouraged to continue them at seven per cent. on its preferred stock. But this carried cold comfort to the hundreds of thousands who had been impoverished by buying these stocks at the high prices at which they were floated here and in Europe.

Before the end of 1903, liquidation on a large scale in stocks had run its course and exhausted itself, and the market quieted into comparative steadiness; and so far in 1904 we have had, on the whole, nothing more than a dull trading market, with the outside public very largely absent. But there has been a general tendency toward slow improvement, although the

net earnings of both railways and industrial companies have, on the average, shown a heavy shrinkage, a reflection of the reduced volume of trade and more or less industrial depression following the overstimulated boom of previous years. Just as 1901 was the year of the most unbridled and unrestrained inflation, 1902 witnessed a constant battle against the tendency to a downward reaction, and 1903 saw and felt the reaction, which was all the more severe because it had been so long delayed.

In the cotton market, however, as wild and extraordinary a bull speculation raged in 1903, and the early part of 1904, under the lead of Daniel J. Sully, in New York, and William P. Brown, and a Southern clique, in New Orleans, as ever excited the Stock Exchange. Through their manipulation, helped by the statistical position of cotton, and the prospect of reduced production, cotton rose under an enormous and unprecedented volume of transactions, from about eight cents a pound here to seventeen cents, with frequent violent fluctuations; and Mr. Sully was avowedly planning to carry it up to twenty cents, when he found his resources insufficient to carry, on a falling market, the amount of cotton sold to him. So after going up like a rocket he came down like the rocket-stick, although his previous profits by the rapid rise had run into several millions. It was well that a halt was thus practically called to this excited speculation and excessive advance in cotton, for it had inflicted heavy losses upon spinners, and caused the closing of many mills. Sully's failure was the logical result of a too daring speculative campaign, and reminds us of that vaulting ambition which overleaps itself and falls on the other side.

Glancing at other countries, I find that Canada made more material progress in 1903 than in any previous year in her history, business increasing substantially in nearly every branch of trade and finance, stimulated by bountiful crops and one hundred and fifty thousand emigrants. But in England, the continued decline of British Consols to the lowest prices in a generation, reflected a low financial barometer, the legacy of the costly South African war. France, however, made the best

showing of the year, in Europe, in finance and general prosperity, while in Germany a vigorous industrial revival lifted that country out of its previous depression consequent on over-speculation and bank failures.

One question of great interest in relation to our new industrial combinations is whether a proper readjustment of their hugely inflated capital and excessive charges will place them permanently in a condition of efficiency, productiveness, solvency and prosperity, or whether they will ultimately drift, one by one, into the hands of receivers through their inability to make both ends meet, or become hopeless wrecks, like the shipbuilding trust. The same fate is liable to overtake many other large flotations into which there was a too copious flow of water, supplemented by chicanery and misrepresentation. Many of these have been organized in disregard and defiance of legitimate finance, and have exposed the stock-market, and all the monetary interests depending upon them, to risks and disastrous disturbances inseparable from organizations whose foundations rest largely on wind and water, and on prospectuses and bookkeeping that often fail to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

It was well that a stop was practically put to the creation of such inflated industrial combinations, as well as to needless combinations and highly inflated stock issues among the railroads, for power and profit and stock-jobbing purposes, by the course of the Wall Street banking interest, to which I have referred, in coming to the conclusion that the over-watering of new companies, the marketing of new stocks and the rise of prices on the Stock Exchange had been carried beyond the point of safety; and that the outside public had bought more speculative industrial and railway stocks than they would be able to carry on a falling market.

They argued, therefore, that their buying power and their inclination to buy were nearly exhausted, and that the stock market had become largely a field of action for certain heavy and reckless speculators, each of whom had suddenly made many millions by the formation of new trusts and railway combinations. Some of these had

become multimillionaires through the early sale of the heavy amounts of United States Steel stock they received in exchange for their plants when that huge corporation was launched in its sea of water. In this they were like some others who enriched themselves by their industrial combinations in the West before they branched out in Wall Street.

Very large bank loans to the brokers of these big operators were gradually called in, and fresh accommodations refused them. Without loans it was impossible for them to buy and run up stocks to inordinately high prices, as they had been doing. Therefore they found that, to a large extent, their occupation was, like Othello's, gone. They were eagles with clipped wings.

The heavy liquidation by large and small operators in 1903, caused a heavy and almost continuous decline in prices on the Stock Exchange. Many rich men were compelled by this shrinkage, and the calling in of their loans by the banks, to sell out heavy lines of both railway and industrial stocks. Not a few of these lost practically all their capital, while nearly all the rest sold a large part of their best holdings to protect the remainder which became unmarketable.

This period of liquidation and depression left Wall Street and the country at large, in 1904, thickly sprinkled with poor rich men, capitalists with a good deal of property, real and personal, including stocks, but all unsalable in the market, except at an almost ruinous loss. Their policy is naturally to hold on to what they have left till the tide turns, and if they are strong enough to be able to do this they will doubtless meet with their reward. History repeats itself in Wall Street, as well as elsewhere, and with this prospect in view they can cheerfully say, as the old song says, "There's a good time coming, boys, only wait a little longer."

Meanwhile those who have been active in Wall Street during this eventful period of inflation and speculation must note, more than others, the vast change that has come over sentiment and opinion in Wall Street and everywhere else.

Both Wall Street and the outside public have lost the faith that they had in many of the stock-market leaders, the men who were once followed blindly in their schemes of inflation, and regarded as omnipotent in their execution. The power and prestige of these leaders, for the present at least, have passed entirely away, and none is so poor as to do them reverence. The devotees of the Street no longer worship the old idols.

Wall Street and the public also have lost faith in all new ventures, and new railway and industrial bond and stock issues, as well as in the good judgment and good faith of the promoters and corporations concerned. The revelations of fraud, chicanery and excessive capitalization that have been made in the courts, and elsewhere, have undeceived even the dumbest and most credulous believers in the schemes and schemers that took the country by storm in the days of Wall Street's wild and pyrotechnical speculation.

Out of evil there cometh good, and this great change from blind credulity and inordinate inflation to discriminating distrust and severe contraction has exerted a wholesome effect in paving the way to a sounder, safer and generally better state of things both in and out of Wall Street. But meanwhile one bad sign is noteworthy: The large corporations, being unable to market new bond issues, are borrowing heavily from banking syndicates at five to six per cent. on notes running from one to three years. There is danger in this, and the way of the borrower on these terms may, like that of the transgressor, be hard. But the end may justify the means; and the nation is still growing as rapidly and as grandly as ever in our history from ocean to ocean.

There is nothing to provoke pessimism in the magnificent strides we are making in the march of progress. Wall Street is always sure to reflect this progress, and our growth in material prosperity, as well as any periods of depression we may encounter, for it is the great barometer not only of the country and the times, but very largely of the world.



"IT SAYS REWARD OFFERED FER INFORMATION FER HIS WHEREABOUTS, UND SAY, BILL, THAT'S WHERE I COME IN."

THE SQUAW-MAN.

AN IDYL OF THE RANCH.

BY EDWIN MILTON ROYLE.

Cast.

JIM CARSTON.

NAT-U-RITCH, his wife.

HAL, his son.

MR. PETRIE, a London solicitor.

BIG BILL, foreman of the ranch.

ANDY

GROUCHY } cowboys.

SHORTY

Green River is the excuse for Carston's ranch, and even Green River is in low spirits, for it has been a dry, hot summer in a hot, dry country.

In the foreground, an adobe stable

glares at a straggling adobe dwelling across a dusty road.

Across the river to the west, even the sage-brush and scrub-oak have given up in despair, and the Bad Lands stretch lifeless to the foothills of the snow-capped Uintah peaks.

Big Bill, who is Carston's foreman, and Shorty have been riding for a long time in silence, painful silence, each waiting for the other to speak. They have dismounted, unsaddled and put up their horses for the night, still in silence. As they approach the cabin of the boss, Shorty, who is a nervous,

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In order to illustrate this little play for THE COSMOPOLITAN, the following actors kindly impersonated the characters: *Jim Carston*, Frank Worthing; *Mr. Petrie*, Robert Peyton Carter; *Big Bill*, Maclyn Arbuckle; *Grouchy*, Joseph Kilgour; *Andy*, Louis Payne; *Shorty*, Charles Jackson; *Nat-u-ritch*, Edward S. Abeles, and *Hal*, Master Charles Barriscale. All rights in this play are reserved by the author.

snappy little man, can stand it no longer.

Shorty. Say, boss, I s'pose you know the boys is gettin' nervous 'bout their money, don't you?

Bill. To-morrow's pay-day.

Shorty. Yas.

Bill. Well, it's time to git nervous day after to-morrow.

Shorty. They're goin' to make trouble ef dey don't git it.

But Bill intimates that he has dismissed the subject, a subject not to be avoided at Carston's ranch, as is manifest on the entrance of two of Carston's cow-punchers, Andy and Grouchy, who have been trailing in the wake of the big foreman. Andy is a diplomat, and approaches the dangerous subject with an artificially cheerful air.

Andy. Say, Bill, to-morrer's pay-day.

Bill. Is it? Do tell! Ain't you a discoverer?

Grouchy. Well, I want mine.

And Grouchy crosses his legs and leans against the hitching-rail, which he carves with a huge, evil-looking jack-knife by way of silent emphasis.

Bill. When Carston bought this ranch, cattle was payin' one hundred per cent. on the dollar, and the top wages he paid you then he's been payin' you ever since, and now you lay down on him.

Shorty. Oh, what's the use? The money is owed to us. The only question is, do we git it?

Grouchy. Well, I want mine.

And Grouchy lumbers around the hitching-rail, picks up a stick on the point of his knife and whittles ominously.

Bill. Well, you know Carston and you know me. If you're lookin' for trouble we won't see you go away disappointed. It's no use, boys; it's the business that's no good—nuthin' in it.

Andy is an Austrian Jew, and, unlike his comrades, is a man of thought as well as action. He laughs good-naturedly, as one who never allows himself to be placed in a corner from which there is no retreat. Moreover, he has the suavity of a man who knows there are more ways than one to rope

a steer, and in his voice and manner there is a happy blending of deference, conciliation and authority.

Andy. Und say, boss, we're just back from Chicago, ain't we? Und say, when we was in Chicago with the last bunch of cattle, you know, und say, I saw Carston's picture in the paper, und say, you bet, Bill, und say, no joke! a whole page of it, und pictures, und say, Carston's a dook or a lord, und say, honest! a earl's his brudder—und say, it's hot stuff, und say—

Shorty. Oh, pull in your rope. You'll take a week. It just amounts to this, Bill, that the oldest brother, that's the earl, lassoed the heifer Carston was ridin' after, and as he had the ranch, and the stock, and the brandin'-irons, and all the fancy fixin's, natural enough he gits the gal too. But say, the titled snoozer, that's the earl, went crooked.

Andy. Und say, Bill, Carston ain't do it, you know. It's the earl what done it, und say yes, but shoulders the blame—does Carston, und say yes, und honest.

Shorty. What do you think of that, eh?

Bill. [Laughs.] A corker! A beauty!

Andy. [Pulls out of pocket soiled and torn copy of newspaper and shows to Bill.] Und say, boss, und say I'm a liar, eh?

Bill's face changes from mocking incredulity to astonishment and bewilderment.

Bill. Well, you've got me down and sittin' on my head, and I haven't touched a drop fer six weeks. That looks like Carston all right, all right. Suppose it's all true, what about it?

Shorty. Now you're shoutin'. Here's where we gits down to business.

Andy. Und, Bill, und say, the earl's dead—see? [Leaning over and pointing to the paper.] Und Carston's got the job, und say, it says reward offered fer information fer his whereabouts, und say, Bill, that's where I come in—Andy, und say, you bet.

Bill. And Jim Carston may blow your head off—that's where you'll go out, "Andy, you bet." How do you know he wants to be found out?

Shorty. Oh, come off. He's comin' into money and that's where we gits what's comin' to us.

Grouchy. Well, I want mine.

JIM CARSTON enters from cabin and stands in doorway.

Bill. Shut up. Here's Carston.

Carston holds in his hands three small packages, wrapped in stained and faded paper. They contain bits of jewelry, things highly inappropriate to the cow country, which had been in the bottom of an old trunk for fifteen years—the only surviving links to Carston's youth and past, of some intrinsic value, but of sentimental worth unspeakable.

Carston. Boys, I hear you're getting anxious about your pay. I don't blame you. My affairs are in a bad way, but I never asked any one yet to share my bad luck and I'm not going to now. Andy, come here. That ought to wipe out my account with you, and something to boot for long service and good-will.

Andy. Und say, boss, I ain't kickin', und say, I kin trust you.

But he takes it, nevertheless.

Carston. If you're ever hard up, Shorty, that will bring you double what I owe you.

Shorty. I won't take it.

Carston. You'll take it. [Shorty takes

it.] Grouchy, you can have my repeating-rifle. And now, good night. I'll see you to-morrow for the last time. [In spite of Carston's effort to avoid it, "the last time" sounds unduly solemn, and the three cow-punchers say "Good night, Mr. Carston," with an effort to lighten the situation, but it is a failure, and they slouch away to their quarters with depression and some shame. When they are gone, Carston turns to Bill.] Bill, I won't try to pay *you*, not just now. In my life I've had one friend, and I believe only one.

Bill. What'd you pay those coyotes three or four times what you owe them for? It's wicked. Jim, you're a sentimental fool.

Carston. You're another. You must get out and look for another job. I'll be sorry to lose you, Bill.

The eyes of the two men and their hands meet and say the things that words cannot say. It was fortunate for MR. PETRIE that he did not make his appearance before, because the conventional English gentleman in the conventional English riding-habit would certainly have appealed to the cowboy's sense of the ridiculous.

Petrie. I beg your pardon, gentlemen.



"NAT-U-RITCH CLASPS HAL IN HER ARMS WITH THE CRY OF UNIVERSAL MOTHERHOOD."

I am looking for a very distinguished personage who is pleased to call himself Carston.

Bill. This is Mr. Carston.

And Bill, though a well-mannered man, stares suspiciously at the stranger.

Carston. [To Petrie] And you are——

Petrie. Malcolm Petrie, of the firm of Crooks, Campbell & Petrie, Solicitors, London, at your lordship's service.

Bill. Jim, I'll take myself off, but [aside to Carston] if he's troublesome, turn him over to me. I need exercise.

Bill departs, feeling the muscles of his brawny arm.

Carston. Well, Mr. Petrie, go on.

Petrie. Crooks, Campbell & Petrie have been your family solicitors so many years, I had hoped to be personally remembered by your lordship.

Carston. Mr. Petrie, we are plain people out here, so drop the lordship and address me as Mr. Carston. Please be seated.

Petrie looks about as though expecting a chair, but compromises on the wagon-seat. Carston droops upon the log.

Petrie. Since you desire it; only I have come a very long way to inform you that you have a right to the title——

Carston. Then my brother——

Petrie. Is dead, my lord——Mr. Carston.

Carston. He should have outlived me.

Petrie. I am sorry to be the bearer of distressing news——

Carston. Don't humbug, Petrie, man. There was no love lost between Henry and me, as you know. The younger son's lot is bad at best, but mine——well, don't recall it!

Petrie. His late lordship left a statement at his death—I might almost call it a confession——

Carston. Then it was the only decent thing he ever did.

Petrie. Pardon me. I think he tried to do you full justice.

Carston. [Jumps to his feet.] Did he admit robbing me of——of——? No, he couldn't.

Petrie. Of the woman you both loved? He did, Mr. Carston. Not only that, but he admitted that you voluntarily took upon your shoulders the odium of his sin to save him from exposure——

Carston. Not for him. Petrie. She was married. It was too late for her to find

out what a blackguard he was. I did it for her sake. Do you know who came to me and begged me to assume his guilt, blacken my name and flee like a criminal? My own mother! My own mother, man——think of that! My father was dead, and my mother never had a thought except for my elder brother!

And Carston sits wearily again, annoyed that he should have been betrayed into emotion, even before one who was familiar with the facts.

Petrie. Your mother begs your forgiveness, and asks you to come home and assume your proper place at the head of your house and in the world.

Carston. She does, eh? Well, that's something, isn't it? [And a certain wistful light comes into Carston's eyes.] Into my own at last! And I am still young enough to enjoy life——life!

In this moment of extreme exaltation, from a stable-door opposite comes a glad, buoyant cry in a child's sweet voice: "Daddy! Daddy!" And while Carston's arms are still stretched out to his dream, the boy clasps his knees. His ecstasy fades from the father's eyes as they come back to earth and slowly sink with infinite tenderness upon the head of the child. Twilight in the Green River country is very short and the shadows of night come quickly and ominously. The red, angry sun has disappeared behind the mountains and there is a sudden chill in the air, for the nights are always cool. Perhaps it is only nervousness, but Carston shivers slightly as NAT-U-RITCH appears in the doorway of the stable, where she has been milking. As he raises his eyes from the boy, Carston sees her. The Indian woman moves slowly before the gaze of the two men. Carston's riveted glance follows her painfully until she disappears into the cabin opposite.

Carston. Petrie, man, you've come too late. That's what would have happened, but can never happen now. Hal, shake hands with Mr. Petrie. This is my son, Mr. Petrie.

Petrie. Indeed? How do you do, my little man?

Shakes Hal's hand.

Carston. You see, Petrie, we have to-day and to-morrow, but never yesterday.

Petrie. I don't quite follow you.

Carston. That was Hal's mother——

Petrie. Indeed.

Carston. There isn't any place in England for Nat-u-ritch. [To Hal] Kiss me, dear, and now run in and help your mother.

And Carston follows him to the door as if loath to let him go.

Petrie. And that Indian squaw—[Carston turns, and Petrie, realizing that he has put a world of unmeasured contempt

in her wickiup. I had been at death's door fighting a fever. Searching for stray cattle, I had tumbled into Johnson's hole, and been given up for dead. Nat-u-ritch went in alone and dragged me to her village. She nursed me back again to life. Then I found that she loved me with a devotion not to be reasoned with. I tried to ill-treat her. It made no difference. I was a man, a lonely man, and she loved me. The inevitable happened. You see I cannot go back home.

Petrie. I think you take rather too serious a view of the case. You will ex-



"LOVE, TRUST, SUBMISSION, TERROR, DESPAIR—IT MEANT ALL THESE AND MORE."

into the word "squaw," makes it worse by adding]: woman, I mean—is your——

Carston. My wife.

Petrie. An awkward situation, Mr. Carston. [Sits.] But these matters can always be arranged. You will be in a position to settle an income upon her which will make her comfortable for life, and some good man will eventually marry her.

Carston. Wait a bit. You don't understand. I first saw Nat-u-ritch at a bear-dance at the agency. The Indians reverse our custom and the women ask the men to dance. Nat-u-ritch chose me for her partner. The next time I saw her, I was lying

plain the situation to her, and she will——

Carston. Petrie, I would not desert a dog who had been faithful to me. That wouldn't be English, would it?

Petrie. Believe me, I would advise nothing unbecoming a gentleman; but aren't you idealizing Nat-u-ritch a little?

Carston. On the contrary, we never do these inferior races justice. I know the grief of the ordinary woman. It doesn't prevent her looking into the mirror to see if her bonnet is on straight. But Nat-u-ritch would throw herself into the river out there. And I should be a murderer as much as if I pushed her in.

Petrie. Why not take her with you to England?

Carston. Impossible. We'd both be much happier here. Even here I am a "squaw-man"—that means socially ostracized. You see we have social distinctions even out here.

Petrie. How absurd!

Carston. Most social distinctions are; they are none the less fatal. No! My decision is made and no one on earth can change it.

Although Petrie is doing his professional best, he is keenly alive to Carston's situation, for class distinctions and social obligations are of the marrow of his bone. Carston has said he cannot leave the mother of his child. Petrie knows it is impracticable to take the squaw to England. It is in his mind to reassure Carston with the thought that at least his new-found wealth would improve the comfort of his surroundings, but under the circumstances that consolation seems pitiful if not insulting. So he says nothing.

Petrie. Too bad! Too bad! You're condemning yourself to a living death.

Hal darts from the cabin and throws himself into his father's arms.

Carston. Oh, no! I have my boy—thank God, I have my boy!

A light comes into Petrie's eyes as he walks over and, with significant solemnity, places his hand upon the child's head.

Petrie. The future Earl of Kerhill.

Carston. My boy is *my* boy.

Petrie. Well, think of him, of his future. At least, he has the right to the education of a gentleman—to surroundings of culture and refinement.

The solicitor is on solid ground at last.

Carston. One moment, Mr. Petrie. I see your drift. [Holds Hal to him.] You sha'n't do it, sir! You sha'n't—I won't listen!

Petrie. I speak as the advocate of your child.

Carston. [Sinking down on seat] Before you came I was a ruined man—stone-broke, as we say here. I had to begin life all over again, but I had Hal, his love and

his life, to live in day by day, and now you want that too. I can't do it. I know it's selfish, but life owes me something, and that's all I ask. I can't let him go, Mr. Petrie. I can't, I can't.

Petrie. You are responsible for that boy's future. You don't want him to grow up to blame you—to look back to his youth and his father with bitterness—perhaps hate.

Carston bows his head and shudders.

Petrie. Mr. Carston, you won't rob your child of his manifest destiny.

Carston. What do you want?

Petrie. Send the little man home with me.

Carston. Have you any children, Petrie?

Petrie. No!

Carston. I knew it. I knew it.

Petrie. I am thinking of his future as the friend and adviser of your family. I am thinking coldly perhaps, but, believe me, kindly.

Carston. You don't know what a lonely life I led until Hal was born, and how lonely I'll be when he is gone—gone—oh, my God!

Petrie. England expects every man to do his duty.

Petrie is a business man and speaks as a business man, seriously but simply, and so the well-worn phrase has a solemnity unrheterical and convincing. The shaft goes home.

Carston. Duty! Duty! Well, Hal, old chap, it's a tough proposition they've put up to your daddy, son, but what must be, must be. You'll be braver than I am, I hope. Petrie, man, you've nailed me to the cross. He goes back with you.

Petrie. You will never regret it.

Carston. Ask them at home to keep him always reminded that I did this for *his* sake. But he'll forget me, you'll see! Somebody else will take my place. But what about his mother?

Petrie. If you can make the sacrifice, she must.

Carston. I can understand the reason for it, Petrie, man. It will seem a needless cruelty to her. She's almost as much of a child as Hal. I'll try, I'll try. Nat-u-ritch, Nat-u-ritch. Come here, little woman.



Enter NAT-U-RITCH from the cabin.

Carston. Nat-u-ritch, this is my teguin, my friend.

Nat-u-ritch. How.

Carston. Teguin, big chief from way off

submission, terror, despair—it meant all these and more.

Carston. [To Petrie] She thinks I'm going, too. [To her] No! Nat-u-ritch, Jim stay here. Always with you. Always! [She releases her hold of him.] Only little Hal.

A moment ago, Nat-u-ritch uttered an inarticulate cry, but now, as she fully grasps the meaning of the words, there breaks from her lips the



"HAL, MY BOY, MY DARLING, I MUST TELL YOU SOMETHING."

yonder over the big water. [Carston delivers the fatal blow swiftly, desperately, almost fiercely.] I don't know how to do it! [To her] Nat-u-ritch, big chief come for little Hal.

Nat-u-ritch clasps Hal in her arms with the cry of universal motherhood.

Carston. Pretty soon make Hal heap big chief. Tougewayno teguin! Good friend! Take Hal long way off. Long trail, heap long trail—over mountains, heap big mountains, Washington. [To Petrie] Washington means a lot to them. Pretty soon, some day Hal heap wickiup, heap cattle, heap ponies—pretty soon heap big chief.

Carston starts to turn away to hide his own emotion, when Nat-u-ritch, with an indescribable gesture, puts her hand upon his arm: love, trust,

English word "No," which rings out on the night air with a wild, dry sob of protest.

Nat-u-ritch looks long in Carston's eyes, but seeing him immovable she releases her child without a struggle, with a calmness terrible to see. She keeps her big stricken eyes fastened upon Carston as she turns and slowly drifts out into the night.

Petrie. Where is she going now?

Carston. Out into the hills to fight it out alone. Mr. Petrie, this is going to be hard on the boy, too.

Petrie. Yes, and I must leave at once. I left important business interests.

Carston pleads like a man begging for a few hours of life.

Carston. Till to-morrow! Will you wait until to-morrow?

Petrie. It is impossible.

Carston sits down and draws the boy to him, and does his best to force a cheerful tone into his voice, which cracks with a choking sob.

Carston. Hal, my boy, my darling, I must tell you something. You know you want to be a soldier-man like the ones you saw down at the fort; remember?

Hal. [Delighted] Oh, yes.

Carston. Well, Mr. Petrie's going to make you one. Only you'll wear a fine red coat instead of a blue one, and Mr. Petrie's going to make you a big, fine soldier-man, so daddy is going to let you go with him.

Hal. You, too, daddy?

Carston. No, dear, I can't go. When you go away there'll be nobody but me to take care of little mommie.

Hal. I won't go alone.

Carston. Petrie, we'll have to wait until he's asleep.

Petrie. Very good, sir.

Carston. [To Hal] And now, old man, tell Mr. Petrie good night.

Hal. [To Petrie] Good night.

Petrie. Good night, little man.

Carston. All right, and now daddy will undress you and hear your prayers. [Carries Hal to door of cabin.] Kiss me, dear. Oh, don't ever forget your daddy, will you?

And the father's voice breaks at last and great sobs shake his soul to its depths. A pistol-shot breaks upon the still night air. The solicitor starts—naturally enough, as he has not lived where the man and his gun are inseparable.

But something unusual has happened, for Big Bill is seen running toward the house, and when he stands before the two Englishmen, murmuring brokenly, "Mr. Carston—Jim!" a terrible suspicion crosses Carston's mind, and he leaves the boy at the threshold of the cabin and goes to his foreman to read the truth in Big Bill's eyes. It has happened! He sees Andy, Grouchy and Shorty approaching, carrying in their arms—He stops them with a gesture of horror and with his body shielding the sight from little Hal, he gathers up the boy in his arms and disappears with him into the cabin. When he returns, the cowboys have reverently laid their burden down. Carston sees her lying at their feet. In the Indian tongue Nat-u-ritch means, "Pretty little girl." What Carston says is: "Poor little mother!"

[CURTAIN.]



"POOR LITTLE MOTHER!"



BETWEEN TWO LOVERS

BY TOM MASSON.

"I WANT you to see my boat."

Bob Burrill had just pounded up in his French machine, having come over seventy miles since eleven o'clock to tell Dorothy Knight about his latest acquisition. He was like a child with a new toy. Indeed, as Dorothy looked at him, she made the mental asseveration that he *was* a child with a new toy.

But enthusiasm is always contagious. And as she looked at this handsome young fellow whose money was just beginning to interest him, she caught some of his spirit.

"I should love to see it," she said.

"Then it's all arranged. You and your father can join me to-morrow at Shell Harbor, just down the coast."

Dorothy smiled. Bob's new yacht was a thing worth seeing. It had reversible engines and twin screws, and boasted of two smoke-stacks. It was presided over by a captain, three officers, a chief engineer, a crew of eight men, and other supernumeraries. And moreover, it had been described and illustrated in all the papers, thus giving it a certain amount of necessary social distinction.

Dorothy had never been on a yacht before. Her father's law practise, while ample enough to provide for comfort, had not included this luxury. Besides, Dorothy's father was a plain man, and it is doubtful if, under any circumstances, he

would have coveted such mechanical distinctions. Dorothy from a merely physical standpoint was not a plain girl, but mentally she had inherited her father's characteristics. The glare of money did not spoil her vision. Bob's father, who was an old friend of Judge Knight's, had died a year before, leaving Bob sole legatee. And Dorothy was interested in his yacht, more because of its owner than because of its intrinsic worth.

"I should be very glad to go," she said, "if father can give up the time. But——"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say," broke in Bob. "No, there's no one else coming—that is, only one——"

He looked at her half quizzically.

"I thought you might like to have the parson," he said. "And he's coming."

Dorothy blushed.

"That was good of you," she replied.

"I'm sure he needs the change. But how did you persuade him to tear himself away from his duties?"

Bob's gaze was still fastened upon her.

"That was easy; I told him I expected you to be there also."

There was a silence. Dorothy's eyes wandered out through the open window across the street and her mind went out beyond to that other young man, so widely different from this one who stood before her. He had come to the church a year before, and his earnestness, his eloquence, his unflagging sense of duty, had gained him universal respect. Latterly he had been in the habit of dropping in occasionally, and he and Dorothy had had long talks together—talks in which she had come to

regard him perhaps in an unusual way. The hopelessness of his work, amid so much that was indifferent and sordid and iconoclastic, did not appeal to her so much as his hopefulness in discussing it. No complaint had she ever heard him utter. His struggle did not seem to oppress him. His strong, helpful temperament had come to be almost a necessity to her, and only now, as this idle young man who looked at her so intently uttered his explanation, was there revealed to her an aspect of her relationship with Roland Burton that had never occurred to her before.

She started. Was it right of Bob to make such an insinuation? But, after all, was there truth in it? Had she been unconsciously leading this young clergyman on without knowing it?

"What do you mean?" she said.

In answer, Bob came over and stood close beside her, looking down gravely into her eyes. His handsome and immaculate figure towered above her.

"Dorothy," he replied, "I've kept track of Roland Burton ever since we were in school together, and in spite of the fact that he is pious, he is at heart not a half-bad fellow. Now, I've knocked around some in the few years I've been off the nest, and I know what the signs of adoration are. Roland is dead in love with you. He may not know it, but he is."

"Nonsense! You don't understand him. His thoughts don't run in those channels."

Bob was steeped in the slang of the day.

"Don't you fool yourself!" he broke out.

"Love's the same thing and we're all built pretty much alike."

He reached forward and took her hand.

"Dorothy," he said, gravely, "I love you myself. I wish I could tell you just how much I love you, but I can't do it. I wouldn't insult you by telling you what I could do for you if you would marry me, because, knowing you as I do, I somehow know that wouldn't make any difference to you. Money doesn't seem to affect you the way it does some girls. Why, I have had a lot of them fairly throw themselves at me, but I know it isn't for myself. The fact is, Dorothy, I seem to need you. I don't see how I can get along without you. There is something within me con-

stantly striving to get to the surface, but it doesn't have much chance with this life I am leading. And yet I cannot help my life. I guess it would have been better for me if I had had to earn my own living."

There was something pathetic in his insistence. In the presence of this strong, reliant, womanly girl, he seemed to be pleading for his own weakness.

"I never seemed to realize what I ought to be," he said, "until I met you."

Dorothy did not immediately reply. Unconscious of the fact that her hand was in his, she stood silently, thinking of that other man, with his delicate frame, his ethereal yet virile face with its sense of immense reserve power. Was it true, as Bob said, that he too loved her? It could not be. And yet, with many misgivings, there came to her swiftly the recollection of many of their confidences, trivial at the time, and yet which now seemed to her to loom important. And then she turned to Bob suddenly, withdrawing her hand as she did so:

"Why did you ask Roland Burton on your yacht, if you thought he was in love with me?"

"I don't know. It was a foolish thing to do, I suppose. It wasn't exactly because I wanted to, I assure you, but I couldn't help it. The other day when we met, he looked at me with those calm eyes of his, and I just blurted out the invitation. I had an idea that you might want him to come and I couldn't resist him. But to-day I made up my mind that I couldn't wait. And so, Dorothy, I came seventy miles in three hours, to get your answer. Will you take me? You *must* take me. I simply can't get along without you."

A figure was coming across the street to the house—a tall, slight, ministerial-looking figure. Both of them looked out and recognized it simultaneously. Dorothy's lip quivered.

"Bob," she said, "don't ask me to give you my answer now. I don't know myself. Leave me to think."

Bob took her hand and kissed it.

"It's tough on me to wait," he said, simply. "I never had to wait for anything before, but I guess I'll have to this time. Can you let me know on the yacht?"

"Perhaps—on the yacht."

Bob met Roland on the steps.

"How are you, Burton, old chap?" he said.

"Hello, old man," said Roland, his face lighting up. "I've just missed you."

"Yes—your pleasure is in store. I'm off to Shell Harbor. See you to-morrow, sure. Train leaves at noon."

"I'll be there, God willing. Au revoir."

"Ta ta."

There was the loud champ-champ of a restless automobile—a whirring sound that echoed along the street—and Bob was gone.

There are moments in our existence when love is in the air—as if Cupid were devoting his entire attention to us, determined, while the mood is on him, to do the work of a lifetime in as short a period as possible. Such a period had evidently come to Dorothy Knight. Fresh from Bob's declaration, and rendered self-conscious by what he had said of one who he seemed to know was his rival, she turned to her new companion with an evident sense of embarrassment.

His quiet, almost austere manner, however, reassured her.

"I hear," he said, "that we have both been invited to a real yacht. Bob is good to his old friends."

"Yes," said Dorothy. "Are you going?"

"If you are."

"I hope to persuade papa."

She leaned forward suddenly.

"What do you think of Bob?" she said, earnestly.

"I like him."

"But he's so different from you."

"That is doubtless why I like him. Each one of us seeks a contrast in others."

"Do you think he is honest?"

"It's hardly necessary for him to be anything else."

"Do you admire his character?"

The clergyman straightened up. His face clouded.

"Now—Miss Dorothy," he said, "I'm not going to say anything against Bob. Bob's a good fellow. He's naturally that, no matter what his circumstances. There's a good deal in him that's undeveloped and I fear always will be. Sometimes, as

I have put my hand on his shoulder, I seemed to feel within him a struggling soul, longing to be free from the fetters of wealth and easy-going companions. There's a real man concealed about Bob somewhere, and loving the chap as I do, I have longed many a time to help bring that man out. I——"

He stopped.

"I am afraid I've said too much," he added. "It isn't quite fair for me even to give you an impression about him. I suspect that Bob loves you."

Dorothy looked him fairly in the eye.

"Why isn't it fair?" she asked. "Suppose Bob loves me, what then? Aren't you interested in my welfare? Do you want me to make a mistake? That is, only supposing, of course, that he does love me. Isn't it right that you should advise me in a matter of this sort, which may be of the utmost importance to me? Isn't it your duty?"

He rose slowly, his great eyes fastened upon her face. He folded his arms calmly. She could not but feel as he looked down upon her that here was a man who had conquered himself. And the lines on his still young and handsome face seemed to indicate what a long struggle it had been.

"No," he replied. "This is not a case for me to decide. You have no right to ask me and I have no right to answer. Ethics or morals don't weigh here. It is man and man. For I also love you."

So Bob was right. His keen spirit had read his brother's secret, even before Dorothy herself had known it. These two men were pitted against each other. The one, light, pleasure-seeking, the best of good fellows, and yet containing about him somewhere all the elements of true manhood. The other, earnest, self-denying, with a high purpose beyond him, with his life mapped out before him with bounds of steel, and who had already gone through that supreme struggle in the mastery of self and emerged from it victor—whose whole life was dedicated to the best that was in him.

"You love me!"

"Yes. I do not know why I should tell you this, and yet I feel that you ought to know. I want you to be my wife. And yet I have so little of this world's goods to offer you that——"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"Don't, please, say that," she cried. "That doesn't matter."

"Perhaps I am wrong in daring even to speak of this. And yet my conscience is clear. I feel that it is within my power to make you a happier and nobler woman than you might be—I am not saying than you might be with Bob, you understand, because there's no telling what Bob may do if the right girl gets him. But it is merely that I am not ashamed of my work—I glory in it, and if I ask you to share it with me, it is because I believe that your opportunity to be happy in the best sense will be as great with me by your side as with any other man."

He came over to where she stood.

"Dorothy," he said, "will you be my wife?"

She did not reply. There was a long pause. Then, as if he divined and suspected the force of the problem he had asked her to solve, he turned toward the door.

"I understand," he said, "that you cannot give me your answer now. But perhaps, when we meet again——"

She turned her face to his. He held out his hand.

"Yes——" she said—"on the yacht."

"Very well—on the yacht. Until then; and God bless you."

She heard him go out—she saw his tall figure retrace its steps across the street, and then she went slowly up to her father. At the head of the stairs she saw the face of her dead mother, calm and sweet in its stately repose, look out at her from its faded frame. What would she have given if she could have gone to this mother now!

Her father was in his study, looking over a brief that he was preparing for next week's session. His grizzly face beamed benignantly at her as she entered.

"Well, my dear," he said, "you have had callers."

She dropped down on the stool at his side, a long-familiar attitude with her from a girl, whenever she was in trouble. The old man caressed her soft hair.

"Well, my dear, what is it?"

"Father, two men have just proposed to me."

The old man started back. His eye-

brows contracted. A look of pain came over his face. The inevitable, then, had happened. He had felt for a long time that such a thing must be. And now that it had come, he stood up under the sudden blow with all the inherent stoicism of a nature in which courage and resignation had long held equal sway.

"Two men!" he exclaimed, with an apparent attempt at playfulness. "Only two. And it isn't nightfall yet."

Then he held her face up to his.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

"There isn't much to tell, papa. It's Bob Burrill and Roland Burton, and I cannot make up my mind."

Her father leaned back in his chair, absorbed in thought. At last he spoke.

"Dorothy," he said, "it seems strange to me that you should have attracted to you two such opposing elements as these young men. Bob Burrill is the representative of the very spirit of commercialism. His father started out a poor boy, and by using other men to his own advantage, by that almost brutal cruelty that goes on its way regardless of the rights of others, he piled up a fortune. And yet Bob's father was not a bad sort. Perhaps he couldn't help himself. Perhaps he was only an instrument. At any rate, he was smart and keen and shrewd, and now Bob is reaping the benefit. If you marry him, my dear, there'll be no wolf to bother you."

"You know that doesn't matter, father, with me."

"Of course not. We've been over that ground before. There's something else in the world besides money. On the other hand, look at Roland Burton—Bob's antithesis. His one thought is to build up his church, enlarge his mission work, and in a word to combat, with all the health and strength in him, about everything that Bob stands for."

"Well, father, what shall I do?"

"My dear, it isn't a question of principles. It's a question of men. I wish I could help you, but I cannot. I am afraid now, as I look back on the education I have given you, that after all, perhaps I have done too much. I have striven to show you that love, while I still believe it to be the only enduring force in the world,

is practical in its application. You and I, my dear, since your mother left us, have been inclined perhaps to philosophize together too much. If you hadn't had your old father to lecture to you, no doubt that now you would have treated this matter from your heart alone, instead of from your mind and heart together. But after all, my dear, your own heart must decide. Which of these young men do you love? That is the only thing for you to consider."

She patted her father on the cheek. Between these two cronies there had always been the most perfect companionship.

"Daddy," she said, in that one word slipping back unconsciously into her childhood, "you are splendid. I don't believe I could ever leave you, anyway. And it is so good, so unselfish of you, now when you see me in trouble, to forget all about yourself. I know that I shall never find any one like you, anyway, and even if I did marry, you know that I never really could leave you."

"Tut! tut! You are a woman, aren't you?—even though I often forget it—and you must obey your instincts. I shall manage somehow. But, little girl, you must decide for yourself—as your own heart says. Haven't you any preference?"

Her head drooped.

"Yes," she said. "But still—I hesitate."

"Never mind. Whatever it is, you will be right—perhaps not right from another's standpoint, but right from your own—and that is all you need care about. Have you put them off?"

"Yes. Bob has a new yacht."

"I read about it."

"And he wants us to meet him at Shell Harbor to-morrow to see it. Roland is also to be there. I have told them both they must wait until then—that is, if you can arrange to go."

Her father's eyes twinkled. Years of law practise had taught him to conceal his real feelings.

"I suppose," he said, "that I shall have to make myself as scarce as possible. But I promise to be the best of chaperons. And now, little girl, if I am to take a day off, I must finish up this work. Besides, I want to think a little. So run along."

Dorothy Knight stood looking over the

rail of Bob Burrill's new yacht, the "Sea Swallow," at anchor in Shell Harbor. The tide, unusually swift at this time of year, was slipping melodiously past the shining steel sides of the vessel whose stern was swung out toward the entrance of the harbor, with its white line of forbidding-looking breakers that marked the tortuous way of the narrow channel. In the distance, like a tiny speck, was the yacht's naphtha-launch making its way shoreward with the captain, who had gone in for the evening papers from the metropolis.

The captain was a Scotchman, one whom Bob was justly proud of, as he had an international reputation, and Bob had secured him only by a tempting offer. That morning the captain, as an unusual favor, had asked Bob if he might bring his little four-year-old son out to spend the evening, as he had never been on such a big ship before; and Bob had gracefully acquiesced. The little shaver, in charge of the steward, was now playing on the forward deck, when Dorothy, turning her face to the bow, spied him.

Bob was smoking under the after awning. Roland and Dorothy's father were below, playing dominoes.

"Whose little boy?" asked Dorothy.

"Captain's," said Bob. "Only here for the evening. Nice little chap."

Dorothy stepped forward.

"Come, little boy," she cried. "I want to speak to you."

But the boy was shy. He ran forward, with Dorothy after him.

"It is no use," she said, laughingly, returning in a moment. "He's afraid of me. I shall have to tempt him. Go downstairs, Bob, and get some candy."

Bob stepped to the passageway to the salon, with a deferential "Aye, aye."

Dorothy turned once more to locate her guest. A moment before, the steward had gone below to give some directions for dinner. Where was the boy?

Suddenly her heart stood still with terror. The urchin, in his sudden fright at the advances of such a grand lady, had climbed up over the rail forward of the bridge. How he got there, no one ever knew. At this moment, one of the crew, idling near the bow, saw him. With a sudden cry the man started precipitately

forward. The child, already frightened, lost his balance. There was a splash. Dorothy saw a little struggling body, a mass of tiny curls, for an instant in the swift-running water alongside.

"Bob!" she cried. "Bob! Bob! Quick!"

Bob came bounding up the passageway. She pointed frantically to the water.

"The child!" she cried. "Look!"

And then, without even knowing what she was doing, she went to the rail and with all the might of her strength tried to tear away the life-preserver that was hanging there. As if the life-preserver could in itself have done the child any good!

Bob's eye took in the catastrophe in a flash.

He paused. It was only an instant.

The fact is, Bob was not a good swimmer. This came over him as he gazed into the eyes of the woman he loved. A sense of his own inadequacy filled him. And then—he had gone to the rail, and was overboard.

There are moments when words seem much too slow to creep into our intelligence. We divine by mere feeling. And it all came to Dorothy as she stood there in this terrible moment just after she had seen him slip over the side. Bob could not swim well. And she had made him do it. She had demanded this of him. Like a horrible picture suddenly revealed to us all at once, she saw the whole tragedy as in a panorama.

But as she stood there, her physical self paralyzed with fear, all her mental self focused on this framework of despair, something was happening. A tall, clerical, spare figure of iron and wonderful resilience had emerged silently, swiftly from below. A man whose whole life had been passed in mental and moral discipline, surveyed the scene; a man whose nervous energy, stored up by years of denial, of contemplation, who in his boyhood days had dived by the hour for pennies off his native bridge, was there to act.

Roland Burton grasped the life-preserver from her hands. He did not even look at her. He was too busy. With a single effort he tore it away. There were a clean-

cut splash, a dozen long, swift strokes, and then a sudden dive where the child, a moment before, had sunk, apparently for the last time.

"It was as clean and nice a piece o' work as ever I seen," said the chief engineer, who told the story afterward to the captain. "He makes a swift doive, brings your little kid to the surface, and then, would you belave it, tosses the loife-preserver he has in tow to the owner, as calm-like as if it was a Sunday-school picnic. And by this toime the boat was off the davits and we picked 'em all up, aloive and well, as you are aware. An' they do tell me the chap was wan o' thim sky-pilots. I niver knew it was in 'em afore."

It was a week later. Judge Knight sat in his study, still working on his brief. The hearing had been postponed until the next calendar.

The door opened and Dorothy came in. Once again she sat down by his side. Once again she put her hand against his heart, and again he stroked her hair with the old familiar gesture.

"Well, dear," he said. "What is it this time?"

"Daddy, you are so non-committal about some things. You kissed me and said it was all right, but you didn't show the least surprise. *Weren't* you surprised?"

"My dear, I am too old a bird now ever to allow a woman to surprise me."

"But if I had decided differently, would you have been satisfied then?"

"Perfectly so. As I told you before, you had to decide the matter for yourself. And I felt that you were your own best judge. But——"

"There! I knew there was something on your mind. What is it?"

The old man put down his papers.

"This," he said. "As I have just said, while I am never surprised at what any woman does, I never expect, my dear, to be too old to learn from women. And as a matter for my own information—merely to satisfy my childish curiosity—I should like to know just why you selected Bob."

His daughter smiled with the wisdom of all of Eve's accumulated inheritance.



The Restoration of a Forefather

BY HOWARD MARKLE HOKE

LIGHTNING and a lath did it. The bolt darted down a broad chimney of the Hall one July afternoon, flamed from a hearth in the second story, and broke down part of the floor. The lath, irreverently scraping the portrait of Pym Wasterbury, which hung on the most honored nail in the great parlor, and from which the paint had begun to scale, carried away, on his left side, the upper part of his ear, his eye, the lower third of his Roman nose, and, on his right, half of his patrician mouth, a segment of his chin, and cut a rude strip out of the ebony-like background in which he had been inlaid for more than a century.

As soon as I heard of the disaster, I naturally felt much concerned as to whether it had unnerved Rosabella, and I hurried over to the Hall. I was greatly relieved to find her quite placid; indeed, I could not tell whether she was shocked or amused by the mishap to her forefather; and I might have expected that, for she was always puzzling. For almost a year I had been trying to learn to know just when she was earnest and when she was in fun, and I had not yet discovered the capricious combination, but I had very bright hopes that when I did, I should find that she could love a man and let him know it with all the definiteness I could wish.

Her Aunt Cynthia's distress, however, was apparent. Prim and severely starched, she sat in a Louis XIV. chair, and anon raised her streaming eyes from a damp cambric to Pym's half-flayed visage.

"Whatever shall we do?" she moaned. "Pym was the greatest of all the Waster-

burys. He inherited each of his features from some renowned ancestor, so that his noble face was a record of family appearance. But now those glorious features are gone—lost to the world forever, for no living Wasterbury has the faintest resemblance to him. Besides, the portrait was painted by Reynolds in London. And to think that a common lath——"

Words failed her.

"It is the most heartrending calamity in Wasterbury annals," Rosabella declared, with a perfectly grave face. "But perhaps an artist can restore Pym to his ancient majesty, auntie."

"If you are making fun, for the love of mercy say so, Rosabella," Aunt Cynthia complained, "and let us know once for all that you have no family reverence. If you will not grieve over the loss, think of one of these modern daubers touching a brush to a Sir Joshua."

Rosabella's father appeared, bringing several servants to remove the debris.

"Gwilym," the old lady whimpered, "I don't believe you have cast so much as one agonized glance up at that desecrated portrait, or thought of what we are to do about this frightful loss."

"Oh, yes, I have, Cynthia," he responded, with face as grave as Rosabella's. "I have told these men to look carefully for Pym's ear and nose and the balance of his hallowed features among the rest of the rubbish, and if they find them you can be sure they will handle them carefully."

"Degeneration! Degeneration!" Aunt Cynthia sniffed. "There is no love for family tradition in these vulgar days. If one wants to find ancestral pride one must

look for it among those who have no right to have any."

Just here Burlong came in. He was a young fellow of Littleford who was much inclined to athletics and as much disinclined to pursuits that might have yielded more brain than brawn. He had been admitted to the local bar, but had at once begun the active practise of tennis and golf, though at this particular period he was wasting a vast deal of his time trying to make a good impression upon Rosabella, which, it need not be said, was a ridiculous ambition for a Burlong to cherish for a Wasterbury, though I have observed that the most hopeful persons are often those who have the least chance of success. As soon as he saw what had happened, he walked to Aunt Cynthia's chair and said:

"Miss Wasterbury, I cannot speak calmly of this dreadful public calamity. If there is a man whose memory this county and state love to honor, it is Pym Wasterbury, and the loss of his classic features as copied by Reynolds is simply irretrievable. If my wishes had been observed, three copies of this famous painting would have been made—one to hang in the court-house, another for the town hall, and a third to be laid carefully away in a fireproof vault."

At this manifestation of reverence outside of the family, Aunt Cynthia's tears burst forth afresh.

Ignoring this stroke of diplomacy, I turned to Rosabella and said:

"I am afraid it will be difficult to get an artist of established reputation to do this work, but I have a friend in the city, a young French painter, François Perrault by name, who I am sure would be glad to restore the portrait. I'll go in on the next train and bring him out."

"I am sure Aunt Cynthia will be glad to have you do so," was her answer, which, as usual, left me in uncomfortable doubt as to her real wishes. She always gave a man the feeling that he might be doing some highly ridiculous things, yet he kept on doing them because they might possibly be pleasing her the while.

About five o'clock, Perrault and I were admitted to the Wasterbury sitting-room.

He was a thin, sallow, little Gaul, with black hair fastidiously kept at an artistic

length, and so proud of his profession that he would have given up his life rather than his easel and brushes, though he had never accomplished anything with them to make the profession proud of him. On the way up, he had become so interested in the restoration of the portrait that he talked of nothing but this opportunity to patch up a "Raynol," as he pronounced it, and when we entered the room he was so eager to see it that he could not sit down.

While we waited, Burlong entered, attended by a thick, squatty Hollander, named Finkelstein, whose hemplike hair must have been kept the proper length with the aid of a spirit-level, and whose expansive linen vest displayed conclusive evidence of the recent painting of a sunset.

Rosabella and her aunt soon came in, and Perrault and Finkelstein were duly introduced. Then Gwilym Wasterbury appeared with a youth whom he presented as Sydney Prescott Linnet, a rising portrait-painter. He was a slender, bloodless fellow, with a birdlike daintiness of manner and dress to suit his name, and an air of having seen and done much for one of his years that he had no doubt found usefully impressive.

A servant then brought in Pym. At the sight of his excoriated countenance, Aunt Cynthia wept bitterly, and Perrault, much affected by her tears and greatly wrought up by a sight of the portrait, danced about before it like an enraptured bantam, and said:

"One leel day of studee of zee feachures, feefty, one hundred, two hundred strokes of zee brush—veet, eet ees feeneesh. Geef me zee glory to touch zee canvas zat Raynol he touch; geef me zee plairiz to show you what Perrault can do—voilà, you haf your grawn ancestaire reestore."

With his oily, half-closed, blue eyes fixed on Pym, Finkelstein gave vent to a succession of asthmatic noises that might or might not have been the following:

"Reshtoration vat it iss off dot bortrait vat iss vanted—iss it? Yah! Himmel! Vat opportunityness! I make off dot bortrait vat now it iss pefore it was bainted it vas as it iss it iss not. Yah! I reshtore der dif'rence vat it was not pefore vat now not vat it iss. Issn't? Yah! Yah!"

"Hair Finkelstein," Perrault broke in,



Drawn by George Wharton Edwards.

"GREET ME, ZEE GLOVE TO TOUCH ZEE CANVAS ZAT BAVNOL HE TOUCH! . . . YOU HAF YOUR GRAY ANCESTRALE REINFORCE."

with brisk impudence, "eef you don't put zee paint back on zee canvas better than you breathe zee Anglais out of your teeth—sacré! Eet look like eet was anybody, everybody, all bodies, nobodies at all. Bien!"

"Py chiminees," Finkelstein growled, "I make of your French face vat like it iss now off der bortrait. Blitzen, such a impoodenceness!"

Linnet stood very decorously before Rosabella, her father and aunt, and sang a very engaging song about its being almost presumption in a young artist to put his brush to a Reynolds, and that it would be very difficult to make fresh paint look like old. But he begged to assure them that he would not undertake the work unless he felt absolutely certain he could restore the likeness to their satisfaction as well as thoroughly cover the swath cut by the lath.

Linnet was engaged, and I led Perrault away. He was beside himself with rage and disappointment. From the Hall to the station he left a wake of tearful lamentations and Gallic oaths. He was ruined; the restoration of a "Rayhol" would have lifted him into renown; he would "nevaire" touch a brush again so long as he lived; and he would "nevaire, nevaie" smile again. When I bade him good-by, he was making declarations that compounded "grief" with "absinthe" in the most suicidal abandon.

Linnet arrived two days later with his distinguished air and his paraphernalia, for Aunt Cynthia had declared that she could not rest a moment if Pym were taken outside of the protecting walls of Wasterbury. Then a blow fell. By her orders, also, the great doors of the Hall were closed to all outsiders until Pym's depleted countenance should be restored to its value as a family record. Four times was I, myself, dismissed from the stone portal, and I stood across the street and saw Burlong as firmly turned away. I waited for him and he confessed that this was his third failure to get in.

"It is damnably irritating for a fellow who was just on the point of success," he declared.

"I'm glad you recognize that feature, Burlong," I observed.

"Oh, I didn't mean you," he growled. "You're nowhere near success."

"If you think you were succeeding," I said, "you must be doing something to get Linnet out of the Hall. He'll string this restoration out as long as possible in so pleasant a place. Your trick is to steal either him or Pym."

"I would like nothing better than to catch Linnet by his amber hair and drop him into some obscure and distant spot," Burlong threatened, with a demonstration of his athletic arm.

"I would rather dispose of Pym somehow," I answered, "and then Linnet would have to spread his wings and fly."

Several miserable afternoons following, I saw the Wasterbury carriage rolling through the streets with Rosabella and Linnet comfortably side by side. This did not increase the joys of my situation. Perhaps I was blinded by love for Rosabella, but I could not, for the life of me, see how these afternoon recesses were helping the youth put Pym Wasterbury's features back on Sir Joshua's canvas.

One morning a week later, I met Rosabella coming out of a store, and she graciously granted me the privilege of riding with her from there to the portecochère.

"I am very anxious to know how Linnet is getting along with the restoration, Rosabella," I said.

"Do you know, that is very kind indeed of you, Laird," she said, very seriously. "It is so unexpected."

"Unexpected? Why?"

"I did not suppose you cared anything about it."

"Why, Rosabella," I exclaimed, "I am interested in Pym's restoration clear down to my heart."

"Indeed!" she cried. "It is so pleasant to know that outsiders are interested in our disfigured ancestor. I really did not expect it of you—though, of course, we know that Mr. Burlong is really worried about it. He has written Aunt Cynthia several touching notes of inquiry, and you have no idea how we all prize them. As you have not done anything of the sort, I naturally supposed you did not care whether Mr. Linnet is successful or not."

"But, Rosabella——"

"Really, Laird, if you are only pretending to be interested, indeed it is not worth your while. The truth is that we are all so absorbed in the pursuit of an ancestral likeness that we have not thought of much else. We have been unable to find even a pen-sketch of Pym anywhere. Aunt Cynthia is almost distracted, and father and I are disheartened over the prospect of failure."

"But you will not fail, I am quite sure," I tried to encourage her—though I had a mild suspicion that I was making a fool of myself for doing it.

"Oh, I haven't given up hope yet, for Mr. Linnet is truly wonderful in artistic resources. He is one of those Bulwer Lytton young men who do not know there is such a word as 'failure.' He now intends to make a new portrait of Pym, and if he gets a satisfactory likeness, the restoration of the old one will be comparatively simple. Don't you think that shows extraordinary fertility?"

"Yes, it does. But many artists are resourceful only in their own line."

"Now, Laird, it is not at all kind of you to belittle Mr. Linnet when he is trying so hard to comfort us. I wish you to know that he is not at all a young man of one gift. You should hear him play the piano and guitar. He has learned some of the most exquisite songs in the many countries he has visited, and he sings them in a perfectly lovely tenor voice of wide range and tenderness. You cannot imagine how romantic it is to be in our library at twilight and have Mr. Linnet sitting there in a picturesque, artistic pose and singing some Moorish or Italian love-song or a German or Scandinavian lullaby! It really carries one back to the old days of chivalry. Aunt Cynthia has quite fallen in love with him, and father is simply enthusiastic."

"How about yourself?" I ventured.

"Oh, that does not matter, you know. But, of course, I have observed how attractive Mr. Linnet is, for he almost perfectly realizes my idea of the glorious troubadours we read about in the old romances."

"How long will it take this troubadour to paint a portrait?"

"There is no profit in being sarcastic,

Laird. By hurrying, he thinks he can paint the new portrait in a month, and he says he can then restore Pym in two weeks."

"And how about the embargo?"

"I have no idea Aunt Cynthia will be willing to lift it until Pym is restored, though I think she is inclined to allow Mr. Burlong to come in occasionally. You see, Mr. Linnet has said that when he is engaged in so important a work he is extremely sensitive to interruptions, especially by any one not in entire sympathy with him. You can see yourself, Laird, that this would not apply to Mr. Burlong. Indeed, I pity poor Mr. Linnet. He seems overcome at times by the mere thought of working upon a picture hallowed by the brush of Reynolds. But here we are. If it should happen that you should wish to know how he is getting along at any time, you might drop Aunt Cynthia a note, or you can ask Mr. Burlong."

If her solemnity was lighted by one twinkle, I did not see it glisten; and I did not catch one note of impatience that the restoration of Pym was depriving her of certain company that I had fancied was essential to her happiness.

If the family was really so anxious about the restoration, of course I hoped for success; but I could not help wishing that some less bewitching artist had been engaged and that this Linnet had been fated to hop upon a perch in some other cage than Wasterbury, to do his trills and air his troubadour-like accomplishments, and incidentally win a maid. When I thought of him in his "picturesque, artistic pose" showing off at twilight in the great Hall library, twanging a guitar and cooing love-songs, no matter from what country, I yearned to transport him to the uttermost bounds of anywhere but Wasterbury.

It was the next morning that my mother called my attention to the fact that some paint was scaling off the portrait of my great-grandfather, Godfrey Danniston, who was said to have done something worth doing for General Washington, and she suggested that I consult Linnet about it. I told her I would not consult that gentleman about anything but an immediate departure from Wasterbury. I would,

though, I said, take the picture to Perrault and see if it would not allay his disappointment over the loss of the Reynolds. And my very first step in taking my own forefather to the city was set in a path of trouble.

I found Perrault in his studio and my mission sent him into the seventh artistic heaven. He told me he would do his very best on it. Then he asked how Linnet was getting along with "zee Raynol," and when I told him he had not yet put a brush to it, he bounded off his chair and almost burst with excitement.

"Ah, la! la! What a meestake have they made! Eef I would have eet, eet would have been feeneesh. I would geef my life, my reputasion, to make eet look like zee ancien' portrait. Zeenk, Monsieur Dannistone, zeenk of Perrault losing zee honaire of retouching a Raynol! Ah! moi! Seence I lose eet, I dreenk; I gulp; I guzzle zee green cor-dee-al teel I forget Perrault and hees troubles and own zee stars. Zere are no Raynol to be lose in zee green light. But, mon dieu, when I come to myself, I cry, I tear my hair, I vow not to leeve anotheaire meenoot. Could I not get zee Raynol, zee Wasterbury—ah, no, no, amposseebil. Come to-morrow and you haf your portrait feeneesh."

During the day in town I saw Burlong talking with Finkelstein, who was so excited that his broad face was rivaling the gaudiest daub on his vest. He was pounding his left palm with his right fist, and shaking his round head so that his back hair gave an instructive illustration of centrifugal force.

"Burlong," I said, when he left the Dutchman, "Finkelstein seemed to be in pain."

"Any one would be in pain who had to bring up such sounds as he emits," he replied. "I understood about one word in fifty, but he went over one thing so often that I think I can give it to you. This is about it: 'Py chiminees, dot idea now haf I—ach. Iss it? Off der bortrait vat vas to haf der reshtorationness off it—Himmel—I make off him—vat you call it—ach; yah—cast iron.' Do you suppose the Dutch fool wants to make a plaster cast of Pym Wasterbury?"

"Plaster cast?" I answered. "More

like court-plaster. Your Hollander, Burlong, is a criminal. You'd better keep your eye on him. Cast iron—steel. He wants to steal Pym."

"Finkelstein is a fool, but not so big a one as that," Burlong declared. "He is fearfully cut up, though, about losing the chance to restore a Reynolds portrait. He says he can't 'baint'; he can do 'nuttings but drink der lager,' and I must confess his present odor is hoppy."

It was after twelve that night when I reached Littleford. Not feeling sleepy, I let my steps go where they would, and strangely enough, they chose a walk around the Hall grounds. The venerable mansion among the trees was silent, and not a glimmer of light came from any window of it. All the inmates were no doubt sleeping peacefully, and I hoped they were, although if I had been assured that an indigestible dinner or too much thrumming the piano or light guitar had brought Linnet an inhuman nightmare, I should not have been distressed. As I walked on, rather idiotically trying to devise a plan for shortening his sojourn at Wasterbury, I was brought to a sudden and startling stop.

From the darkness had come the report of a revolver, followed by bellows of pain in a thick, hoarse voice. I cleared the stone fence at a bound and rushed toward the house, imagining all sorts of terrors for Rosabella. It being pitch-dark, I ran into a dense hedge, and, knowing that I could not force my way through it, I ran at full speed toward the nearest walk. Just as my foot crunched upon the gravel, some one threw his arms around me and held me in a powerful grip.

I had no doubt that the man who fired the shot had me, while he no doubt mistook me for an officer. Neither of us spoke for some moments. I gripped him as viselike as he had me, so that he could not use his revolver. At last my gripee, as well as gripper, said:

"I have you, you scoundrel, and you can't get away."

"Yes, you have me, Burlong," I replied. "What are you doing here? Kidnapping Linnet?"

"What are you doing?" he asked. "Stealing Pym?"



Drawn by George Wharton Edwards.

"JUST AS MY FOOT CRUNCHED UPON THE GRAVEL, SOME ONE THREW HIS ARMS AROUND ME AND HELD ME IN A POWERFUL GRIP."

"I was walking outside the fence and heard a shot," I explained.

"Queer direction to be running, then, Danniston. I believe you were running from the house."

"And I believe you were, Burlong. You took Finkelstein's hint."

"I don't need to resort to anything of that sort," he boasted. "But I know that you are driven to desperate measures."

"No more nonsense, Burlong," I said, angrily. "Some one is hurt over there. Listen to him moaning. Instead of embracing as if we loved each other, we should go over there and see who has been shot."

We ungripped and started for the house. Lights were then shining from several of the upper windows. A sash was raised, and Gwilym Wasterbury stuck out his head and called:

"What is the matter?"

"Some one has been shot, Mr. Wasterbury," I explained. "Won't you bring a light?"

In a few minutes he came out, with a servant carrying a lantern. The groans had become blood-curdling, and as we ran forward the light showed us a man lying on the grass. The servant thrust the lantern close to him, and Burlong and I cried out at the same time:

"Finkelstein!"

The Dutchman had undoubtedly come to make "cast iron off der bortrait."

He began at once to disturb the night with a combination of English, Dutch and bellows of mortal agony that would have required the collaborated translation of an Oxford professor, an Amsterdam linguist and a hospital surgeon.

"What were you doing here, Finkelstein?" Burlong demanded.

The painter sat up and, pointing to his ankle, kept on sputtering syllables, but between pain and fear he lost hold of everything but Dutch, and that poured out in such a cataract that none of us could get a comprehensive earful.

Wasterbury despatched his servant for a doctor, and the three of us carried Finkelstein into the Hall and put him on a lounge in the sitting-room.

The doctor soon came, and quickly found that a bullet had gone clean through the artist's monstrous calf, inflicting a painful

but not dangerous wound. While he was dressing it, Rosabella hurried in, followed shortly by Linnet; and as we stood together discussing the affair, we heard a shriek of distress in the wide hallway, and, in a moment, Aunt Cynthia appeared in the doorway. Her face was deathly pale, her tremulous hands were raised, and, sinking limply into the nearest chair, she gasped:

"Some one has stolen Pym."

We rushed to the room which had been converted into a studio for Linnet. The easel was empty, and a raised sash close to it showed plainly how the burglar had got in and out.

"There is one thing certain," Burlong declared, with a significant look at me, "and that is that the miscreant who stole Pym is thoroughly familiar with this house."

"No one else could have done it," Linnet concurred, also singling me out for a glance of what Rosabella had called his "mournfully romantic eyes."

"Well, whoever he is," Gwilym said, aggressively, coming back from an examination of the sash, "we'll have the police run him down and see that he gets the full extent of the law."

"He should be imprisoned for life for stealing a Wasterbury and a Reynolds," said Aunt Cynthia, between hysterical sobs.

So far Rosabella had been silent, but when the three men gathered in a comforting group around Aunt Cynthia, she came to my side, and in a low voice gravely advised me:

"If you wish to take Mr. Linnet's guitar, it is in the parlor leaning against the end of the piano. You might as well have that, too, Laird. You can depend upon me not to tell any one."

Before I could think of a word to say in self-defense, she had walked out of the room with a stride which Aunt Cynthia always said she had inherited from the Wasterburys of George the Third's court.

Neither then nor in the morning could we get a coherent group of words from Finkelstein. We caught a syllable here and there, but when brought together they meant nothing at all. He rattled off a statement that might have passed current at The Hague or Amsterdam, but it was

hopeless for any of us—even Linnet, who claimed to have spent a winter at the Netherland capital—and when we brought in a Dutch resident of Littleford as interpreter, Finkelstein gave us a medley of Italian, Spanish and something that sounded Japanese that was less intelligible than any of his previous explanations, and that made the other Dutchman so mad that when he strode away his oaths were as long and strong as a Holland dike.

During the afternoon of that day, I went to the city to get the portrait of my distinguished great-grandfather from Perrault. I found him fairly bursting with Gallic exuberance of spirits, and he bowed and scraped like a dancing-master. He asserted that his cares were gone, melted, "Poof, vaneesh"; he was "rejoice"; he no longer needed "zee vardawn comfortaire"; he owned "zee moon, zee stars, zee planets. La! la! I geef no more one, two, three snap of my feengaire for zee Raynol."

Yes, yes, he had "feeneesh" my portrait, and it was a "success magnifique. Sacré! What a peety, monsieur, I had not zee othaire, zee Raynol—but, no mat-taire à présent. Bien! How is monsieur—ah—Leenet coming on with zee othaire, zee grawn portrait?"

"The Wasterbury portrait was stolen last night, Perrault," I told him, "and the burglar shot Herr Finkelstein."

"Mon dieu! And haf he keel zee Dutchman?"

"No, he is not seriously hurt."

"What a das-tardly robbaire; he rob zee world of a blessing when he not keel zee Dutch Finkelstein."

"Perrault," I said, "the family is incensed over the loss of the portrait. They have put the police on the search for the burglar, and it means at least ten years in the penitentiary. And he will surely be caught."

"Ah!" he cried, raising his hands theatrically. "Have not they kept zee Dutch Finkelstein? He ees zee robbaire. Geef heem zee ten year as a geef to mankind. Now, monsieur, I bring your portrait."

He bustled out and soon reappeared with my great-grandfather. A glance showed me that he had done uncommonly fine work with it. Even a close examination failed to detect the patching. I asked him how

he had so well imitated the mellowed coloring.

"Ah, a seecret, monsieur; a profound seecret. It shall nevaire be reveal. I make my fortune. Behold, monsieur, what I could do with zee Raynol. Eef zee family could haf but know. Non, non; I make no price for you; I geef it you. Now, I take eet to my leel room and wrap eet up for you."

He came back in five minutes with the portrait neatly wrapped in paper, and, after he again refused compensation, I promised to send him some work of the kind and bade him good afternoon.

Reaching home, I called my mother. Boasting about the splendid work my little Frenchman had done with our own forefather, I unwrapped the paper quickly to hear her words of approval. In a moment we stood speechless before the canvas. For what we saw was not my illustrious great-grandfather, but Pym Wasterbury, still minus his priceless features.

"What does this mean, Laird?" she asked me.

"Mean!" I cried. "It means that that French hound stole Pym himself, and after he heard what I said about the police, he neatly put me in possession of the evidence of burglary. And those folks over there already believe I took it, too."

"What shall we do with it?"

"That is going to be about the most important question I have had to meet for a long time. It would not have been so bad if Perrault had had time to patch it up, for then I could have shown his work and proved my innocence, but as it is I can never make any one over there believe I did not take it."

"I'm sure Rosabella will believe you if you take it over boldly and tell her just how you got it."

"She would be the very last one to believe it. No, indeed, I dare not do that. The circumstances all point too directly to me. It is too late to find Perrault any more to-day, but I shall go down in the morning and hustle him up here to Littleford in double-quick time."

But I did not get the chance in the morning to do anything of the kind. Just as I was starting for the station, an expressman delivered a package, and the shape of

it apprized me that my forefather had come home. With a vague feeling that his return was to make my situation even worse, if that were possible, I ripped off the paper. It was old Godfrey. But sticking between the frame and the canvas was a note, which read:

"MONSIEUR DANNISTON:

"i am send to you the pickshure you make to forget to take with you today. i have greef that i cannot take it to you so as to have for myself the plezzure extravagant to see you onse more encore but i rejoice, i cry fore happiness veri much. i sing like the lark. i am go back to my dere, dere sunny France. wen you make to receive your pickshure I am sail to the see. i weep that i never have the joyfulness to see monsieur never again. Au revoir, Monsieur Danniston.

"your veri faithful,

"FRANÇOIS PERRAULT."

He *had* made the situation worse. I had only to recall Rosabella's pointed remark about Linnet's guitar, to see how desperate it was. Taking the portrait over to the Hall and telling the true story would be equivalent to saying "Behold the burglar." With Perrault sailing away to his "dere, dere France," the only safety lay in a destruction of the picture, for as long as it was in my possession I was in danger. Let Burlong get a hint that it was in my home, and all would be over, so far as Rosabella and I were concerned. Late in the afternoon, I was on the point of carrying Pym out to an obscure corner of our grounds and putting him to the torch, when I decided to wait a day, and I hid his reduced countenance in the darkest closet I could find. He had a dimly prophetic look in his remaining eye that I could not stand any longer.

Then I started out for a stroll, hoping for an inspiration, and a sight of Conrad Blair, the butler at the Hall, gave me one. I had used my influence to secure him the place, and he had ever since felt duly grateful.

"Blair," I said, "I want you to help me out of a bad dilemma."

"Name it," he answered, readily.

I explained the situation and told him exactly how I had come into it.

"If I didn't know you so well, Mr. Danniston," he declared, "I would put that story down as awfully fairy."

"That is just the trouble, Blair," I said. "Not one of those people over there will believe it, with Linnet and Burlong to show up the ridiculousness of it. At the same time, it isn't right for me to keep a portrait that they prize so highly."

"What do you want me to do?"

"About one o'clock to-night I'll carry the portrait over to the Hall. You will stand at the window of Linnet's studio, and take it from me. You can put it back on the easel, and leave the sash open. The family will simply think that the burglar got frightened and brought it back."

"Excellent idea," Blair commended, "and I'll be there to help you."

At a quarter to one that night, I covered Pym with one of mother's shawls and stole forth into the darkness. I had a presentiment that the early morning excursion would not be pleasant, particularly when it occurred to me that I might have simply hidden the portrait in a hedge and not have taken the butler into my confidence. But as I had done so, I could do nothing but carry out the arrangement. The streets were entirely deserted, as I supposed, and I reached the Wasterbury enclosure unperceived, as I thought. Through the black shadows under the great elms I slipped, without the sound of a footfall, and at last stood safely under the studio window: I gave a low "Hist" and got Blair's in reply. And I was just preparing to hand Pym up to him when my arms, bent at my sides in holding the portrait, were neatly and swiftly strung upon another arm that held me with the strength of an athlete.

"I had an idea you would try to smuggle the picture back one of these nights, Danniston," Burlong said, with complacent satisfaction. "I knew you were not running away from the house the other night for nothing. Ho! Ho!" he called, in a loud voice. "Mr. Wasterbury; Mr. Wasterbury, wake up! Wake up!"

I heard a thud in front of me, and I knew Blair had loyally jumped from the window.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Danniston," he said. "We will simply tell the family

that we caught this fellow coming back with their picture."

But at that moment Wasterbury's head came out of an upper window, and Burlong called:

"Come down quickly, Mr. Wasterbury. I've caught Danniston handing the stolen portrait to your butler."

"I'll thump him for that," Blair suggested, "and then you run for it, Mr. Danniston."

"No, Blair," I said. "I am caught, and I must tell the true story. Let me go, Burlong; I won't run."

But he did not do so until Gwilym and a servant came out. Then I walked into the house between Burlong and Wasterbury, the servant attending the butler, who carried Pym. Rosabella, Aunt Cynthia and Linnet, hastily dressed, received us in the big library in tragic silence. Just as Blair set Pym on the floor, the ancient high clock, which had belonged to that forefather, struck one in a tone that might have been the old fellow's spirit pronouncing my sentence. What was to happen I could not foresee, but I determined to carry the situation off with the best grace possible, though it may easily be seen that the best, under the circumstances, could not be even fairly good.

Burlong, however, had no difficulty with it. His eyes shining with joyful gratification, he stood up before the family and made a speech:

"It grieves me very much to do my duty. On the night that this portrait, so beloved by all of you, so highly prized by the county and the state, this canvas that is made renowned by the touch of the great Sir Joshua Reynolds, was maliciously stolen, I was luckily walking near the Hall and heard the report of a revolver. I sprang into the grounds and ran into a man who was flying excitedly from the house. That man, it pains me very, very much to say, was Laird Danniston."

"With the picture in his arms?" Linnet asked, unskillfully meaning to clinch the matter.

"No," Burlong was compelled to admit, with a scowl at the artist, "but he no doubt had hidden it in a hedge and came back for it later. And now I wish that I might escape from telling this further fact."

he proceeded, with his eyes dancing with joy. "A few days after Mr. Linnet came to Wasterbury, Mr. Danniston was, for some unknown reason, very much disturbed by his presence here, and he wished to get him away. He knew that if the portrait were taken, there would be no further need of the artist prolonging his stay. And in the open street, he, Laird Danniston, made this suggestion to me: that I should break into the Hall and steal this invaluable portrait. Of course, I spurned the suggestion, which, I am compelled to charge, he has adopted himself."

I am bound to say that Burlong did it mighty well. There was a deep, awkward, early-morning silence, and I saw that the group did not know any more what to do with me than I knew how to offset the damaging case he had made against me. Even Aunt Cynthia's indignation could not stand against the reality of punishing one so well known to them. Gwilym was visibly trying to decide what to do, when Rosabella stepped resolutely forward and said:

"You have made out such a case against Mr. Danniston, that I do not see how he can overthrow it, Mr. Burlong."

"I am deeply pained that I had to state the facts," he replied, with the pride of triumph.

"The only thing to do then, I suppose, is to send for a constable," Rosabella went on. "There is the telephone near you, Mr. Burlong. I shall ask you to ring up the police headquarters, though, of course, I know it will give you quite as much pain to do so as it did to make your speech."

Something in her tone arrested Burlong's attention, as it did mine; so that, just as he took the receiver down from the hook, I was not surprised to see the puzzling girl burst into a laugh. Burlong hung up the receiver and stared at her. Then Rosabella turned to me and said:

"Do you know, Laird, that I have been wondering all day how long you meant to keep Pym over at your house."

I was struck dumb. Burlong again put his hand on the receiver.

"Tell me, Laird," she went on, "why you waited until this inconvenient hour. It would have been ever so much less trouble for you during the day."

"You knew I had it?" I at last managed to say, with a creepy recollection of my narrow escape from reducing Pym to ashes.

"Why shouldn't I know it when I have so explicit a correspondent?"

And, taking a letter from her pocket, she handed it to me, requesting me to read it aloud, which I did:

"DERE MISS WASTERBURY:

"before i sale for my dere sunnie France my hart breaks, it sinks, it crumbles to fragments with remorse. it was me, poor unfortunite Perrault, that stole the pickshure, the Reynold from your home magnifique. It was me, aussi, poor François Perrault that shot herr Finkelstein wich i hope i hit him good—the dutchman. i am send your pickshure to the house of Monsieur Daniston wich i am sure will take it over to you. But i greeve, ma chère demoiselle, i am bow down in the dust, that i hurd about the policemens before i could put my brush to the pickshure which i would have restore excellent, bien. Au revoir, when your eyes rest upon these lines, dere ladye, Perrault will be on the see with his happee face told his beloved France.

"Your friend in remorse,

"FRANÇOIS PERRAULT."

Burlong's face—but it is scarcely necessary to describe its color or expression. Under other conditions I should have pitied him for having his noble and conscientious effort fail.

When I walked into Wasterbury's parlor next morning, I observed that Linnet's guitar was no longer standing at the end of the piano. Presently Rosabella came in and I remarked:

"I am quite uneasy. Linnet's guitar is gone and I shall be suspected."

"The idea of any one suspecting you of successfully making away with anything is very rich in humor," she cried. "Mr. Linnet took the guitar away himself this morning."

"It isn't possible that he has gone—to stay?"

"Yes, gone—gone forever."

"You will be miserable without a troubadour in the house now, won't you?" I asked.

"Simply heartbroken," she replied, with a tremor of feeling in her voice. "I cannot realize that he is gone—really gone. And it was father's fault wholly. This Hollander, Finkelstein, came back this morning to a fairly sensible recollection of English, and confessed that he came that night to steal Pym so as to give his brush the honor of touching a Reynolds canvas. I don't suppose father understood him altogether clearly, but he got the idea somehow that he was a better artist than Mr. Linnet, and he told the poor young man so in his blunt way. Oh, it was pitiful to see the look on the face of that sensitive soul. But he bade us a manly adieu. Herr Finkelstein is in the studio now, with his foot on a pillow, getting ready to restore Pym. But, having become so accustomed to the romance of sitting in the twilight and listening to Moorish love-songs or Scandinavian lullabies, what shall we do without our Linnet to sing for us?"

"Rosabella!" I cried, "I have a suspicion that you are not altogether in earnest."

"Now, is it possible, Laird," she answered, "that you are beginning to see that I might have taken advantage of the situation to have a little amusement with you?"

"But how about the twilight and the artistic pose and those enticing love-songs and lullabies, Rosabella?"

"Mischievous fancy," she laughed. "Indeed, Laird, your credulity is absorbingly interesting."

"I know it is, Rosabella," I admitted, stepping closer to her. "I need some one to watch over me. Won't you be the director of my beliefs?"

"Why, yes," she answered, with a roguish twinkle. "I will."

"Please begin at once by telling me whether I am to believe that," I said, reaching out my eager hands.

"You can put your lifelong confidence in it, Laird," she replied, letting me have her hands in mine.



By courtesy of the Department of Agriculture.

MOVING LOGS OUT OF THE FORESTS OF WASHINGTON BY MEANS OF DONKEY-ENGINE. THE HORSE DRAWS CABLE TO THE LOGS.

GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

III. — L U M B E R .

By M. J. MUNN.



HAVE you ever looked at the glistening front of a piano, or the polished floor of the ball-room, or, to remove to more meditative surroundings, the table at which you write, the chair in which you sit, or any of the thousand other objects made from wood which daily attract your eye, and wondered how that particular bit of matter came to have its present position, shape and appearance? Have you ever gone further, and tried to trace back to their fountain-head the devious currents which drift together these floating bits of forest wreckage? If you have, you perhaps have come partially to realize the immensity of the debt owed by man to the tree.

From the time the first armor-clad Spanish cavalier fashioned his cross-bow, or replaced his broken lance, in the darkened corridors of that boundless American wilderness, on through the long periods of exploration, colonization, organization and development of what is now a mighty commonwealth, teeming with life and restless energy and supporting a highly complex civilization, there has been a constant, ever-increasing, insatiable demand for the products of these forests. For the purpose of supplying this incessant need of man for the Wood Useful and the Wood Beautiful, there has grown up with the country a magnificent industry whose innumerable branches permeate every fiber of our business life, and for whose sustenance and

perpetuity mighty forests daily crash to earth and forever fade away.

For example, during the year 1903 there were cut in the United States over one hundred million trees above one foot in diameter. These represented a solid block of wood one mile square and nearly five hundred feet high, and if cut into inch boards would have been sufficient to lay a floor one mile wide from New York to St. Louis.

The forests of the United States are falling at the rate, it is reckoned, of about forty-five square miles per day. Yet almost within the memory of men now living, every plank used by the pioneer was laboriously "whipsawed" out by hand, or split from the log and flattened into plank form with broad-ax or adz as a "puncheon."

The cause of this phenomenal growth of the lumber business of the United States is characteristically American. Aside from the increasing demand for lumber resulting from the rapid development of the country, it is largely the direct effect of improvements in the methods of reducing trees to lumber. Cheap and abundant timber, favorable transporting facilities, and an almost limitless sale for the finished articles, have offered an irresistible challenge to Yankee ingenuity for the invention of rapid, labor-saving machinery in every

department of the work. This, together with a thorough systematization of the business, has given to us another marvel of the Western world—the modern lumbering plant.

The lumber industry is at the present time the fourth in value of products among the great manufacturing industries of the United States, being exceeded only by the iron and steel, the textile and the slaughtering and

meat-packing industries. Upward of seven hundred million dollars of capital is invested in the various lumbering establishments, and more than three hundred million wage-earners are given employment. About one hundred and twenty million dollars was paid out in wages during last year, and forty billion feet (board measure) of lumber were produced by the mills, valued at over six hundred million dollars.

In the half century since 1854, the value

of the products of American sawmills has increased nearly ten times, while the number of employees has multiplied less than six times. The increased efficiency per hand due to improved machinery in the mills and superior appliances in the camps is clearly shown in the comparison. The capital invested has increased about fifteen times. No tendency toward centralization has been shown in the lumber



By courtesy of the Department of Agriculture.

PELLING TIMBER IN OREGON WITH AX AND SAW. MEN STAND ON SCAFFOLDING ABOVE THE DEFECTIVE TREE-BASES.



By courtesy of the Department of Agriculture.
 BASE OF THE BIG TREE "GRIZZLY GIANT," MARIPOSA GROVE, CALIFORNIA. IT IS THREE HUNDRED FEET
 HIGH AND THIRTY FEET IN DIAMETER. THE HOLES AT FOOT WERE CAUSED BY FOREST FIRES.

industry, which in this respect is unique among the country's great manufacturing operations. Indeed, the number of small establishments has constantly increased, there being, according to the census returns, thirty-three thousand and thirty-five separate establishments in 1900, against

twenty-two thousand six hundred and seventeen in 1890.

Half a century ago, the Northeastern States supplied more than half of the total lumber product of the country; now they contribute less than one-seventh. Measured in quantity of product, Wisconsin is the



A LOG DUMP, FROM WHICH THE LOGS ARE ROLLED INTO THE STREAM.

leading lumber state at the present time, supplying about two and a half billion feet. The lumber industry in that region commenced in Michigan and has moved steadily westward, Washington representing the latest—and the last—stage in the movement in that section. Michigan is second in rank as a producer of raw lumber, Washington third, and Minnesota and Pennsylvania fourth and fifth. The Southern States now produce about thirty-three per cent. of the total product of the country. There, as in the North, the movement has been steadily westward, and Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas are now the scenes of the yellow-pine activity which formerly centered in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia.

The most valuable of the common kinds of timber is the white pine, from which the bulk of the ordinary sawn lumber is made. This species has its home in northern New England and in the northern half of the Lake States, and is found in no small quantities in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Since the partial destruction of the white pine in New England and northern New York, spruce has become the princi-

pal commercial timber in that section. Hemlock is also found along very much the same range. Southern yellow pine grows in all the Southern States, and Western yellow pine is the commonest pine of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States. Sugar pine is found mainly on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada range.

The up-to-date lumbering concern is separated into three natural divisions, each of equal importance. First, the logging department whose function it is to secure and deliver to the sawmill the raw material in the shape of sawlogs cut into suitable lengths for lumber. Next come the sawmills and planing-mills which manufacture this wood into various sizes and grades of lumber, and prepare it for the market. The third department has to do with the transportation and sale of the finished article. An important adjunct to the first two of these is the repair department, which, in addition to its evident function, has charge of the purchase and instalment of new machinery. Each of these in turn is divided into numerous sections, under competent foremen, yet all work in such perfect harmony, and are balanced with



ROLLING LOGS INTO THE STREAM.

such mathematical exactness, that any marked change in the production of one instantly receives sympathetic response from each of the others.

Evidently the first thing to be taken into consideration in the establishment of a modern sawmill, is that of securing control of a sufficient supply of timber to justify the large expenditure necessary to put the mill in operation. In early days this was a simple matter. The lumberman explored the country until he found a location to his liking, mapped out his proposed holdings, selected his mill-site, purchased his land from the government and began work. To-day, the available timber has become so scarce, the competition so great, and the laws regarding the disposal of timber-lands of the public domain so strict, that the acquisition of large areas now requires the most intricate scheming of our shrewdest business men.

When, however, these preliminary difficulties are at length overcome, and the mill is established ready for cutting lumber, it still needs the best business talent for its successful operation. Take, for example, the logging department of one of our large

mills. When we begin to consider the task of cutting, and transporting from one to one hundred miles, three hundred thousand square feet of heavy logs, each weighing several tons, in the ten hours of each working-day of a year, for a score of years, we are appalled at the immensity of the undertaking. Yet that miracle is actually being performed by logging outfits in almost every lumbering state of the Union. And that, too, against natural obstacles which to the layman appear insuperable. The diversity of conditions in various parts of the country has of necessity led to the invention of machinery, and to the adoption of methods, best suited to the section in which they are found. In many regions, logs are supplied to the mills by contract, at a fixed price per thousand feet board measure. The task of keeping filled the ravenous maws of these huge timber-eating monsters is not an easy one. Logging companies who undertake it put up a stiff forfeit for every day that the gluttons go hungry.

Practically all the cutting is done by hand. The Patent Office at Washington has models of many ingenious devices for



THE STEAM SKIDDER. WITHIN A RADIUS OF TWO THOUSAND FEET THE LOGS ARE DRAGGED IN FROM THE WOODS AND LOADED ON CARS.

doing this work by machinery, but some inventive brain has yet to produce a practical machine that will take the place of the primitive weapons of the pioneer, the saw and the ax. These, however, have been brought to a high degree of perfection, and in the hands of the skilled lumber-jacks work wonders. In cutting the timber, the men work in pairs. Their tools are a saw, two axes, two iron or wooden wedges and a measuring-stick; and last, but not least, in pine timber a liberal supply of kerosene is needed to prevent the saw from becoming gummed by the copious flow of crude turpentine from the trees.

The process of felling is simple in theory yet sometimes most difficult in execution. But few trees stand quite vertically. So in a thick wood, where the danger of lodging is great, it is often necessary to throw them at various angles to their "lean." This is done by cutting a deep notch with an ax about three feet from the ground, on the side of the tree toward which it is to fall. On the opposite side the saw is inserted a little above the notch. Often the tree "pinches," fastening the saw. The crack must then be forced open by a wedge driven in behind. The improper placing of this wedge, a sudden gush of wind, one side of the saw cutting faster than the other, or a hundred other things, may happen to send the toppling tree crashing down in a wrong direction. Yet the skilled lumberman solves the most difficult combinations at a glance, and falls his trees with the unerring aim of a rifleman.

The logs are next cut into lengths varying from ten to one hundred feet—rarely over thirty feet—depending upon the length of tree, and the use to which the lumber is to be put. The sawyers are usually paid per thousand feet, the price varying with locality, grade of timber and



By courtesy of the United States Geological Survey.

A TRAINLOAD OF LOGS IN WASHINGTON.



A WINTER ROAD TO THE LOGGING-CAMP.

lengths of sawlogs. The standard price for average pine timber is about fifty cents per thousand feet board measure. From ten to fifteen thousand is a good day's cut for two men, giving a daily wage of two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars and seventy-five cents per man.

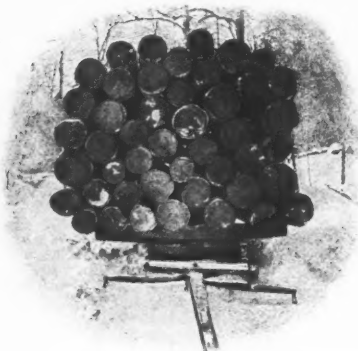
There is a fascination about this strenuous life in the woods which stirs the blood. The pungent aroma of fresh-cut pine, the sharp bark of the axes and the rhythmic purr of the hungry saws, the warning "Hell below!" of the woodmen, as hoary monarchs topple on their thrones and fill the air with the thunder of their fall, the gentle sighs of the living and the long windrows of the dead, mark the fighting-line of an unceasing battle between man and the wilderness.

The next step in the work of supplying the mills with material is that of transporting the logs. In New England and northern New York, where lumbering operations on a large scale first began, streams were used as carriers. Rivers ran for half their lengths through unbroken forests of white

and yellow pine, spruce, fir and hemlock, while at their mouths growing cities furnished a ready market. In those days, timber was considered worthless unless situated adjacent to a navigable river. Today, a large per cent. of the thousands upon thousands of logs which annually float down from the big woods with the spring freshets have come from far inland. Here, as in the Lake States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, most of the logging is done in the winter months, when the soggy ground is frozen hard and heavy snows make sledding easy. In sections

where the timber is too remotely situated to allow of sledding directly to stream or mill, a light temporary railroad is sometimes projected into the area to be cut. From this main track, numerous spurs are run out into the timber. The logs are hauled on sleds and dumped along these tracks, then afterward loaded on trucks





A LOAD OF FORTY-SIX LOGS, EACH AVERAGING THIRTEEN INCHES IN DIAMETER.

and pulled out in train-loads by specially constructed locomotives called shays. Sometimes the logs are drawn out of the woods to the track and loaded on the trucks by steam. For this work complicated machines called steam skidders are used. These are fitted with two-thousand-foot wire cables, and are so constructed that they move along the track, stopping at intervals and thrusting their long tentacles out into the forest in every direction, "snaking" the heavy sticks in through brush and fallen tree-tops with a crash and a bang most alarming to the uninitiated. The end of the cable is dragged out to the logs by being attached to the harness of a horse, with a boy astride. It is fastened to the end of the log by huge grabs constructed so as to prevent the end of the log from becoming caught against obstacles in its path. The machine has a steam crane for lifting the logs to the trucks. This is by far the most economical method of handling the heavy sticks, and is being adopted, in one form or other, in every important lumbering section of the United States where the nature of the country will permit of its use. It is not very extensively used in the Adirondacks or in New England, because of the rough, mountainous character of the country. Here sleds are almost universally used, and instead of the railroad a carefully graded roadway takes its place. This is constructed during the summer months, and as soon as the snow falls it is packed and sprinkled until it is covered with a smooth, hard coat of ice. Immense sled-loads of logs may then

be drawn over it by a single team of horses.

If the haul is directly to the mill, the work of the logging company ends there, but very frequently the goal is a hundred miles or more down the swift, turbulent course of some mountain stream, and the most dangerous and laborious work of the lumbermen still lies before them. When the logs are brought from the woods, they are "banked" in gigantic heaps upon the ice of the river, or in convenient places along the shore. In the spring, heavy rains and melted snow flood the river, the rotten ice breaks up under the great strain, and thousands of waiting logs sweep along with the rising flood. The raftsmen are now in their glory. Over the undulating surface

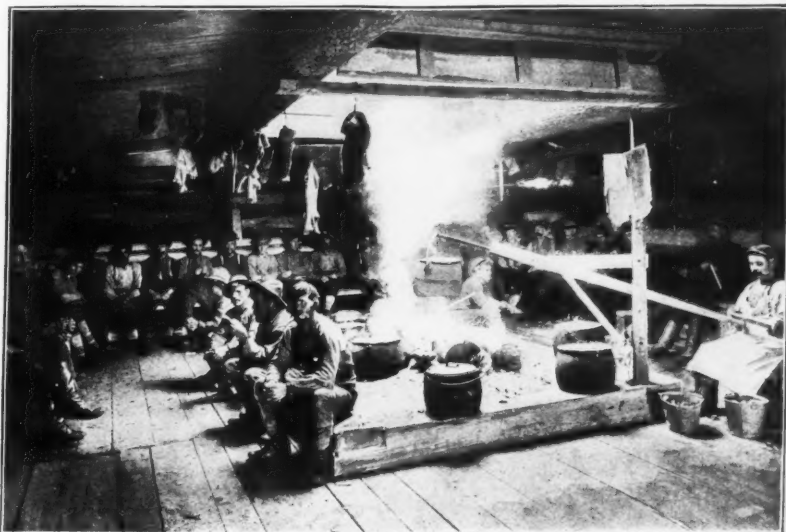
of bobbling logs they skip with the agility of monkeys; pushing here, pulling there, trying always to keep the logs floating endwise with the current. On they go, the logs running smoothly in the wide open stretches; next jamming so tightly in some narrow, tortuous channel as to require heavy charges of dynamite to dislodge them; again circling in eddies, or racing through rapids at lightning speed, like a flock of unruly sheep driven to pasture, yet always under the quick eye of a nimble shepherd. Days are often taken in the drive.

The men are usually divided into night and day shifts, and if men are plentiful, sometimes into three gangs working eight hours each. The autocrat of the occasion is the cook, who serves four meals a day, and hot coffee at all hours, from his "wanigan," or house-boat. Frequently a couple of bateaux take the place of the house-boat, and the meals are served from a tent pitched at intervals



along the shore. The tired men sleep anywhere fancy suggests, usually on a bed of boughs and rolled in a pair of blankets. Yet the greatest good-humor prevails. Men who hourly take their lives in their hands, and who elude death by a hair a dozen times a day—whose very existence depends upon the quickness of a leap, the agility of a side-step or the accurate thrust of a pike-pole—are usually men of the liveliest wit and of the jolliest comradeship. At the mill, great booms stretched across the river catch the drifting logs. The river being a common carrier, drives of a dozen logging companies may

which bore deeply into the wood, thereby greatly impairing its usefulness as lumber. To avoid this trouble, every large mill has a pond or reservoir, either natural or artificial, into which the logs are dumped directly from the cars. The water not only protects the logs from worms, but by soaking out the sap prevents its drying in the wood and producing the discoloration known as mildew. Water-cured lumber for this reason commands a higher price. These reservoirs often cover a hundred acres or more, and are kept crowded with logs as a reserve in case the supply from the woods should dwindle during bad weather.

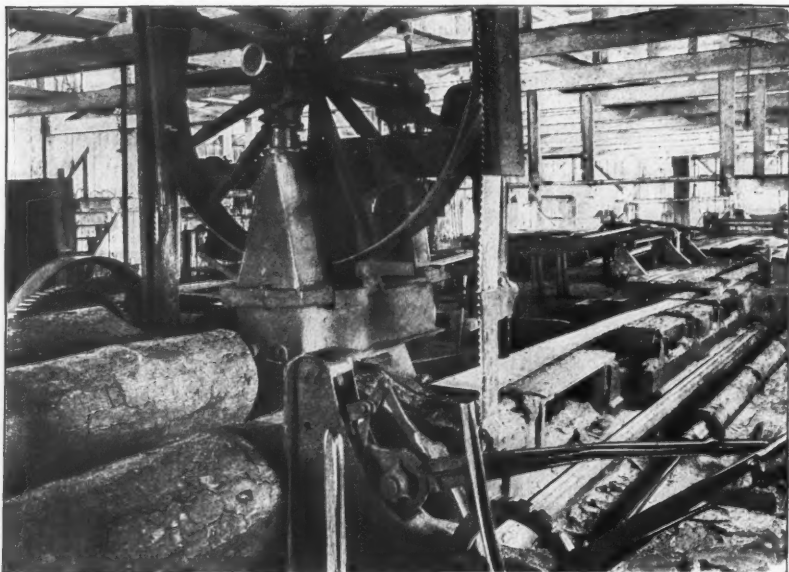


SUNDAY IN A LOGGING-CAMP.

arrive at the mill simultaneously, the logs being mixed in the greatest confusion. They are then identified by each company's brand on the end, assorted into private booms and formally turned over to the milling company.

In the yellow-pine districts of the Southern States but little rafting is done. Here the country is comparatively level, and the cost of driving a rough logging railroad through the wilderness is small. This offers a much better assurance of a steady supply of logs. In these sections logging goes on throughout the entire year. Logs cut during the summer months, while the sap is up, are quickly attacked by worms

Logging in the Pacific Coast States, where the trees grow to such enormous size, necessitates the employment of radically different methods from what are used in other parts of the United States. Here the donkey-engine, a modification of the steam skidder, furnishes the motive-power for moving the heavy sticks. It consists of a small upright engine fitted with a drum or capstan upon which winds a long wire cable. Such an engine is firmly planted at intervals alongside a rough roadway, leading from river or mill to cutting area. The logs are fastened end to end in long strings; each engine then in turn drags them through the length of its cable. To



By courtesy of the United States Geological Survey.

INTERIOR OF MODERN SAWMILL USING BAND-SAW, VIRGINIA. DAILY CAPACITY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FEET, BOARD MEASURE.

reduce the friction of the sliding logs, the roadway is often corduroyed with small logs laid crosswise at intervals of two or three feet. This method is by far the best yet devised for moving large timber in thick forests. From the above brief outline one may get a fair conception of the magnitude of the operations necessary to keep a modern sawmill supplied with its raw material.

It is more difficult to give in so short a space a clear conception of what happens to the logs before they are ready for the shipping-car.

The logs are drawn from the pond up an incline to the second floor of the mill by an endless-chain device, which is so arranged as to deliver them to the saw at the exact moment they are needed. Inside the mill, one is bewildered by the flying machinery. Not a dozen men are in sight. Over to one side stands a man seemingly absorbed in trying to pull half a dozen levers at the same time. A great log three feet in diameter comes up on the endless chain from the pond. It reaches a certain place, the man presses a lever, the log rolls off on a "carriage"—another

lever, and heavy iron "dogs" fly up and bury themselves in the log, holding it fast. More levers now work in rapid succession—the carriage flies back and forth past a great double-edged band-saw running at lightning speed, which at each passage slices off long strips with the greatest ease. This continues until the log is "squared" on two sides, when it is thrust from the carriage, sweeps endwise into a huge gang-saw, and upon emerging from this, falls to pieces as lumber, each piece dashing away on "live rollers" to its respective place in some distant part of the stacking-yard. You look at your watch: from the time the log first appeared until the last piece goes racing out of the building, less than thirty seconds have elapsed. Yet this terrible speed is maintained from eight to twenty-four hours per day for weeks, months, even years!

It would be impossible to describe in detail, in this article, the numerous secondary processes through which the different kinds of lumber pass after leaving the gang-saw. That intended for immediate shipment travels on live rollers to the dry-houses, where it is stacked on trucks by hand. The

trucks are then hooked to an endless-chain system and creep through a long chamber heated to a high temperature by steam. From two to three days are taken to make this journey, the lumber emerging at the other end of the building dried ready for the planer. Another endless chain next takes the truck and delivers it to the planer-shed, perhaps several hundred feet away. Here it is unloaded and passed through the planer, a large, intricately constructed machine, carrying adz-like knives on revolving cylinders. As the boards pass through, these "bits" clip off a thin layer of wood from each of its four sides, leaving the surface smooth. Bits are made in many designs, cutting boards into any shape desired. As the lumber comes from the planer, it is assorted into grades and sent away on live rollers to different parts of the shipping-shed, from which it is loaded on box-cars as it is needed, and shipped to the company's lumber-yards in distant cities. Lumber not intended for immediate use and that which is to be shipped in the rough, goes directly from the saw to the drying-yards, where it is stacked in large, open piles to dry in the sun. Here accumulates the company's reserve stock, which sometimes grows to be millions of feet, the huge stacks making a city of lumber covering many acres.

One must not imagine from the above brief description that all lumbering in the United States is done upon such a stupen-

dous scale. The fact is, these large mills are the exception rather than the rule.

All sawmills, whatever their size or location, are divided into two general classes, the hardwood and the softwood mills. The former cut oak, hickory, walnut, beach, maple, gum, et cetera; the latter, white and yellow pine, cedar, fir, cypress, hemlock, spruce, and the like.

There are but few mills of the largest type cutting hardwood exclusively. The principal woods of this class are widely used for ornamental purposes, and in order to get the greatest value out of the timber, care must be taken to cut each board at a certain angle to the grain of the wood. This necessitates special machinery and extra attention, which greatly reduces the output. Some of the large mills operating in sections where the forest is composed of both hard and soft woods, have machinery for cutting both kinds of lumber. Hardwood is becoming so scarce, however, that it is now very difficult to find available areas large enough to justify the establishment of big mills. Most of the output comes from thousands of small portable mills, having a daily capacity of only three or four thousand feet, which when the supply of timber is exhausted in one locality are easily removed to another. Perhaps the greatest single consumer of hardwood in the United States is the railroad, though, of course, the bulk of this timber goes to supply the demands of manufacturers.



TRACTION-ENGINE OF ONE HUNDRED AND TEN HORSE-POWER HAULING THIRTY THOUSAND FEET OF LUMBER IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.



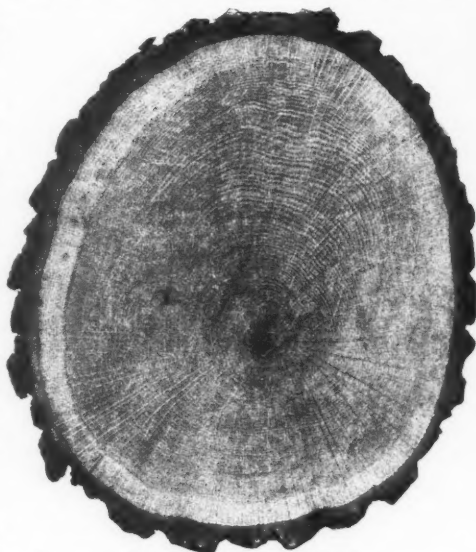
By courtesy of the United States Geological Survey.
SMALL SAWMILL USING OLD-FASHIONED CIRCULAR SAW. CAPACITY OF THIS TYPE IS FROM ONE TO TWENTY THOUSAND FEET DAILY.

Under the latter head, the stave business leads in the consumption of oak. There is no department of lumbering more choice in its selection of material, or more criminally wasteful in its methods, than this. And one might add, none which produces a finished article of so little benefit to mankind—the whisky barrel. The best grade of “whisky stave” comes from white oak. The timber must be large, straight-splitting and free from knots and “pine-worms.” To avoid knots, but a relatively small portion of the stem of even the finest trees can be used. Many of the apparently good trees turn out upon being cut to be punctured by hundreds of pine-worm holes, no larger than the head of a pencil. Though harmless to the wood for ordinary purposes, these holes are of sufficient size to render the timber worthless for staves.

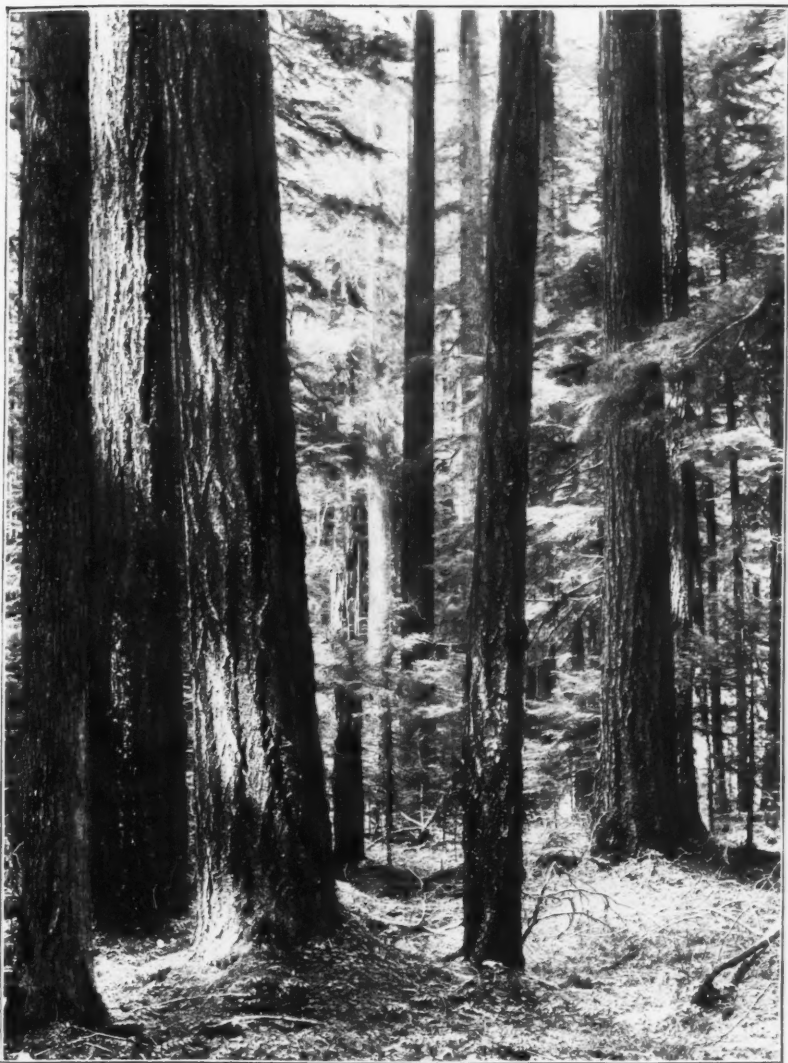
The census returns of 1900 disclosed some startling facts in regard to the timber supply of the United States. Estimates based upon these data show that in the New England States there is barely enough timber standing to furnish the mills of that section six years. At the present output, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Delaware have enough trees to last them five years. The six Southern Atlantic Coast States beat this with an ample supply for the next fifteen years. While the states of the middle South, including

also West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, may have enough left to run their present mills for twenty. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa have a three years’ cut remaining of their once magnificent forests. The three Lake States, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, which in 1890 produced thirty-six per cent. and in 1900 twenty-seven per cent. of all the lumber cut in the United States, at the present terrific rate of cutting will be completely depleted in eight years. The timber in the balance of the states east of

the Rocky Mountains is insignificant. Our main supply must eventually come from the three Pacific Coast States, Washington, Oregon and California, which, though producing only ten per cent. of the lumber, probably possess one-third of the standing timber of the United States. It is estimated that these states alone could supply the United States with her enormous demand for twenty-five years. In



By courtesy of the United States Geological Survey.
CROSS-SECTION OF OAK TREE, SHOWING GRAIN, AND RINGS OF ANNUAL GROWTH. DIFFERENCE IN DISTANCE FROM HEART TO CIRCUMFERENCE PARTLY DUE TO DIFFERENCE IN NOURISHMENT RECEIVED BY TREE.



By courtesy of the United States Geological Survey.
 IN THE RED-FIR AND HEMLOCK FORESTS OF OREGON. THESE FORESTS ARE AMONG THE FINEST
 IN THE WORLD, AND YIELD AS MUCH AS ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FEET PER ACRE.

short, by a liberal estimate we have now in the United States two thousand one hundred and fifty-six billion feet of standing timber, and we are cutting that reserve at the rate of thirty-six billion feet per year. So, allowing nothing for the growth of young trees, at the present rate of consump-

tion the forests of the United States will have entirely disappeared at the end of sixty years. Note that the above estimates are based upon the present output of groups of states, and not upon that of each taken separately.

However, we are not to expect that the

above predictions will actually be fulfilled. On the contrary, the cutting will be distributed through a far greater number of years, at the expense of the present large annual production. This will mean either a relative decrease in the consumption, or else the importation of the deficit, presumably from Canada. In either case, we may question the business sagacity of spending more than we produce, whether it be money or wood. Would it not be more in keeping with American ideas to husband the remaining forests, and by a careful national supervision over the whole wooded area, increase the production until it equals the consumption?

The question, however, is as much one of education as of legislation. The trouble seems to be in getting the public in general, and lumbermen in particular, to realize the imperative need of prompt action.

There are four great destructive agencies to be overcome, or at least greatly modified, before the growth of wood in the United States will equal its consumption. These are ignorant and indiscriminate lumbering, forest fires, disease, and the wanton waste of timber by settlers in clearing land. Each of these is a great source of waste.

Take for example the loss by forest fires. In the state of New York alone, during the year 1903, four hundred and sixty-five thousand acres were burned over, causing a clear loss to the state of over one million dollars. In the state of Washington, twelve per cent. of the total stand of timber has been cut, while seventeen per cent. has been destroyed by fire. - This loss amounts to about forty-five million dollars. We are safe in saying that within comparatively recent years, the Pacific Coast

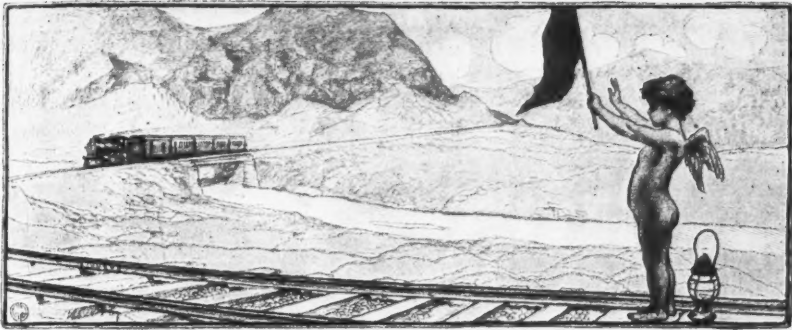
States have lost over one hundred million dollars' worth of timber by fire alone. In addition to this, in every lumbering state of the Union an incalculable loss of young forests annually occurs through the burning over of thousands upon thousands of acres of "cut" lands, covered with the dry brush and fallen tree-tops left by the lumberman.

Enormous as is this waste by fire, it is perhaps equaled by that resulting from the present extravagant methods of lumbering. The whole business is conducted upon lines diametrically opposed to conservative lumbering. Each acre is cut clean, once for all. No attempt is made to cull out only those trees which have reached maturity, leaving the young, rapid-growing ones for future use. To do this would mean an increase in the cost of production, which in some cases would prove fatal in the face of keen competition. Most lumbermen, realizing that their business is more or less a temporary one, quite naturally do not feel inclined to sacrifice a bird in the hand for a possible two in the bush; though every progressive operator realizes, poignantly, the imminent need of such action.

These and many other vital questions regarding the maintenance of an ample wood supply are problems for the practical foresters. And no body of men are more painstaking in their investigations, more accurate in their deductions, or more intensely practical in their application of results, than these. We hail the day when the principles of scientific forestry will be applied in cutting the scanty remainder of our once magnificent forests. Not until this is done can we hope to see the production of wood equal its consumption.



ONE OF THE ARKANSAS BARREL-STAVE MILLS. THEY ARE EXTRAVAGANT CONSUMERS OF OAK TIMBER; ONLY THE CHOICEST TREES ARE CUT, AND A RELATIVELY SMALL PORTION OF EACH IS TAKEN.



THE APOTHEOSIS OF WOODWARD.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

I.

GEORGE WOODWARD'S familiarity with the practical side of railroading was exhaustive. Nor was he ignorant of its theoretical aspect. Thrown on his own resources at a very early age, he had followed the natural course of youth and had drifted on the empire track—westward! The Trans-Continental Railroad, in the hope of at least approximating its name, was then pushing a tentative iron feeler across what was popularly known as the Great American Desert, and George Woodward became a humble but busy member of the construction corps. Thus he learned something of the principles of railroad engineering and acquired much knowledge of the practical work of railroad-building. When the road was completed, his ambition naturally was to "run" upon it.

From the roundhouse he went to the tender, and from the tender to the cab. The day he took out his first engine on his first run was the happiest in his life. He had reached the height of his ambition, he thought. But ambitions change—God be thanked—with passing years, and presently George Woodward did a strange thing. With a sigh of regret and a heart-pang which only those may know who have held the throttle of a great locomotive, George of his own motion deserted the front end of the train and went backward. That is, he began braking on a freight! Everybody remonstrated with him and many people called him a fool, but Woodward was wiser than his critics.

Five years of arduous labor in various capacities finally earned him a position as conductor on a first-class passenger run.

The railroad company, with rare forethought, provided reading-rooms for its employees. The superintendent of the reading-rooms was a man of liberal education, deep culture, and, what is not necessarily a concomitant of these, of sound common sense as well. His wisdom and experience were freely at Woodward's service. The books that he needed, the superintendent suggested and the company provided. The young railroad man had awakened to his educational deficiencies before it was too late to mend them, and in his rare leisure hours he became a close, hard student of books. Men, he studied daily. Women interested him but little, then. People who watched his progress, whose experience in life was not so deep as their observation had been extensive, used to say as they marked his splendid development that Woodward must have had good blood back of him somewhere—a most common statement, but undemocratic; as if the Spirit of God in a man could not be independent of human ancestry on a pinch!

Everybody on the division realized that Woodward was in line for promotion. Vacancies occurred not infrequently on such a great system as the Trans-Continental, whose tracks stretched from the Mississippi to the Pacific seaboard. It was generally believed that Woodward would get the next one. For all his experience, Woodward was still young. He

had just turned twenty-eight and he could afford to wait. Although swift as well as accurate in his methods, he possessed an ample supply of that patience without which achievement cannot be. He was a good waiter, therefore, or rather he had been until the advent of Helen Blount on the system.

Miss Blount knew the system rather well herself; nor was her knowledge of railroad-ing to be estimated lightly. That knowledge, however, had not been acquired by hard work. She saw the Trans-Continental mainly through the plate-glass windows, or from the observation-platform of her father's private car. What she knew of it she learned from him, and certainly he was fully competent to instruct her. The experienced reader will at once surmise that her father was president of the road, and to the inevitable development of stories of this kind it was necessary that Woodward should fall desperately in love with her. It would be a pity to shock the experienced reader by denying the conclusion. He, or she, is right, with this qualification, that old General Blount was the fourth vice-president, the general manager only. The president sat in his elegantly appointed suite of offices, one room at a time, in Wall Street, and manipulated stocks and bonds. General Blount ran the road, and he ran it well.

The Mountain Division which began on the edge of the desert, crossed the great divide and terminated on the edge of another desert, was the longest and hardest to run. The best men were concentrated on that division. There was always something happening to make things interesting. Although the country was as rainless during most of the year as the Sahara, at the most unexpected times clouds would gather and burst and miles of track would be washed out. The rocky cliffs of the range had an inconvenient practise of disintegrating and dumping a trainload of material on the track at the most inopportune periods. The private car of the general manager was more often seen on that division than any other. Naturally the best conductor—that was Woodward—took the great Trans-Continental flyers over that stretch of track with the private car trailing on behind.

For himself, old General Blount was intensely democratic. For his daughter, equally exclusive. It was an annoyance to him that Helen insisted upon accompanying him wherever he went. But the old general had no one but his daughter, and he generally acquiesced in her wishes—he had to! He used to mingle freely with his employees, and he and the division superintendent, a veteran and experienced rail-roader, would often invite Woodward back into the luxurious observation-room for consultation and discussion. Thus the poor but honest and enterprising young man met the highly educated, also beautiful and gracious, if somewhat condescending, daughter of the rich. She was a very different person from the women with whom Woodward had been ordinarily associated, worthy as they were, and she stimulated his ambition amazingly.

He desired a wider field, a more responsible position and greater authority, not merely for the opportunity for the exercise of those talents which he believed he possessed—but, above all else, because he saw her on his horizon. Indeed, she was his horizon. At first indifferent, then amused, then interested; and then, after he had taken advantage of a rare opportunity to let her see the real state of his feelings, astonished, somewhat outraged; and then hesitant, trembling on the verge—her experiences were quite as interesting as his.

Perhaps the thing that finally turned the wavering scale in her mind was the knowledge that General Blount would never permit such a thing. He was as friendly as possible with Woodward and men of his position, but then there was not the slightest possibility—so the old general might have reasoned—that Woodward or any one else would desire to marry him. When it came to his daughter, it was another thing entirely. He was as proud as Lucifer and infinitely more exclusive. Indeed, so far removed from his idea was such a possibility that his very confidence begot a carelessness of which Woodward shrewdly took advantage.

Helen's will was as strong as her father's. She did not like to be crossed any more than any other daughter of Eve. The general was a fighter, and, although no one would

have imagined it, his daughter shared his qualities. Besides, Woodward was really, in spite of certain gaucheries and roughnesses which were outward instead of inward, an admirable fellow. Being poor and honest—to make a satisfactory hero it is inevitable that he should also be good-looking and strong. He was both. He loved Helen Blount with a passion, as he would have phrased it, "as hot as a new compound oil-burner"—the simile being furnished by the species of engine that pulled his train. He hadn't risen from nothing to engineer and then gone back to the bottom again deliberately, working himself up to his present position, without exhibiting a dogged determination which boded ill for any feminine resistant heart. He literally lived for the advent of the general manager's car, and insensibly Helen Blount found herself living for the advent of the young conductor.

Grown bolder with the progress of his love-affair, Woodward had finally pleaded for her consent to his suit, but in vain. Although he was sure she loved him, she had withheld it. Naturally, therefore, he could not speak to her father. Being an honorable young man, distinguished by the general's friendship, he chafed under the situation. There are seasons in which the wisest, the bravest, the most determined of men are helpless; and these are those that depend upon a young woman's "yes" or "no." Helen could not say "no" and she would not say "yes." Matters dragged along in this way until Woodward finally took the bull by the horns—meaning the general, not Helen.

For once Helen did not accompany her father over the division on this particular inspection. Woodward, therefore, found the general alone. He told him, bluntly enough, for he was not a man of a great deal of finesse—that is the veneer of civilization which Woodward had not been able to acquire—that he loved his daughter, that he believed she loved him, and that he wished to marry her. Contrary to his expectation, the old man did not explode. The audacity of the situation amused the general. What was the use of losing temper over the preposterous, the impossible?

"Have you spoken to Miss Blount?" he asked.

"I have, sir."

"Umph! What did she say?"

"She—well—"

"Did she consent to your suit?"

"Well, no, sir, not exactly."

"Did she consent in any degree whatever?"

"I must admit that—"

"Then you have no evidence at all to back up this extraordinary statement that she—er—loves you?"

"Plenty, sir."

"What is it?"

The evidence naturally being of an intangible and abstract character, it was difficult to put his meaning into words without giving offense. Woodward hesitated, opened his mouth two or three times, and finally ejaculated:

"Well, sir, I think—"

Then he stopped short, hopelessly silent.

"My boy," said the general, firmly but not unkindly, "you have been thinking too much. It's dangerous, especially about women. I like you. I know all about your career and I have watched you carefully for several years. I am going to promote you—at least, I intended to do so—at the first opportunity; but you must abandon further pretense to the hand of my daughter. I have other and higher views for her than—"

"I did not believe there was anything higher than the love of an honest man, sir."

"I hope," said the general, sharply, "that the fact that I have ambitions for my daughter's future which do not include you, does not necessarily involve her marriage with a scoundrel, sir!"

"Of course not, sir, but—"

"I shall speak plainly. Woodward. You are an enterprising, ambitious young man, who has accomplished much, and will accomplish much more, provided you keep your head and behave yourself; but you are not in any way, shape or form my daughter's equal, and—well, the long and short of the whole thing is—I won't have it!"

"But, sir," burst forth Woodward, impetuously, his dark face flushing, "one might argue from what I have made of myself, out of nothing, that I shall some day even rise"—it was a rash thing to say,

but the young man was thoroughly angered—"to the responsible position of general manager of the Trans-Continental."

"What!" roared General Blount.

"You said yourself just now," continued Woodward, resolutely, "that I was marked for promotion."

"I did," interrupted the other man, "but I am not going to promote you unless I am thoroughly satisfied with your conduct. Do you understand?"

"Which means to say that I must either give up my hope of my promotion or of—Miss Blount."

"By gad, sir!" ejaculated the general manager, "you have no hope of Miss Blount, sir! And but little of promotion."

"Pardon me," said Woodward, quietly, "I shall never give up hope of either."

"It happens," said the general, "that I control both Miss Blount and the promotion."

"You certainly control the promotion, but as to Miss Blount—I have my doubts."

"Your doubts and your thoughts are interesting, but they are too much for me. I do not believe that you can work for the Trans-Continental any longer. Sit down at the desk there and write out your resignation, sir! I will have a time-check made out for you immediately."

"Not work for the Trans-Continental!" gasped Woodward. "Why, I began with the road! You can't mean it! I have never worked for anything else. You can't mean to discharge me!"

"I do mean just that, unless you give me your word here and now that you will give up this foolish and ridiculous pretension to my daughter's hand."

"I wouldn't give that up for the whole system!"

"Very good. You lose both. There is the desk."

"Look here, sir," said Woodward, stoutly, "you are the general manager of this railroad and I am only a conductor, but I am a man and I believe you to be one. We boys out on the division have been proud of you and of your record as a railroad man and your older record as a soldier. I don't think any of them would be proud of you if you act this way. What would you think of me, or of any man who had an ounce of ambition, or who loved a

woman as I love your daughter—there is no insult to her in loving her, is there?—if I allowed you to bluff me this way and would say I'd give up my hopes of the young lady—God knows they are few enough!—for the sake of a job? What would you think of me?"

"I'd think you were an infernal cad, sir!" admitted the old general, somewhat impressed by this presentation of the case.

"Well, sir, I'll reconsider my decision, in part, though I don't often do it. You need not leave the road. I will send you over to the Valley Division; but mark me, sir! I am not going to take a step to bring you any nearer promotion, not a step to aid you to accomplish your absurd ambitions."

"Excuse me, general," said Woodward, "if I don't believe you."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I don't believe you're the kind of a man that would turn a deserving man down and withhold a promotion which had been earned because that man had ambitions that you thought were preposterous. The Valley Division is nothing compared with this. Railroadng there is as peaceful and quiet as floating downstream in a scow, but I'll do my best there, too. And I assure you I'll never give up my ambitions as long as I live."

II.

Thereafter, until Woodward was changed to the Valley Division, Miss Helen Blount did not accompany her father on his inspection tours. She wondered, until Woodward found means to convey to her the substance of the interview. The old general did not mention it. There was something ominous to his mind in the statement which the conductor had made to him, that he thought Helen was not indifferent to him. The general was afraid to pursue any investigations in that direction. He feared what he might find out. He was not without a shrewd suspicion that his daughter's spirit matched his own, and, like a discreet and prudent soldier, he did not want any unnecessary clashing.

Being a wise man, he trusted that absence, other scenes and companions, might obliterate impressions which he hoped were faint. Some women would have

forgotten; most men would have done so. These were a different pair. Woodward's determination increased with every day, and his passion kept pace. Helen admitted to herself that she loved him, and once that admission was made every mental objection was swept away. There are elements which are harmless and innocent when kept to themselves, but which immediately explode upon contact. These two needed but to touch each other to produce an explosion which would blow the general's house of cards about his ears irreparably.

That touch came. A year after the interview in the car, Helen, who had been sent on a foreign tour, ostensibly to improve her mind, really to purge her heart, on her return insisted upon accompanying her father once more over the line; and the general in a weak moment allowed it. The Valley Division struck off from the main line at the beginning of the Mountain Division. Woodward got off the plug passenger to which he was assigned, one evening, and his heart almost ceased its beating as his glance fell upon the general's private car. Not that the private car itself was a thing to excite a lover, but the shades of the window were not yet drawn, and in the brilliantly lighted little drawing-room he saw Helen Blount. The car was attached to the rear of No. 5, the great Trans-Continental express. The division superintendent came out of the despatcher's office at the same moment and caught sight of Woodward. Coming rapidly toward him, he remarked:

"You're just the man I want! Are you too tired to take out No. 5?"

"Too tired!" The young man's heart leaped in his bosom at the chance. He had just come in from his run and ordinarily would have refused, but here was an opportunity that he had never hoped for. "Certainly not!" he exclaimed. "I will take her out gladly. What's the matter?"

"Sylvester's ill and I have no one to send but you. Go in and get your orders. She's been here twenty-five minutes already"—he hauled out his watch—"she's due to leave now."

Woodward turned and ran into the despatcher's office. The division superintendent walked down the track toward the

general manager's car. The general met him.

"Who is going to take the train out?" he asked.

He knew that Sylvester, the regular conductor, had been taken suddenly ill, and that they were rather short of trainmen on the division from various causes.

"Woodward," answered the division superintendent. "He has just come in off his own run and gladly acceded to my request that he take you over the Mountain Division. He used to run on that division, you know."

"Umph!" said the general. "Yes, I know. On second thoughts, Smithson, I think you can detach my car and let No. 7 take it over. There is less than an hour's difference between the two trains, anyway, and it will give me a little more time here."

It happened that No. 7, the other Trans-Continental west-bound train, followed No. 5 across the continent at an interval of about half an hour. The arrival of the west-bound passengers at the eastern terminus rendered it necessary to run these two trains in that way, instead of having one a morning, and the other an evening, train.

Helen had been standing by her father when Smithson entered the car, and her father had felt the start she had given at the mention of Woodward's name. He was determined that those two should not meet. Under the circumstances, there was nothing else for the general to do, when he heard that Woodward was to take the train out, but to delay his car for No. 7. He could not in decency object to Woodward's taking the train over the division, but he could detach his car. He would have stopped over a day at Diamond, the division terminus, had it not been imperative for him to reach San Francisco as soon as possible. He did the next best thing.

As Woodward came out of the despatcher's office with his orders, he saw a yard engine slowly backing up to the rear of his train. He ran down there, but there was nothing that he could do. The general nodded and smiled satirically at him from the platform. Resolutely thrusting herself past her father's portly form until she could see the rear end of the train

from which the car had been drawn, Helen also nodded and smiled—not satirically—at him. After a year's separation, even a smile and a nod counted for much. Disappointed at the cutting off of the car, but cheered by the glimpse he had caught of the woman he loved, Woodward gave the signal for No. 5 to pull out.

The train was a double-header. Going west there were some very heavy grades to be overcome, to which even the big oil-burning compounds of the division, the finest passenger engines in the world, were unequal. The train was a heavy one, but most of its occupants were through passengers, there being little local traffic on the division, and having once gone through the long line of cars, there was little to distract the mind of the conductor from the running of his train.

In that and in the knowledge that Helen Blount was coming along rapidly behind him on No. 7, Woodward found ample food for reflection. The first hundred miles of the journey passed without mishap. At Himalaya, a little water-station on the top of the mountain, he got orders to run to Delhi siding and there side-track for No. 4, the east-bound limited. Delhi siding was on the other side of the mountain, about twenty-five miles away. A hot box had made him ten minutes late, but still he had sixty minutes to make the siding. It would take all of that, on account of the grades.

Sometimes when work was light or when the emergency was critical, Woodward rode on the engine. The track from Himalaya to Delhi was the crookedest, the most difficult and dangerous stretch on the system. As he handed the engineer his orders, he swung himself into the cab of the forward locomotive. The fireman offered to give him his seat, but Woodward motioned him to stay where he was, it being a rather nice job so to manipulate the oil-valves as to keep the fire going in the proper way. Both engines were oil-burners of the most improved type. Woodward stood in the narrow space between the tender and the engine, peering out ahead from time to time into the pitchy darkness, illuminated for a long distance by the splendid electric headlight—a miniature searchlight, in fact.

The run was made without incident of any sort, save that they rather lost time on account of an unusually heavy train. They crossed the divide about twelve miles from the siding at Delhi, and in order to get there in time the engineers opened up and the train raced down the mountain, taking the curves at a prodigious speed. The engineer and fireman and Woodward intently watched the track ahead. Coming around one of the sharpest curves, which prevented a sight of the track before them, Woodward, who was leaning far out, thought he detected a faint grayness over the top of the high mountain on a shoulder at the foot of which the road ran. He swung into the cab, touched the engineer and pointed. The man nodded, instantly shut off the steam and shoved up the reversing lever. He had not completed these movements, rapid as they were, before a bright blaze of light shot into view upon the track a few hundred feet directly in front of them.

It was No. 4, the limited they had been ordered to pass at Delhi siding, five miles away! There was some frightful mistake, for she was turning the curve and coming down upon them at a speed which almost matched their own. Woodward had slipped back, as before, between the cab and the tender. He dropped down instantly to the step and held on for a second, while the engineer put on the air. Woodward knew the place like a book. The roadbed was cut out of the mountain close to its base. For ten feet the cut to the side wall was covered with broken rock. To stay on the engine was death. To jump on the broken rock was death also. Woodward had about a second to decide what he must do. One glance he shot at the roaring monster hurling itself upon them in a blaze of electric light. Then he jumped.

The woman who hesitates is said to be lost, but why the problem should be confined to the feminine gender is not obvious. Either possibility of the situation was enough for an ordinary man, but that moment of hesitation had subjected Woodward to the perils of both of them, for he not only fell on the rocks, but as he struck he was in the midst of the collision as well.



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"TO STAY ON THE ENGINE WAS DEATH. TO JUMP ON THE BROKEN ROCK WAS DEATH ALSO."

The terrific force of the impact demolished the engine of the limited and the first engine of No. 5. The tender of the other engine, which was also smashed into scrap-iron, was hurled upon him where he lay at the foot of the excavation. The limited contained nothing but Pullman cars, consequently No. 5 got the worst of the collision. The baggage, mail, smoking-car and two coaches were shattered into splinters. Even the first two or three of the Pullmans on the rear end were badly damaged.

As the conductor leaped, he heard the roar of the collision, and the broken tender of the second engine fell over upon him. The blaze of light which had been about him as he jumped was succeeded by intense darkness, and he knew nothing more. How long it continued, he could not tell. Indeed, he did not speculate upon it, for his first thought, when consciousness returned, was his duty. Strange to say, he felt no especial pain. He found by cautious experiment that he could move one leg and one arm. The others appeared to be held down by something. What it was, he could not at first divine. He felt about vaguely in the darkness with both free members, and discovered at last that he was lying not upon the rocks but upon something soft and sticky, upon some earth that had been washed into the bottom of the cut. He reasoned slowly, but with increasing clearness. Something—he recognized what it was presently—had fallen upon him. Light came to him, as his mind cleared, from the blazing cars upon the track. Not enough to enable him to see, however, but enough to permit him to realize.

He was the conductor of that train. It was his train and he ought to be there. Then flashed into his mind the fact that No. 7 was following close on his heels—was only thirty minutes behind him! The wreck had occurred just at the apex of the curve. It could not be seen from the other side by the approaching train unless the light from the blazing cars might give warning, which from the topography was so unlikely as to be almost unthinkable. It was too faint a possibility to be depended upon. He wondered if the rear brakeman had been hurt, and if not hurt, whether he had done his duty in flagging that

train. While these thoughts passed through his mind, he was making efforts to free himself. The softness of the ground about him he discovered to be due to water from the broken tank, which had flooded the spot where he lay. Groping about, he found at last a passage to freedom and by a superhuman effort he hauled himself clear of the weight pinning him down and dragged himself from under the remains of the tender.

He realized then that he was badly burned. His clothing was in rags. His face had been swept by fire, but his arm providentially had fallen across his mouth and he had not inhaled the flame. Indeed, he would have been burned to death had not the rush of water dashed the oil—fortunately, the oil-tank had been almost empty—and fire away from him. Under other circumstances he could not have walked a step, but as he writhed along the ground toward the blazing wreck he realized that Helen Blount was on No. 7!

How he did it, neither he nor any one else ever knew. He crawled along, finding as he did so that one of his arms was broken, and finally staggered to his feet and started down the track in the direction whence his train had come.

As he passed the rear Pullman, he took one of the lanterns from it in default of any other signal. He rounded the curve and staggered on to the entrance of the cañon, through which the track came sweeping a few rods before the curve was reached. There was no sign of the brakeman. He had for some reason failed to go back and warn the train. Woodward must go on!

He was in great pain now, suffering horribly. His chest felt as if he had been beaten to a pulp with a hammer. His broken arm dangled uselessly by his side. Blood trickled into his mouth, from where he could not tell, and nearly choked him. The pain in his legs and his body caused by his burns was something frightful. Will alone kept him up. To stop would be to die. He kept resolutely on. It seemed to him that it took him hours to take a step. Really, he ran frantically up the track. It was well that he did so. He had lain insensible for nearly half an hour. There was no time to be lost. Just as he

plunged into the mouth of the cañon he heard the roar of No. 7's locomotives. Thank God, he was in time! He had just strength enough to lift the lantern and wave it several times, and then he fell to the track.

The engineers of No. 7 acted promptly. They brought their great train to a sudden standstill with the pilot of the leader just touching the prostrate figure of Woodward. It was about ten o'clock at night. Most of the passengers were asleep. But General Blount and his daughter happened to be awake. The general, as he felt the air put on, realized that something was wrong. Nodding to Helen to wait for him, he ran to the door of the car, scrambled down to the track, and hastened toward the head of the train. Helen did not wait. She followed her father and joined the little group of engineers, firemen and trainmen just in front of the engine ahead.

"What's the matter?" panted the general, coming up out of the darkness into the circle cast by the electric headlight.

"The train's been flagged, sir," said Digby, the conductor. "Something has happened, evidently."

"Who is this?" exclaimed General Blount, stepping toward a group which gave way to him.

"It's one of the negro porters. I think," answered an engineer who was kneeling by the side of the stricken man; and just then Helen appeared on the scene.

"What is it, father? Has there been—— Oh, who is that?"

She looked down on the senseless figure of a man, his clothing torn to shreds.

"It's Mr. Woodward!" exclaimed the girl. "My God! Is he dead?"

"No, ma'am, not yet," said the engineer, giving way to her as she dropped to the ground and took the man's head in her arms. She did not lose her presence of mind yet—there would be time for that later.

"Water, some one!" she cried. "And whisky!"

Both were forthcoming, the water from the tender, the whisky from the general's pocket-flask.

Between the two, assisted it may be by some consciousness of the overwhelming

affection of the woman whose every restraint gave way at the side of her lover dying, perhaps dead, in her arms, Woodward opened his eyes.

"No. 4 and No. 5—are afire in the—ditch on—the curve!" he whispered, not recognizing anybody in the blaze of light. "My orders!" he continued, endeavoring to raise his hand. He must justify himself before he died, he felt.

With quick intuition, the trainmen realized what he meant by those words. The conductor knelt down, thrust his hand into Woodward's coat and pulled out his last train order.

"Read!" gasped the prostrate man.

"No. 5 will take siding at Delhi at 9:25 until No. 4 passes," read Digby.

"I obeyed orders," said Woodward, in weak triumph. "They need help—yonder," he gasped out, and then fainted.

By this time the roadway was swarming with excited passengers.

"There has been a wreck; they need help," said the general, promptly. "Everybody go forward."

He himself set the example by leading the way. This time Helen did not follow. She had more pressing business close at hand. With assistance from the two firemen, an improvised stretcher was rigged, and presently Woodward awoke to consciousness in Helen's own dainty bed in the private car. There happened to be two physicians passengers on the train, and one of them Helen had detained to assist Woodward. But that young man would not hear of any attention being paid him.

"There are others yonder," he gasped; "go to them, for God's sake! You can do nothing for me."

There was really nothing very much that any one could do for him then, and the physician, appreciating the situation, left him to Helen. She did all she could. She loosened his clothing, removed his shoes, bathed his face and administered the stimulants that the doctor had left with her. She knew now beyond all doubting that she loved him. She had known it all the time, but had admitted it almost against her will. Now everything was swept away in the knowledge that perhaps it was too late. She hung over him with all her heart and soul in her

glance. She would have given her life itself for his then and there, but there was nothing she could do. That sense of impotent helplessness which adds the last poignancy to anguish when we contemplate the sufferings of those we love, was hers. The nervous shock, which had afforded a certain amount of relief to Woodward, was gone, and he lay there in agony inexpressible. But because he was a man, and a gentleman, and a lover, he strove as best he could to control himself, for her sake more than for his own.

"Oh," she said, at last, "if I could only do something to help you!"

"You can," he whispered, heroically. "Smile at me, Helen—when you see me suffering the hardest—and I'll smile back—as long as I can."

Poor Woodward! When the general returned from the wreck, he found Woodward insensible and Helen dry-eyed and white-faced, broken-hearted, by his side.

The story of the run of No. 7 with its cargo of sufferers back to the division headquarters, was one that was often told. Woodward had a tenacious hold upon life and the breath was still in him when they took him to the hospital.

The general was soldier enough to know when he was beaten. One look at Helen's face when she said, "Futher, I love him," in answer to his inquiring glance, convinced him that the game was up and nothing would prevent the marriage to which he was so strongly opposed, except the death of Woodward.

No one could have wished that. The division, indeed the whole country, so soon as the story was told, rang with his heroism. There was something magnificently dramatic in the running of that broken, burned figure, wounded almost to death—in the picture of that body collapsing on the track, the lantern still in hand, in front of No. 7—which appealed to every heart; for Woodward's action undoubtedly saved No. 7 from plunging into the wreck of the other two trains, in which case there would have been a greater catastrophe.

And there were hints of a romance, too. Those Western railroad men were keen.

They knew "a hawk from a handsaw," and that Helen Blount loved the heroic conductor was plain to every one when she had gathered him in her arms in front of the pilot on that eventful night. Everybody wondered what the old general would do. The old general rose to the occasion. Woodward had been unconscious in the hospital for a long time, but so soon as he recovered sufficiently to understand what was going on about him, the general and his daughter came to see him. The girl insisted on seeing her lover first, and alone.

Woodward's first question had been for the safety of No. 7 and the woman he loved. The nurses had given him ample assurance upon both points. If he had needed more, the presence of Helen Blount was enough. She had been warned, and indeed she realized from her faithful attendance upon her gallant lover, that he must not be excited. She wanted to let him know her feelings, however, and when she knelt down beside his cot in the private room, that he might more easily see her, or that she might get nearer to him, she bent her lips to his thin, scarred hand lying on the cover.

"Is that the best you can do?" he whispered.

Then she kissed him on the lips.

"Does that mean——"

"It means everything you wish—if you will only live and get well—for me," she said, and then her father entered the room.

He sighed deeply as Helen rose to her feet in some confusion. But he was a good loser, after all.

"Woodward," he said, "you must get well now. I have just made you superintendent of the Mountain Division, vice Smithson, transferred. Will you take the position?"

"Does the lady go with the job?" asked the sick man.

The general looked at Helen and Helen looked at the general.

"Yes, I go," said the girl, softly.

"Yes, she goes," echoed the general, reluctantly, it must be admitted.

"I accept your offer," said Woodward, smiling up at the pair.



BY HERBERT GEORGE WELLS.

BOOK THREE: THE HARVEST OF THE
FOOD.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.—THE GIANT LEAGUER.

(Concluded.)

In "The Food of the Gods" Mr. Wells has produced a story of thrilling incident, while offering philosophic suggestion that will give employment to the most profound mind. It is "Gulliver's Travels" brought up to the twentieth century. The discovery by two English scientists of a food having the effect that every animal which partakes of it grows to enormous size, results in many curious and extraordinary events. The Food is given to children and gradually spreads to different quarters of the globe, and in the course of time the first of a race of giants grow to manhood and womanhood. They stand for a future race, the product of modern scientific advancement, untrammelled by tradition and obsolete custom. Against them the mass of mankind finds itself compelled to take a stand.

II.

HE was roused from his thoughts by the stopping of his train in Chiselhurst station. He recognized the place by the huge rat alarm-tower that crested Camden Hill, and the row of blossoming giant hemlocks that lined the road. Caterham's private secretary came to him from the other carriage and told him that half a mile farther the line had been wrecked and the rest of the journey was to be made in a motor-car. Redwood descended upon a platform lighted only by a hand-lantern and swept by the cool night-breeze. The quiet of that derelict, wood-set, weed-embedded suburb—for all the inhabitants had taken refuge in London at the outbreak of yesterday's conflict—became instantly impressive. His conductor took him down the steps to where a motor-car was waiting with blazing lights—the only lights to be seen—handed him over to the care of the driver, and bade him farewell.

"You will do your best for us," he said, as he held Redwood's hand.

So soon as Redwood could be wrapped

about, they started out into the night. At one moment they stood still, and then the motor-car was rushing softly and swiftly down the station incline. They turned one corner and another, followed the windings of a lane of villas, and then before them stretched the road. The motor droned up to its topmost speed, and the black night swept past them. Everything was very dark under the starlight, and the whole world crouched mysteriously and was gone without a sound. Not a breath stirred the flying things by the wayside; the deserted pallid-white villas on either hand, with their black unlighted windows, reminded him of a noiseless procession of skulls. The driver beside him was a silent man, or stricken into silence by the conditions of his journey. He answered Redwood's brief questions in monosyllables, and gruffly. Athwart the southern sky the beams of searchlights waved noiseless passes—the sole strange evidences of life they seemed in all that derelict world about the hurrying machine.

The road was presently bordered on either side by gigantic blackthorn shoots that made it very dark, and by tall grass

and big campions, huge giant dead-nettles as high as trees, flickering past darkly in silhouette overhead. Beyond Keston they came to a rising hill, and the driver went slow. At the crest he stopped. The engine throbbed and became still. "There," he said, and his big gloved finger pointed a black misshapen thing before Redwood's eyes.

Far away, as it seemed, the great embankment, crested by the blaze from which the searchlights sprang, rose up against the sky. Those beams went and came among the clouds and the hilly land about them as if they traced mysterious incantations.

"I don't know," said the driver, at last, and it was clear he was afraid to go on.

Presently a searchlight swept down the sky to them, stopped, as it were, with a start, and scrutinized them—a blinding stare confused rather than mitigated by an intervening monstrous weed-stem or so. They sat with their gloves held over their eyes, trying to look under them and meet that light.

"Go on," said Redwood, after a while.

The driver still had his doubts. He tried to express them, and died down to "I don't know" again.

At last he ventured on. "Here goes," he said, and roused his machinery to motion again, followed intently by that great white eye.

To Redwood it seemed for a long time that they were no longer on earth, but in a state of palpitating hurry through a luminous cloud. Teuf, teuf, teuf, teuf, went the machine, and ever and again, obeying I know not what nervous impulse, the driver sounded his horn.

They passed into the welcome darkness of a high-fenced lane, and down into a hollow and past some houses into that blinding stare again. Then for a space the road ran naked across a down, and they seemed to hang throbbing in immensity. Once more giant weeds rose about them and whirled past. Then, quite abruptly, close upon them loomed the figure of a giant, shining brightly where the searchlight caught him below and black against the sky above. "Hullo there!" he cried, and "Stop! There's no more road beyond. Is that Father Redwood?"

Redwood stood up and gave a vague shout by way of answer, and then Cossar was in the road beside him, gripping both hands with both of his and pulling him out of the car.

"What of my son?" asked Redwood.

"He's all right," said Cossar. "They've hurt nothing serious in him."

"And your lads?"

"Well. All of them well. But we've had to make a fight for it."

The giant was saying something to the motor-driver. Redwood stood aside as the machine wheeled round, and then suddenly Cossar vanished, everything vanished, and he was in absolute darkness for a space. The glare was following the motor back to the crest of the Keston hill. He watched the little conveyance receding in that white halo. It had a curious effect as though it was not moving at all and the halo was. A group of war-blasted giant elders flashed into gaunt, scarred gesticulations, and were swallowed again by the night. Redwood turned to Cossar's dim outline again and clasped his hand.

"I have been shut up and kept in ignorance," he said, "for two whole days."

"We fired the Food at them," said Cossar. "Obviously! Thirty shots. Eh?"

"I come from Caterham."

"I know you do." He laughed with a note of bitterness. "I suppose he's wiping it up."

III.

"Where is my son?" said Redwood, with the reiteration of a weary man.

"He is all right. The giants are waiting for your message."

"Yes, but my son——"

He passed with Cossar down a long slanting tunnel that was lighted red for a moment and then became dark again, and came out presently into the great pit of shelter the Giants had made.

Redwood's first impression was of an enormous arena bounded by very high cliffs and with its floor greatly encumbered. It was in darkness save for the passing reflections of the watchman's searchlights that whirled perpetually high overhead, and for a red glow that came and went from a distant corner where two Giants worked together amidst a metallic clangor.

Against the sky his eye caught the familiar outlines of the old workshops and playsheds as the glare came about. They were hanging now, as it were, at a cliff brow and strangely twisted and distorted with the guns of Caterham's bombardment. There were suggestions of huge gun-emplacements above there, and nearer were piles of mighty cylinders that were perhaps ammunition. All about the wide space below, the forms of great engines and incomprehensible bulks were scattered in vague disorder. The Giants appeared and vanished among these masses and in the uncertain light; great shapes they were, not disproportionate to the things amidst which they moved. Some were actively employed, some sitting and lying as if they courted sleep, and one near at hand, whose body was bandaged, lay on a rough litter of pine-boughs and was certainly asleep. Redwood peered at these dim forms; his eyes went from one stirring outline to another.

"Where is my son, Cossar?"

Then he saw him.

His son was sitting under the shadow of a great wall of steel. He presented himself as a black shape recognizable only by his pose; his features were invisible. He sat, chin upon hand, as though weary or lost in thought. Beside him, Redwood discovered the figure of the princess, the dark suggestion of her merely; and then as the glow from the distant iron returned, he saw for an instant, red-lit and tender, the infinite kindness of her shadowed face. She stood looking down upon her lover with her hand resting against the steel. It seemed that she whispered to him.

Redwood would have gone toward them.

"Presently," said Cossar. "First there is your message."

"Yes," said Redwood, "but——"

He stopped. His son was now looking up and speaking to the princess, but in too low a tone for them to hear. He raised his face and she bent down toward him, and glanced aside before she spoke.

"But if we are beaten——" They heard the voice of young Redwood.

She paused, and the red blaze increased to show her eyes bright with unshed tears. She bent over him and spoke still lower.

There was something so intimate and private in their bearing, in their soft tones, that Redwood, Redwood who had thought for two whole days of nothing but his son, felt himself intrusive there. Abruptly he was checked. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he realized how much more a son may be to his father than a father can ever be to a son; he realized the full predominance of the future over the past. Here between these two he had no part. His part was played. He turned to Cossar, in the instant realization. Their eyes met. His voice was changed to the tone of a gray resolve.

"Let me deliver my message," he said.

The place was so enormous and so encumbered that it was a long and tortuous route to the place from which Redwood could speak to be heard by all.

He and Cossar plunged presently into a descending way that passed beneath an arch of interlocking machinery and so came along a vast, deep gangway that ran athwart the bottom of the pit. This gangway, wide and vacant, and yet relatively narrow, conspired with everything about it to enhance Redwood's sense of his own littleness. It became, as it were, an excavated gorge. High overhead, separated from him by immeasurable cliffs of darkness, the searchlights wheeled and blazed, and the shining shapes went to and fro. Giant voices called to one another above there, calling the Giants together to the council of war, to hear the terms that Caterham had sent. The gangway still inclined downward toward black vastnesses, toward shadows and mysteries and inconceivable things, into which Redwood went slowly with reluctant footsteps and Cossar with a confident stride.

Redwood's thoughts were busy. They passed into the completest darkness, and Cossar took his wrist. They went now slowly perforce. Redwood was moved to speak.

"All this," he said, "is strange."

"Big," said Cossar.

"Strange. And strange that it should be strange to me—me, who am, in a sense, the beginning of it all. It's——"

He stopped, wrestling with his elusive meaning, and threw a gesture at the cliff.

"I have not thought of it before. I

have been busy and the years have passed. But here I see—— It is a new generation, Cossar, and new emotions and new needs. All this, Cossar——”

Cossar saw his dim gesture to the things about them.

“All this is Youth.”

Cossar made no answer, and his irregular footfalls went striding on.

“It isn’t *our* youth, Cossar. They are taking things over. They are beginning upon their own emotions, their own experiences, their own way. We have made a new world, and it isn’t ours. This great place——”

“I planned it,” said Cossar, his face close.

“But now?”

“I have given it to my sons.” Redwood could feel the loose wave of the arm that he could not see.

“That is it. We are over—or almost over.”

“Your message!”

“Yes. And then——”

“Of course we are out of it,” said Cossar, with his familiar note of sudden anger. “Of course we are. Obviously. A bit, anyhow. Naturally. Each man for his own time. And now—it’s their time beginning. That’s all right. It doesn’t follow because we’ve made a world we’re the right sort to live in it. Obviously not. Excavator’s gang. We do our job and go. See? We work out all our little brains and all our little emotions, and then this lot begins afresh. Fresh and fresh! Perfectly simple. What’s the trouble? It’s the obvious, sensible way.”

He paused to guide Redwood to some steps.

They felt their way up the steps in silence.

“That is what Death is for,” said Cossar, suddenly. “How else could the thing be done? That is what Death is for.”

IV.

After devious windings and ascents, they came out upon a projecting ledge from which it was possible to see over the greater extent of the Giants’ pit, and from which Redwood might make himself heard by the whole of their assembly. The Giants were already gathered below and about

him at different levels, to hear the message he had to deliver. The eldest son of Cossar stood on the bank overhead watching the countryside for the revelations of the searchlights, for they feared a breach of the truce. The workers at the great apparatus in the corner stood out clear in their own light; they were near stripped; they turned their faces toward Redwood, but with a watchful reference ever and again to the castings that they could not leave. He saw these nearer figures with a fluctuating indistinctness, by lights that came and went, and the remoter ones still less distinctly. They came from and vanished again into the depths of great obscurities. For these Giants had no more light than they could help in the pit, so that their eyes might be ready to see effectually any attacking force that might spring upon them out of the wall of darknesses around.

But ever and again some chance glare would pick out and display this group or that of tall and powerful forms—the Giants from Sunderland clothed in overlapping metal plates, and the others clad in leather, in woven rope or in woven metal, as their conditions had determined. They sat amidst, or rested their hands upon, or stood erect among, machines and weapons as mighty as themselves, and all their faces, as they came and went, from visible to invisible, had steadfast eyes.

He made an effort to begin and did not do so. Then for a moment his son’s face glowed out in a hot insurgence of the fire, his son’s face looking up to him, tender as well as strong; and at that he found a voice to reach them all, speaking across a gulf, as it were, to his son.

“I come from Caterham,” he said.

“He sent me to you, to tell you the terms he offers.”

He paused. “They are impossible terms. I know, now that I see you here all together, they are impossible terms, but I brought them to you because I wanted to see you all—and my son. Once more. I wanted to see my son.”

“Tell them the terms,” said Cossar to Redwood.

“This is what Caterham offers. He wants you to go apart and leave his world.”



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.

"HE FOUND A VOICE TO REACH THEM ALL, SPEAKING ACROSS A GULF, AS IT WERE, TO HIS SON."

"Where?"

"He does not know: Vaguely, somewhere in the world a great region is to be set apart. And you are to make no more of the Food, to have no children of your

own, to live in your own way for your own time, and then to end forever."

He stopped.

"And that is all?"

"That is all."

There followed a great stillness. The darkness that veiled the Giants seemed to look thoughtfully at him.

He sat down on a chair that had been brought for him, a queer fragment of doll's furniture, amidst these piled immensities. He crossed his legs and then put one across the knee of the other, and clutched his boot nervously, and felt small and self-conscious and acutely visible and absurdly placed. Then at the sound of a voice he forgot himself again.

"You have heard, Brothers," said this voice out of the shadows.

And another answered: "We have heard."

"And the answer, Brothers?"

"To Caterham?"

"Is No!"

"And then?"

There was a silence for the space of some seconds.

Then a voice said: "These people are right. After their lights, that is. They have been right in killing all that grew larger than its kind, beast and plant and all manner of great things that arose. They were right in trying to massacre us. They are right now in saying we must not marry our kind. According to their lights they are right. They know—it is time that we also knew—that you cannot have pigmies and giants in one world together. Caterham has said that again and again clearly—their world or ours."

"We are not half a hundred now," said another, "and they are millions upon millions."

"So it may be. But the thing is as I have said."

Then another long silence.

"And are we to die, then?"

"God forbid!"

"Are they?"

"No."

"But that is what Caterham says! He would have us live out our lives, die one by one, till only one remains, and he at last would die also, and they would cut down all the giant plants and weeds, kill all the giant under-life, burn out the traces of the Food—make an end to us and to the Food forever. Then the little pigmy world would be safe. They would go on—safe forever—living their little pigmy

lives, doing pigmy kindnesses and pigmy cruelties each to the other. They might even perhaps attain a sort of pigmy millennium, make an end to war, make an end to overpopulation, sit down in a world-wide city to practise pigmy arts, worshipping one another till the world begins to freeze."

In the corner a sheet of iron fell in thunder to the ground.

"Brothers, we know what we mean to do."

In a spluttering of light from the search-lights, Redwood saw earnest, youthful faces turning to his son.

"It is easy now to make the Food. It would be easy for us to make Food for all the world."

"You mean, Brother," said a voice out of the darkness, "that it is for the little people to eat the Food?"

"What else is there to do?"

"We are not half a hundred and they are many millions."

"But we held our own."

"So far."

"If it is God's will, we may still hold our own."

"Yes. But think of the dead!"

Another voice took up the strain. "The dead," it said. "Think—think of the unborn."

"Brothers," came the voice of young Redwood, "what can we do? What can we do but fight them, and if we beat them, make them take the Food? They cannot help but take the Food now. Suppose we were to resign our heritage and do this folly that Caterham suggests! Suppose we could! Suppose we give up this great thing that stirs within us, repudiate this thing our fathers did for us, that *you*, Father, did for us, and pass, when our time has come, into decay and nothingness! What then? Will this little world of theirs be as it was before? They may fight against greatness in us who are the children of men, but can they conquer? Even if they should destroy us every one, what then? Would it save them? No! For greatness is abroad, not only in us, not only in the Food, but in the purpose of all things. It is in the nature of all things, it is part of space and time. To grow, still to grow, from first to last,

that is Being, that is the law of life. What other law can there be?"

"To help others?"

"To grow. It is still, to grow. Unless we help them to fail."

"They will fight hard to overcome us," said a voice.

And another: "What of that?"

"They will fight," said young Redwood. "If we refuse these terms, I doubt not they will fight. Indeed, I hope they will be open and fight. If, after all, they make a peace, it will be only the better to catch us unawares. Make no mistake, Brothers; in some way or other they will fight. The war has begun and it can end only in victory. Unless we are wise, we may find presently that we have lived only to make them better weapons against our children and our kind. This, so far, has been only the dawn of battle. All our lives will be a battle. Some of us will be killed in battle, some of us will be waylaid. There is no easy victory, no victory whatever that is not more than half defeat for us. Be sure of that. What of that? If only we keep a foothold, if only we leave behind us a growing host to fight when we are gone!"

"And to-morrow?"

"We will scatter the Food, we will saturate the world with the Food."

"Suppose they come to terms?"

"Our terms are the Food. It is not as though little and great could live together in any perfection of compromise. It is one thing or the other. What right have parents to say, 'My child shall have no light but the light I have had, shall grow no greater than the greatness to which I have grown?' Do I speak for you, Brothers?"

Assenting murmurs answered him.

"And to the children who will be women as well as to the children



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.

"THE WHITE GLARE OF ONE OF THE SEARCHLIGHTS WHEELED ABOUT AND FOR A MOMENT FELL UPON HIM."

who will be men," said a voice, from the darkness.

"Even more so—to be mothers of a new race."

"But for the next generation there must be great and little," said Redwood, with his eyes on his son's face.

"For many generations. And the little will hamper the great and the great press upon the little. So it must needs be, father."

"There will be conflict."

"Endless conflict. Endless misunderstanding. All life is that. Great and little cannot understand each other. But in every child born of man, Father Redwood, lurks some seed of greatness—waiting for the Food."

"Then I am to go to Caterham again and tell him——"

"You will stay with us, Father Redwood. Our answer goes to Caterham at dawn."

"He says that he will fight."

"So be it," said young Redwood.

"The iron waits," cried a voice, and the two Giants who were working in the corner began a rhythmic hammering. It made a sort of music to this giant theme. The metal glowed out far more brightly than it had done before, and gave Redwood a clearer view of the encampment than had yet come to him. He saw the oblong space to its full extent, with the great engines of warfare ranged ready to hand. Beyond and at a higher level, the great house of the Cossars stood. About him were the young Giants, huge and beautiful, glittering in their mail, amidst the preparations for the morrow. The sight of them lifted his heart. They were so easily powerful! They were so tall and gracious! They were so steadfast in their movements. There was his son amongst them, and the first of all Giant women, the princess.

There leaped into his mind the oddest contrast, a memory of Bensington, very bright and little—Bensington with his hand amidst the soft breast-feathers of that first great chick, standing in that conventionally furnished room of his, peering over his spectacles dubiously as Cousin Jane banged the door.

Something of his own early moods came

back with that, the days when it seemed that such things as were about him now were dreams too wildly splendid for a scientific man to entertain even in his unspoken thoughts.

And now? Here in these youths, as confident certainties, as absolute beliefs, he found all the hopes and persuasions that in the past had needed the most strenuous efforts of his faith to apprehend. What he had thought, they believed. And then it seemed to him it was impossible they could believe, or if they were so foolish as to believe then indeed they must fail. Fatigue and fever filled his veins, and his moods rose only to collapse. At the very crest of realization, in the moment of victory, his faith faltered. Could this indeed prevail? These aspirations, these promises, this tall youthfulness and high resolve? He was dreaming! The young giants were dreaming, dreaming with all the unschooled splendor of their youth. They had dreamed weapons, they had dreamed resistance. They had accomplished a colossal unreality that would crumble down to nothingness at the dawn. The seething world of little men, the world of envy and spiteful acts, the world of silly greed and witless waste and pleasure, the world of snobbish folly, of insane politics, of gambling, of filching traders and over-reaching speculations—that world which seems to have no invention, no imagination, no hope, no courage, to have nothing but a multitudinous overwhelming infection of meanness and mean necessities to bear down all who seek to face it—that world arose upon him overwhelmingly. He perceived the Giants as though they stood on a little raft of light, and all around them, blind and purposeless, tossed a boundless ocean of petty things.

He felt that it was that world which must win! That grimy, filthy old world of death in life! This was a dream, assuredly this was a dream, and he would presently wake to find himself in his study again, the Giants slaughtered, the Food suppressed and himself a prisoner locked in! What else indeed was life but that—always to be a prisoner locked in? This was the culmination and end of his dream. He would wake through bloodshed and battle, to find his Food the most foolish

of fancies, and all the hope and faith he sought so earnestly to keep no more than the colored films upon a pool of bottomless decay. Littleness invincible!

So strong and deep was this despondency that he stood up and pressed his clenched hands into his eyes, and for a moment stood—fearing to open them again and see lest the dream should already have passed away.

The voices of the Giant Children spoke to one another, an undertone to that clangorous melody of the smiths. His tide of doubt ebbed. He heard the Giants' voices, he heard their movements about him still. It was real, surely it was real—as real as spiteful acts! More real, for these great things, it may be, are the coming things, and the littleness, bestiality and infirmity of men are the things that go. He opened his eyes.

"Done," cried one of the two iron-workers; and they flung their hammers down.

A voice sounded above. The son of Cossar standing on the great embankment had turned and was now speaking to them all.

"It is not that we would oust the little people from the world," he said, "in order that we, who are no more than one step upward from their littleness, may hold their world forever. It is the step we fight for and not ourselves. We are here, Brothers, to what end? To serve the spirit and the purpose that have been breathed into our lives. We fight not for ourselves—for we are but the momentary hands and eyes of the Life of the World. So you, Father Redwood, taught us.

Through us and through the little folk the Spirit looks and learns. From us by word and birth and act it must pass—to still greater lives. This earth is no resting-place, this earth is no playing-place, else indeed we might put our throats to the little people's knife, having no greater right to live than they. And they in turn might yield to the ants and vermin. We fight not for ourselves but for growth, growth that goes on forever. To-morrow, whether we live or die, growth will conquer through us. That is the law of the spirit forevermore. To grow according to the will of God! To grow out of these cracks and crannies, out of these shadows and darknesses, into greatness and the light! Greater," he said, speaking with slow deliberation, "greater, my Brothers! And then—still greater. To grow, and again to grow. To grow at last into the fellowship and understanding of God. Growing—till the earth is no more than a footstool—till the spirit shall have driven fear into nothingness, and spread—" He swung his arm heavenward: "There!"

His voice ceased. The white glare of one of the searchlights wheeled about and for a moment fell upon him, standing out gigantic with hand upraised against the sky. For one instant he shone, looking up fearlessly into the starry deeps. Just for one moment he was revealed, mail-clad, young and strong, resolute and still.

Then the light had passed, and he was no more than a great black outline against the starry sky—a great black outline that threatened with one mighty gesture the firmament of heaven and all the multitude of its stars.



A DINNER AT DELMONICO'S.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

NEW YORK dinners are changing in character. Formerly the innocuous platitude, the feeble or clever joke and the funny man were prominent upon public occasions. Nowadays one cannot get a lot of serious men together without having serious topics to discuss. The excitement of clashing thought and incisive wit may be regarded as an indispensable part of the modern entertainment when men of position come together; and the dinner is judged as a success or failure from this standpoint. No such occasion has been furnished of late as the dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce to the forty-six Filipino Commissioners, who are to spend a month at the World's Fair and two months in studying American institutions.

The dinner had been arranged to pass off on diplomatic lines. Fortunately for the world at large and for the guests of the evening, Mr. Jacob G. Schurman, the president of Cornell, had been invited as one of the speakers. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the chairman, had made some polite introductions. Bishop Potter had made some diplomatic and humorously entertaining remarks, equally with Mr. Reid avoiding the one

subject that was in everybody's mind—namely, that we had with us the representatives of a people that the United States had conquered by force of arms. As in the old days Rome brought her captives for exhibition behind the chariots of her warriors, this night at Delmonico's the Governor of the Philippines made his exhibition in the more modern and polite

way of setting the captives at the dinner-table. The exhibition of captivity was none the less real.

Those of us who had followed Mr. Schurman's evolution from the suave college president of some years ago, with hat in hand for donations and the eternal college-president smile, through a thoughtful career as head of the Philippine Civil Commission up to full manhood, speaking out his thoughts with honesty, thinking no longer in hesitating

phrases, but striking straight from the shoulder and giving his thought with absolute integrity, had waited with interest for the time when Mr. Speaker Reid would call upon him.

For five minutes after Mr. Schurman had got on his feet, we were entertained with thoughts about the saintliness of Mr.



JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.



THE FILIPINO COMMISSIONERS. T. H. FARO DE YAVIA IS THE THIRD FROM THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF THE PAGE IN THE FRONT ROW, MR. PERCISON AT HIS LEFT.

McKinley, who had appointed Mr. Schurman to the Philippine Commission. Then the words grew stronger, the voice took on a more sonorous tone, and in a few minutes the audience was listening to an impassioned appeal for Filipino independence and applauding, so it seemed, to the echo.

The majority of the Filipino Commissioners, not speaking English, did not comprehend that a volcano had suddenly exploded and what a fierce blast was rushing down over that maudlin sentiment so contrary to American institutions, which had defended our violation of American principles; and that before its force should be expended it would sweep this fungus growth from the American continent.

Ex-Governor Taft, a good man, desiring well, administering justly, but thinking feebly and not understanding what Jefferson and Franklin and Washington had in mind with reference to government, twisted nervously in his seat. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from behind his collar, and when there was applause, watched it with surprise and a look of indignation.

Then his turn came. He did not delay long in bringing his stick down over the head of his former confrère. He administered blows vigorously, and again looked surprised, and even pained, when the ap-

plause was feeble. His argument was, that while we had with us a great number of intelligent men from the Philippines, who by the way were nearly all doctors of law, doctors of philosophy or masters or bachelors of art, and while a great number of men of like character remained at home, we could not safely trust the Filipinos with independence, because there were in the islands a great number of ignorant people. He forgot that we had savages

in America in 1776, and how little the American people were prepared for independence, what a patchwork our government has been with its yearly improvement. Nor did he mention the ignorance and corrupt elements in our great cities and the boss rule which seems to make our form of government a travesty upon republican institutions. Holding such a high opinion of Mr. Taft as an administrator, his hearers expected that he would produce some good reasons for his

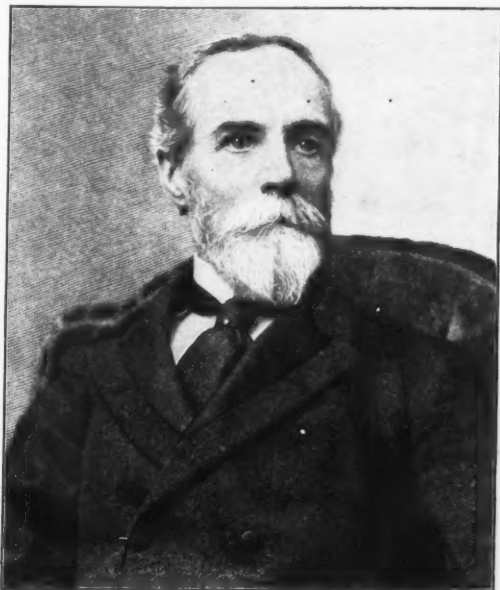


SECRETARY TAFT, FOR TWO YEARS CIVIL GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES.

belief. They could not conceive that he would present such a method of reasoning.

But it was evident that one man fully sympathized with him. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the presiding officer, arose and began in his polished way, softly, almost cooingly. But pretty soon the adjectives began to fly. With fine scorn, looking at President Schurman, he spoke of "cheap sentimentalists." It was the practical men,

according to Mr. Reid, who accomplished things in government, never the "cheap sentimentalists," and as he spoke the wonder grew that the successor of Horace Greeley could so talk. His audience wondered who were the practical men in governmental affairs—Mr. Thomas Platt, Mr. Matthew Stanley Quay, Mr. David Bennett Hill, and the like? Were they the men who had shaped what was good in our government? And who were the anti-imperialists in 1776 but the "sentimentalists"—Franklin and Jefferson and Washington? And who effected the immense revolution which swept black slavery from the United States, except the "sentimentalists"—Horace Greeley and William Lloyd Garrison and Abraham Lincoln? Had *they* done nothing to effect government? And as Mr. Reid continued, the utmost astonishment seemed to go round his audience, recollecting, as I said before, that he was the editor of Horace Greeley's New York "Tribune."

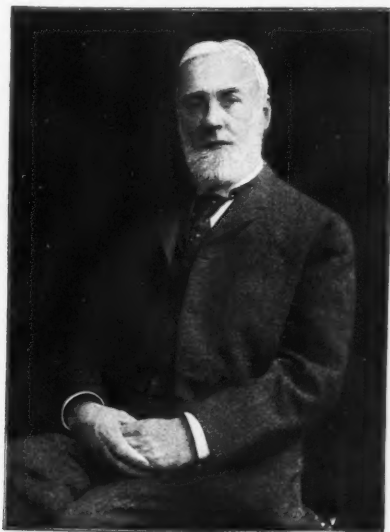
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WHITELAW REID.

Then came the one merchant speaker of the evening, Mr. Robert C. Ogden, head of John Wanamaker's, New York, a man who, under the harsh strains of business, has been constantly a student of public affairs in the broadest sense and has grown finer-charactered with each year of experience.

Smiling, and evidently trying to control himself, he proceeded platitudinously until the effort became in vain, and then he spoke this significant sentence: "We want the commerce of the Philippines! But we do not want it unless we can have it upon the highest plane of morality!" The audience applauded vigorously. Studying their faces, I was surprised to note the expression of satisfaction. I had heard that the Chamber of Commerce was a body imperialistically inclined. I may have misjudged them, but for this evening, at least, they seemed to me to delight in the same things which satisfy the most vigorous anti-imperialists.

Finally, came the great treat of the evening—a speech in Spanish by Señor de Taveia, the head of the commission. Everybody looked bored, except those who



ROBERT C. OGDEN.



BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER.

understood Spanish. The speaker was introduced with words of warmest encomium by President Reid. He began slowly and deliberately. The guests of the evening were relieved to find that his remarks were to be translated by Mr. Ferguson, who proved to be a translator of the most delightful aptitude, delivering his translation with as much fire and vigor as if the sentences sprang from his own heart. And, as I understood from the Filipino gentleman at my side, the translation of the long sentences preceding each interval was done with remarkable accuracy.

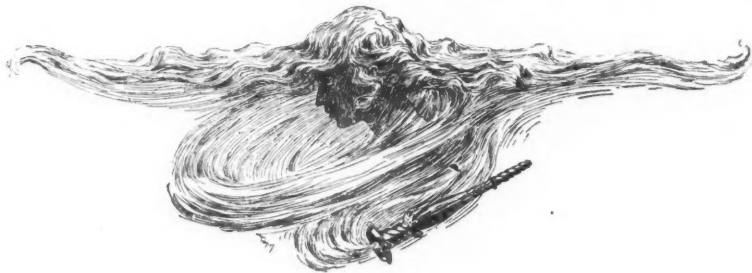
The audience expected phrases of thanks for the entertainment. They were wofully disappointed. For nearly three-fourths of

an hour they sat listening with the utmost attention to what was notably *the* speech of the evening. There were polite phrases of thanks—of appreciation for individuals, of admiration for our country; but they took up no more than one-tenth of one per cent. of Señor de Taveia's speech. He proceeded straight to the point:

"We believe ourselves amply able to administer a republic: give us the direct assurance that we shall have our independence. So far from such assurance doing harm, it will serve to pacify every dissension, voiced and armed."

He quoted Mr. McKinley's promises and Congressional action, to show how much reason the Filipino people had to hope that his statement was most reasonable. "What object could a people have to rebel who had an assurance that within a certain number of years they would have their independence with the approval of the entire American people?"

But no one at this banquet touched upon the underlying principle which really actuates American sentiment. That is, that in conquering a foreign people we depart radically, grossly and infamously from the principle on which our government is founded, namely: "That all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." This is at the bottom of our Declaration of Independence. This sentiment is deeply held in the heart of the American people. Our politicians may be corrupt. They may depart from every ideal of free government. But the legislator who believes that the American soul does not in its inmost recesses remain true to this principle will find eventually that he reckons without a knowledge of his countrymen.





A SUCCESSFUL QUEST.

The shade of Diogenes passed through the metropolis.

A cab-driver noticed him as he passed. "What are you doing around here?" said the cab-driver. "Still looking for an honest man?"

"Perhaps you can tell me where I can find one," said Diogenes.

"Certainly. You see that gilt-edged, marble-mounted mansion over yonder? Well, one of our modern magnates lives there. Go seek him."

Diogenes approached the magnate.

"Can you," he asked, "furnish me any positive evidence that you are an honest man?"

"I can," said the magnate. "I can furnish two proofs."

"And they are——?"

"A list of my securities and a list of my benefactions."

"Excellent. Do you know of another honest man?"

The magnate pointed down the avenue.

"There goes our most prominent politician," he said.

"Are you an honest man?" said Diogenes to the politician, presently.

"Sure."

"What proof can you offer?"

"Two."

"And they are——?"

"My newspaper and my constituents."

"Good! Do you know of another honest man?"

The politician smiled.

"They are rare," he admitted, "but still, to a man of your discernment, they can be found. Go to this address."

Diogenes approached the house of a man who had become a millionaire by selling a famous patent medicine, advertised not to contain any alcohol.

"Are you an honest man?" asked Diogenes once again.

"I am."

"Proof?"

The patent-medicine millionaire looked wise.

"A leading chemist," he replied, "whom I employ at a large salary."

Diogenes put his name down on the list, and hurried on to a large daily paper where he introduced himself to the editor.

"Honest?" he said, taking out his pad.

"Absolutely," said the editor.

"References?"

"Two railroad presidents, and the head of four syndicates."

Diogenes wrote his name down with the others, and hurried away. He was now thoroughly infected with the modern spirit of restlessness.

As he went along, he saw a faith curist's establishment. The head man was fortunately in.

"Are you an honest man?" repeated Diogenes.

"For two dollars in advance," said the faith curist, "I will tell you. Here," he said, as that innocent person promptly

complied, "is a list of testimonials showing how honest I am."

"But the people on this list," said Diogenes, "don't give their names and addresses. Can you explain that satisfactorily?"

"Certainly," replied the faith curist. "You see, they have all been cured, and if they were pestered by people with as much curiosity as you have, they would have no time to enjoy the superb health I have given them. This is good logic, isn't it?"

"Out of sight," exclaimed Diogenes, forgetting himself for a moment and dropping into slang, as he added the faith curist's name to the list.

He passed on out into the open air. Already the city was beginning to oppress him. He determined to leave. Suddenly, as he was about to step over the outskirts once again, he met his friend the cab-driver.

"Well," said the cab-driver, "how did you make out?"

Diogenes consulted his memorandum-book.

"I've got on my list," he replied, "just five names."

The cab-driver whistled.

"You've been fooled," he replied. "There aren't five honest men in the whole town."

"I'm not looking for honest men," said Diogenes; "I stopped that search long ago. I only told you I was."

"Then what are you looking for?"

"Liars." TOM MASSON.

* * * *

RAYS FROM THE BRAIN.

The most mysterious of all the forms of obscure radiation discovered within the past few years are M. Blondlot's "N-rays." They are mysterious not only because of the wonderful properties attributed to them, but because, while many French experimenters, members of the Academy of Sciences, have examined them, measured their wave-lengths, observed their variations, et cetera, several English and German physicists have failed to find them at all.

But the work of the Parisian savants appears to have been so carefully performed, and its results are described with such convincing clearness and detail, that it seems impossible to doubt the reality of the phenomena.

If they are real, they go in wonderfulness an arrow's flight beyond everything else of the kind. Their chief claim to interest lies in the fact that, among other things, they express the activity of the human brain. They are given off from all the nerve-centers, and when a man is thinking hard these strange rays, which can be rendered visible through their brightening effect upon a phosphorescent screen, stream with increased intensity through his skull!

They outline the course of the nerve-cable, enclosed in the vertebral column, and connecting the center of intelligence in the head with the inferior and outlying parts of the body. If a "proof-plane," in the form of a small phosphorescent disk, is passed across, and up and down, the back of a man in a dark room, the alternate brightening and dimming of the faintly luminous disk show when it is placed over the hidden nerves and when it is at a distance from them. Thus may be traced a sort of map of the nervous system.

There is something weird about all this. It recalls the speculations and superstitions that have been indulged in concerning a human aura, and for certain speculative minds it will tend to rehabilitate the long-exploded doctrines of old Baron Reichenbach, who was much laughed at in his time (although he did, unquestionably, know a thing or two about science) for asserting that he could see a strange light surrounding the heads of people in a dark room. "Odic force," he called the unknown cause of the phenomenon.

Neither M. Blondlot, the original discoverer of the N-rays, nor M. Charpentier, who has been foremost in experimenting with them in their relation to the human body, nor any of the other French savants, has been able to see these rays directly, or in the shape of a visible halo about the person. They have succeeded in detecting them only through their effect upon phosphorescent screens. But it has been suggested that they may be directly visible to eyes of extraordinary sensitiveness. This, however, remains to be demonstrated.

One of Charpentier's most interesting experiments relates to the localization of certain psycho-motor centers in the brain. It is known that students of cerebral physiology have fixed upon different parts of the

brain surface as the foci, or zones, devoted to particular manifestations of mental activity. Thus there is a center governing speech, another center connected with the act of writing, others concerned with the movements of the limbs, et cetera. Charpentier, with his phosphorescent test-screen, has succeeded in identifying some of these centers through the effects of the N-rays given off from them when they are in action. Thus, if the screen is held near the skull over the place where the speech-center is supposed to be located, and the subject begins to talk in a lively manner, the screen brightens on account of the increased emission of rays from that part of the brain. Similar effects have been noted with the other brain-centers. If the observation of these rays were not so difficult, and if no question as to the correctness of the interpretation given to them were raised, one might anticipate the possibility of a new kind of phrenology being based upon their revelations.

But it is not only from the brain and the nervous system that similar rays are given off. Others arise from the muscles, and, like those from the nerves, they show increased intensity with increase of activity at their source.

Still other varieties of the N-radiation, which seems a very Proteus, are emitted from non-living matter, such as the Nernst lamp, the Welsbach burner, vibrating bells, and many other things. In short, if there is no underlying mistake or delusion, we seem to be brought face to face with a demonstration that the whole universe, in its greatest and its smallest parts, whether instinct with evident life or apparently dead and inert, is only an infinite series of waves.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

* * * *

**THE OLDEST LEGISLATOR
IN THE WORLD.**

The Canadian maritime province of New Brunswick, swept from the east by the fresh salt breezes of the sea, from the west by the pine- and balsam-laden winds from the forests, has given birth and home to more than its share of centenarians. But even New Brunswick has had but one active centenarian legislator. He is Senator Wark, of Fredericton, who on February last was one hundred years old, and who



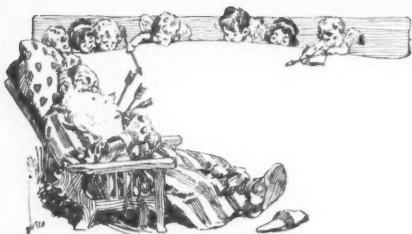
SENATOR WARK.

attended the sittings of Parliament at Ottawa as regularly during the session just past as when the number of his years was smaller by a score.

Senator Wark is not a New Brunswicker by birth, but he has passed most of his life in that province. He was born near Londonderry, in Donegal County, Ireland, in 1804. Shortly after that event, his parents went to Canada.

Among the telegrams of congratulation which the venerable legislator received on his one-hundredth anniversary, was one from King Edward VII., wishing him prosperity and extolling him as an ideal of Canadian vigor and sound intellect. On the same occasion, the Canadian government presented to him an oil painting of himself. At the reception at which the painting was presented, Senator Wark acknowledged the courtesy in a speech which would have done credit to a much younger man.

Before he went to Ottawa to attend the last Parliamentary session, the government offered him the use of a special car to convey him from his home at Fredericton. The offer he declined, declaring that he did not need the car, and he journeyed the seven hundred miles to the capital as an ordinary passenger. THOMAS J. CURREN.



THE EMPHASIS OF REAL LOVE.

Once upon a time, a Skeptic, a Cynic and a Philosopher all fell in love with the same woman.

There was a certain Sociologist who, not being able to find a good idea that he could give vent to in two pages, was writing out a theory that took up two volumes, who observed this curious phenomenon.

"It is possible," he observed, "that this abnormal affair may give me a light upon some hitherto unknown law."

Approaching the Cynic, he said:

"Why is it?"

"Being what I am," said the Cynic, "it is of course my business to be cynical. My remarks are quoted from one end of the country to the other. I cannot, of course, afford to neglect my business a single moment, there is so much competition. I have a reputation to sustain. But I find the strain is telling upon me. And so I have fallen in love with this beautiful girl. With her as a companion, I can in the seclusion of my own home get the rest and change that are absolutely necessary in my life as a hard-worked cynic."

The Sociologist made his notes, and then approached the Skeptic.

"Why is it?" he asked.

"It's this way," replied the Skeptic.

"For a long time I was just a plain, ordinary Skeptic, with a sort of blind devotion to my own lack of belief. And I was as happy as I deserved to be. By and by, however, I began to perceive the inconsistency of my own position. It dawned upon me that in order to be a real, true, dyed-in-the-wool Skeptic, I should have to doubt my own skepticism. The moment I did this, I fell in love with this lovely, sweet girl."

"Aren't you, as a genuine Skeptic, skeptical about love?" asked the Sociologist.

"On the contrary," said the Skeptic, "it is plain that my only true position at

present is to be skeptical about that extremely foolish idea that there can be no such thing as love."

"Of course, you are right," said the Sociologist, passing on to the Philosopher, who was mooning over a faded blue ribbon.

"Why is it?" he asked the Philosopher.

That gentleman seemed somewhat embarrassed. But only for a moment.

"In my investigation of the categorical imperative," he observed, "and also in my criticism of the antinomies, I perceived that unless I myself subjected myself to a few ordinary emotions, I should be unable to proceed with my *a priori* observations. I therefore permitted myself to fall in love with this beautiful woman, the most altogether charming one of her kind I have ever known."

Still the Sociologist was puzzled. And finally, after several days' hard thought, he returned and approached the three rivals with puzzled mien.

"Gentlemen," he said, "each one of you has given me an apparently good and sufficient reason why he is at present in love. But there is one thing about

this mysterious affair that I don't understand. Among so many of earth's fairest creatures, why in the world did you complicate matters by all falling in love with the same one?"

And the Cynic, the Skeptic and the Philosopher looked at him in amazement.

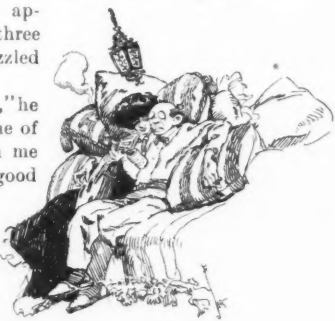
"Why," they all chorused, with concerted superiority, "don't you see that it is because she happens to be the girl?"

ADDISON FOX, JR.

* * * * *

**MR. MANSFIELD
AS NAPOLEON.**

Actors who undertake to impersonate great men are, as a rule, at a serious disadvantage. They must themselves have some of the characteristics which accompany profound thought, vast combinations and decisive action. The palmist who "reads the hand," as a rule reads from the face. In it are written the lines of toil, of determination,





MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD AS NAPOLEON.

of intelligence, or of loose living, of cunning, of fraud, and those other things which go to make up character or the lack of it.

The faces which have been given to the Napoleon Bonapartes of the stage, as a rule have been grotesque in their weaknesses—so much so as to be very often laughable, notably that of the recent characterization of Napoleon in Bernard Shaw's "Man of Destiny." The lovers and admirers of the genius of Napoleon Bonaparte will be inter-

ested in the photograph here presented of Richard Mansfield. It is perhaps because Mansfield is himself something of a captain of industry that he is able to offer what will approach very closely to the ideal Napoleon. Forehead, hair, ears, nose, mouth and chin are almost those of Canova's famous work; the position of hand and body is determined and excellent, and in the upward cast of the eyes alone does one find a suggestion of the stage.

THE ART OF MISS
ANNIE RUSSELL.

The charm of Miss Annie Russell is of so rare a quality as to all but elude representation in the much thumbed, and often heedlessly thumbed, coins of the critical vocabulary. Actresses there are who surround the characters they assume with the atmosphere of a land that none of us has known, but all of us have dreamed, who suffuse it with the light that never was on land or sea. They may be said to be endowed with poetic temperament. They make us believe in the lion-haunted Forest of Arden, in the Italy of impossible mediæval romance. Miss Marlowe's idyllic passion has poetic temperament, and so has Sarah Bernhardt's dramatic fire, so has the untrained garden of Ellen Terry's womanly personality. There are other actresses who make us feel as we feel about people whose street and number we find in our address-books, and who may be said to possess real individuality. Miss Maude Adams' address is in a vital and humor-loving American town; and Mrs. Patrick Campbell's address—in spite of the evident infusion of Latin blood, and of her assumption of the other-world women of Maeterlinck—is in the British metropolis. Miss Russell's name is undoubtedly in the social register, but it is in the social register of a land that is known and felt only by those who are at home where reality is utterly gracious. Her quality is poetic individuality. It was in a moment of inspiration that some English critic called her the American Duse.

Individual and poetic as her acting is, it is none the less intelligently calculated. The true artist knows that next to the voice no resource of the actor is more potent than the face. Joseph Jefferson, who has written of acting with a clarity and wisdom never surpassed, has much to say in his Autobiography of how a dramatic moment is often impaired or ruined by

unnecessary gesture. In a note he once wrote on Booth for the Encyclopedia Britannica, he related how in response to a question he taxed the great tragedian with obscuring with action what was passing in his face, and Booth admitted the justice of the friendly stricture. Now, as it happened, in rehearsing this moment in "The Royal Family," Miss Russell's manager told her that on recognizing the prince she must rush forward with a cry. Miss Russell argued for the motionless recognition, carried her point, and made of the incident the great triumph of the play, and perhaps of her career.

Certain limits there are to her good sense. It is said that she is tired of always playing what in the bald cant of the theater is called the *ingénue*. With a perversity not without example, she wants to embody the strident emotions. Some years ago, she put on a play for a *matinée* in which she took the part of a flaming, bold adventuress. It was perhaps a similar wish that made her appear last season as a *demimondaine* in an ineffectual adaptation of Henri Bernstein's painful and, in fact, revolting piece of Dumas-Ibsenism, "Le Détour."



ANNIE RUSSELL.

—to the vast surprise and horror of the clientele she has built up in sweeter and wholesomer plays. Even the Italian Duse falls short of the flaming rhetoric, the intense, dramatic passions, of Francesca da Rimini. Should not a word to the American Duse be sufficient?

There is, however, a very real hardship in Miss Russell's case. It is the curse of our American theatrical system that a play must appeal to the great public; and to the great public an *ingénue* is an *ingénue*, and there's an end of it. The fact is, that there are few plays of any century or in any language which give scope to Miss Russell's peculiar blending of reality and poetic charm. Among the Shakespearian heroines

only Viola combines her vein of poignant, sad emotion with subtle, arch and persuasive charm. But would not her note of reality, even modernity, be out of the composition of that romantic, impossibly delicious story? The heroines of Alfred de Musset seem made for her, in all respects but one. Real, poignant and poetic as they are, they are all tinged with the fancy-sickness of the Parisian amorist, and might prove repugnant both to Miss Russell and to her public. But the objection at worst could only slightly diminish the pleasure of seeing her in "Les Caprices de Marianne," or "Il ne faut pas badiner avec l'Amour." Like many another actress, Miss Russell has not reached, and perhaps will never reach, the fulness of development that is in the power of artists in countries where the drama is cultivated for itself, irrespective of financial considerations. It is to be feared that only as the member of a subventioned repertory company could she expand to the full stature of her possibilities.

JOHN CORBIN.

**SOME POSSIBLE HEIRS
TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE.**

Both the Grand Duke Cyril and the Grand Duke Boris have visited the United States. Should either of them succeed to



THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL, ELDEST SON OF THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, AND COUSIN TO THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

the throne of Russia, he will be the first of the czars who has seen this country at first hand.

They are sons of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who, after the czar's brother, Michael, is heir to the throne. He is approaching his sixtieth year.

Of the young grand dukes, little is known that would indicate their possession of unusual qualities. Cyril, after escaping death in the wreck of the battle-ship "Petrovavlovsk," at Port Arthur, has returned to St. Petersburg, where it is said he is resting after the shock of his experience. Boris is a lieutenant in the regiment of hussars of the imperial guard. He is perhaps chiefly known to Americans by his somewhat unusual exploits at Chicago and Newport on his visit here three summers ago.

WALTER BECK.



THE GRAND DUKE BORIS, SECOND SON OF THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, OF RUSSIA.

THE STEAM-TURBINE.

When, a few weeks ago, one of the largest of the transatlantic steamship companies announced its definite plans to equip two new twenty-five-knot passenger steamships with steam-turbines, a step was taken the most revolutionary in marine architecture since the steamship first entered into competition with the sailing-vessel. It may

mean even a revolution in the steam land industries of the world.

The turbine water-wheel used at Niagara and elsewhere is the simplest form of the turbine. An electric fan enclosed in a cylinder and made to revolve by water dropping on it from above, is an easily comprehended illustration of the principle of this kind of turbine. Lay the contrivance on its side, and instead of the falling water blow jets of steam through it, and one has a turbine marine engine. The actual engines used, however, have curved "glides," or buckets arranged on a hollow core, or wheel, instead of a shaft.

In the reciprocating engine, power is wasted by the stopping and reversing of the piston. In the turbine, on the other hand, the power is continuous, and is led away, without the loss involved in changing reciprocal power to rotary, through the thrust-blocks in the stem to the propellers, which may be four or even more in number.

Although by far the most exhaustive and conclusive tests which the steam-turbine has yet undergone have been made by a commission appointed by the Cunard Steamship Company, experiments by a number of other corporations also have established its advantages over the reciprocating type. The New York Central Railroad recently completed a contract for a complete turbine equipment for the electric generators for use in the system to be installed for the operation of its trackage in New York city, and the Westinghouse Company has acquired rights to manufacture a certain make of turbines in the United States and Canada.

In the tests of the Cunard Company, two steamships were employed which were perfect representatives of their respective types, one equipped with the latest reciprocating engines, the other with turbines. In all other respects but their machinery, the vessels were sister ships. They were run side by side from Newhaven, England, to Dieppe, France, and back, and elsewhere

at different speeds, and the results carefully compared and studied.

The advantages which the steam-turbine possesses over the reciprocating engine may be summarized. For the same power delivered at the shaft the turbine engine is considerably lighter. In the turbine, too, the item of lubrication is almost eliminated, as there are no other than the shaft bearings. The absence of any such tangled mass of joints and bearings as is present in reciprocating engines makes possible a considerable saving in the number of attendants needed, and also minimizes the likelihood of breakdowns in the machinery. Little noise and no vibration are produced by the turbine engine, and the space required is less than for the reciprocating type.

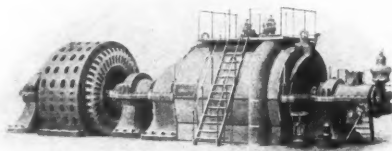
Experiments have established the fact that to secure good efficiency the turbine

must have a high peripheral speed. It follows that for tugs, ferry-boats and passenger steamers which make short trips and frequent stops the turbine is not so suitable as the reciprocating engine.

In regard to this feature of the turbine, Prof. A. Rateau, of Paris, in a paper read recently before the French Institute of Naval Architects, suggested the joint use under certain conditions of reciprocating engines and steam-turbines. For quickly stopping a vessel, he said, turbines were apt to be inconvenient, and the question of stopping, reversing and maneuvering was one of considerable importance, particularly in the case of war-ships. Professor Rateau proposed to make the reciprocating engine entirely independent of the turbine by providing it with a shaft propeller of its own.

Turbines, it may be noted, are caused to reverse by means of a set of backing vanes on which steam may be made to act by opening the reverse valve and by closing the one admitting steam to the go-ahead side.

HERBERT WILLIS.



STEAM-TURBINE—A SIX-THOUSAND-KILOWATT TURBO-GENERATOR.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.

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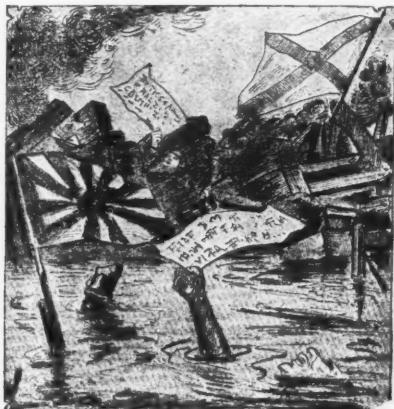


NOT IN HIS ELEMENT.

THE JAPANESE: "Come out in the water if you dare, you big brute!"

THE RUSSIAN BEAR: "Come up on my steppes, vile water-rat, and I will teach you a lesson!"

From De Amsterdammer.



THE RUSSIAN AND THE JAPANESE (with one voice): "I am the winner. Here is the official report of the fight."

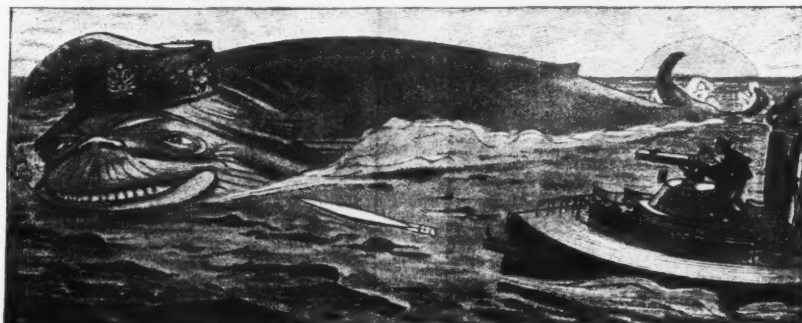
From Der Floh, of Vienna.



THE KEEPER OF THE WATER-GATE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

"Have the kindness, brother, not to ruin me. If I let you through, I lose my job."

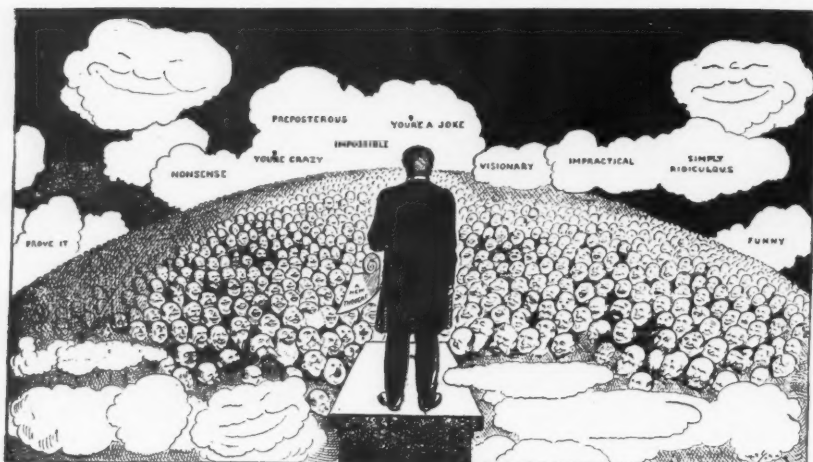
From Lustige Blätter, of Berlin.



WHALE-HUNTING IN THE YELLOW SEA.

From Lustige Blätter, of Berlin.

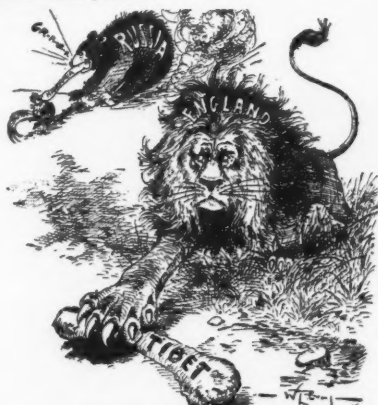
GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



HOW THE WORLD RECEIVES A NEW IDEA.
From the New York American and Journal.



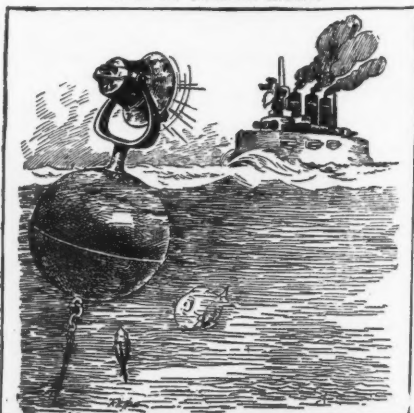
CAN HE STOP IT?
From the Memphis Evening Scimitar.



ALL THE (ASIAN) WORLD'S A BONE.
From the Cleveland Leader.



THE CZAR AND THE ANGEL OF PEACE.
From Simplicissimus, of Munich.



AS THE RUSSIAN MINES DO NOT BOTHER THE JAPS,
THEY MIGHT BE FIXED THIS WAY TO INSURE
SAFETY FOR RUSSIAN WAR-SHIPS.
From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.



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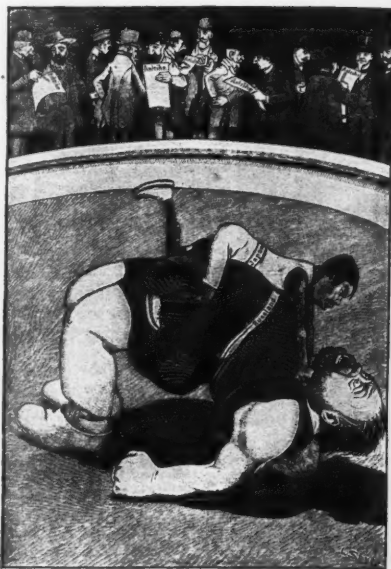
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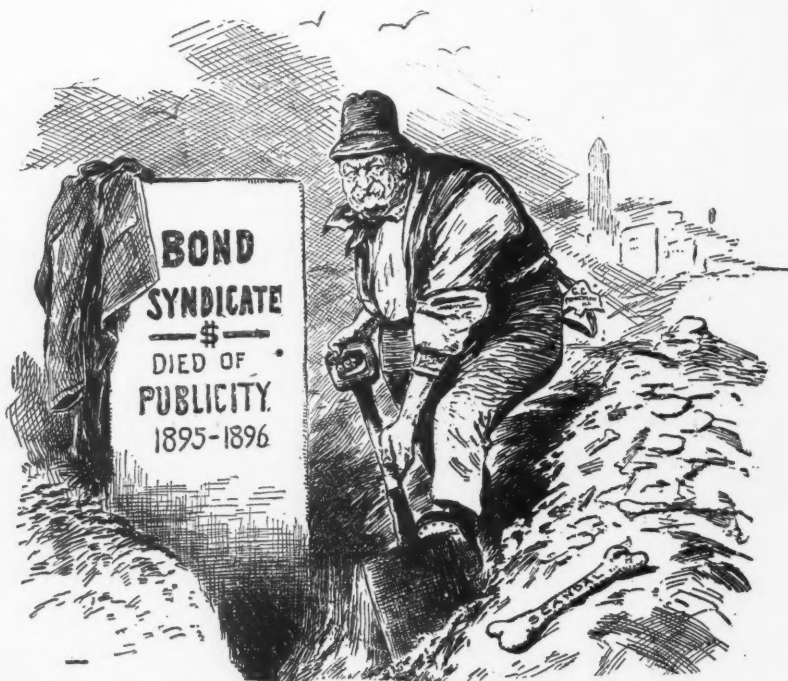
GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



A STRATEGIST.
RUSSIAN BEAR (slyly): "Running away? Not a bit of it! I'm luring 'em on!"
From *Punch*, of London.



WAR-LOANS.
During the prize-fight, the bookmakers are anxiously closing the bets.
From *Kladderadatsch*, of Berlin.



WHY?
From the *New York World*.

